

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MAY 1969 • ONE DOLLAR

# PLAYBOY



KEN W. PURDY ON CLASSIC-CAR COLLECTING  
BILL COSBY RAPS IN AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW  
PLAYBOY'S FABULOUS LAKE GENEVA CLUB-HOTEL  
CAMILLE COMES ON KINKY IN A WILD NEW FILM  
WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.—GOD'S RIGHT HAND  
JULES FEIFFER'S HOSTILEMAN VERSUS MANLYWOMAN  
ART BUCHWALD TRIES TO WRITE A DIRTY BOOK  
ROMAIN GARY • ARTHUR KOESTLER • ALAN HARRINGTON





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BUCHWALD



FEIFFER

**PLAYBILL** LORD BYRON wrote, "She walks in beauty like the night"; but **PLAYBOY's** cover girl, Paulette Lindberg, prefers to ride—in one of the ten vintage autos featured in our *concours d'élégance*, Ken W. Purdy's *Classic-Car Collecting*. He knows whereof he writes. "I've owned five of the ten cars I mention," says Purdy. "Which means either I'm prejudiced or I've got very good judgment." These splendid machines, which were so superbly made, are now so carefully treasured that they will probably survive their present owners.

In *The Immortalist*, Alan Harrington envisions a time when man may outlive all of his creations. He calls on our advancing medical technology to outlaw death—the spiritual oppressor as well as the Grim Reaper of mankind—and projects the possibility of eternal life as a liberating scientific fact rather than an article of faith. "I was well into the idea long before speculations about freezing and life-extension procedures became current," Harrington explains. Next month, a greatly expanded version of *The Immortalist* will be published by Random House.

Less concerned with lengthening life-spans than with improving the quality of contemporary life, Romain Gary pens a compelling overview of the revolt of the young, the black and the poor against *The Baiting Society*, which he feels lures them with its riches yet denies many of them economic access to those riches. The increasing militancy with which they demand their equal share breeds institutional repression that Gary fears may escalate into "a kind of nonpolitical Nazism."

Despite Gore Vidal's televised accusations of Nazism during the Democratic Convention last August, William F. Buckley, Jr.—as seen by George F. Gilder in *God's Right Hand*—comes off less a storm trooper for the conservative Right than a storm watcher and kibitzer, content with his multiple roles of editor,

author, debater and asp-tongued scourge of the liberal establishment. "The article," reports Gilder, "is the product of over two years of interviews with Buckley, whose charm and generosity pose a dire threat to the critical faculties of any writer without the calluses of an ideological bricklayer (or brick thrower)." A former Nixon speechwriter, Gilder is now preparing a book on the new Administration, his first since 1966's *The Party That Lost Its Head*, a post-mortem of the Goldwater candidacy; he also plans an in-depth study on the crisis of the cities. No stranger to urban problems, comedian-actor-entrepreneur Bill Cosby—a product of Philadelphia's black ghetto—sketches his own impressionistic portrait in a *Playboy Interview* conducted by Associate Editor Lawrence Linderman. With bitterness as well as humor, he speaks out on a variety of explosive racial, political and social issues in the course of tracing his rise from poverty to supersolvency.

Art Buchwald, the celebrated satirist, *bon vivant* and part-time pop historian who contributed *How Playboy Changed America* to our Fifteenth Anniversary Issue, reappears with a revealing apologia: *Why I Can't Write a Dirty Book*. "Actually," he admits, "I'd like to write a clean book without one sex scene in it. It would be a challenge—a real tour de force—but I don't think the public is ready to accept a book like that."

When veteran movie and TV scriptwriter Warner Law decided to "write something for the simple reason that I wanted something different and rather special to read," the result was *The Thousand-Dollar Cup of Crazy German Coffee*, this month's lead fiction. We think you'll enjoy reading it as much as Law did: It's a potent literary brew, lightened with a leavening of comedy but lethal to the last drop of suspense and intrigue. A darker mood prevails in our first short story by Arthur Koestler, Hungary's distinguished author (*Darkness at Noon*) and critic. *The Chimeras* is a metaphysical

mystery in which the transformation of men into monsters becomes nothing more than a problem of social adjustment for a psychiatric patient. Koestler feels that man's latent monsterism threatens to transform his tale from a mere neurotic fantasy into a nightmarish reality. As a matter of fact, he told us, "Since writing this story, my own symptoms have become more severe." Spinning to the flip side of the same psychic coin, in his first **PLAYBOY** piece since *The Young Man Who Read Brilliant Books* (August 1968), Stephen Dixon indicts man's indifference to man and his sufferings in *Berry-Smashing Day at the C & L*.

Rounding out our Lucullan fiction fare is Thomas Livingston's *The Arbitrator*, a disturbingly believable prognostication of black-nationalist terrorism in the proximate future. When Livingston returned to the United States after living in Paris from 1961 to 1966, he was shocked by the deepening disharmony of American race relations after experiencing the casual color blindness of the Parisian intellectual community.

For those who want a lighter look into the future, our May issue offers exclusive uncovers of avant-garde erotica at the turn of the next century in *Camille Turns On*—a kinky new European film that updates Dumas' consumptive heroine into a promiscuous speed freak. We also invite you to join us on a grand pictorial tour of *Playboy's* second Club-Hotel, at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, an inn for all seasons that boasts lavish accommodations, sports of all sorts, plus opulent dining and drinking. Filling out this issue are Part I of another intrepid adventure with Jules Feiffer's *Hostileman*, highflying apparel and appurtenances for the man on the move in *Travel Gear Takes Off* and our own whimsical attempts at traffic engineering in *Auto Erotica*. So sit back, pour yourself one of Thomas Mario's white fruit brandies (in *Captivatingly Clear*), turn the page and swing into spring à la **PLAYBOY**.

PURDY



GILDER



DIXON



LAW



LIVINGSTON





# PLAYBOY



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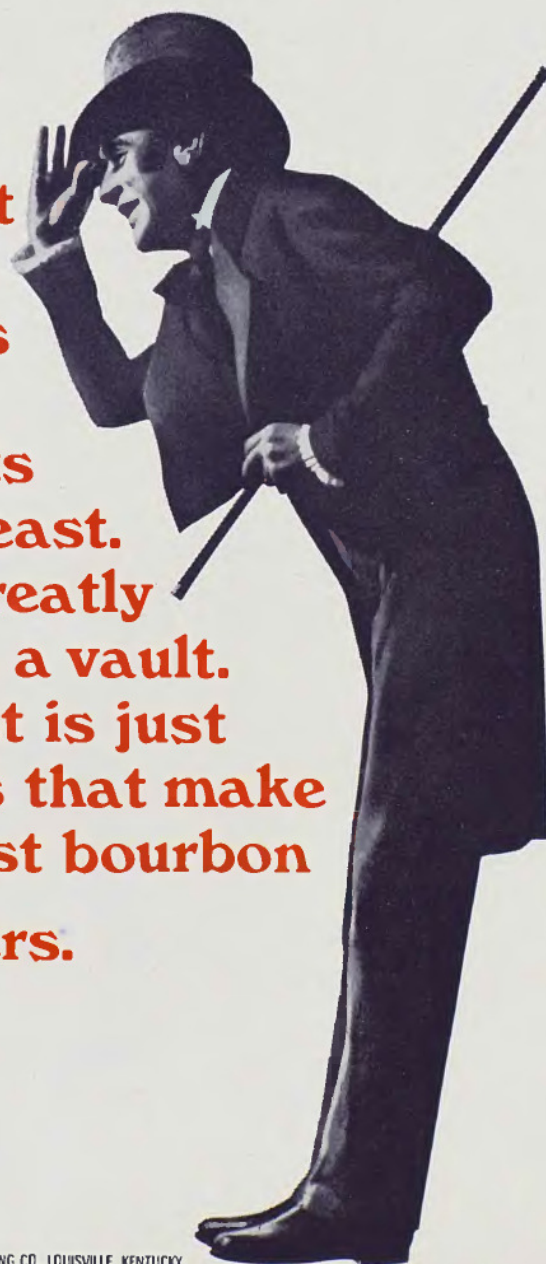
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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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### SERIOCOMIC

The pleasure of encountering another person who shares so many of my thoughts, views, hopes and dreams urges me to send my thanks to PLAYBOY for the February interview with Mort Sahl. What he has to say about life in America is a bitter pill that few of us want to swallow—but that is exactly what we must do if we are ever to become well. He has been called America's conscience, and conscience most often meets resistance or disdain. I applaud him.

J. Hinkley  
Sherman Oaks, California

Sahl is what an American should be. One cannot *accept* the establishment and be an American; the Americans are the few who question, listen, digest and *then* speak their mind, even though what they say may fall on closed minds or deaf ears. To call Sahl a comedian sells him short. Although he makes one laugh, he also makes one think.

Thomas L. Van Meter  
Grand Valley State College  
Allendale, Michigan

Mort Sahl emerges in your interview as a genuine human being. Not only does he eschew the fascist line but he sees beyond the liberal and middle-of-the-road phonies, also. He's funnier than Buckley, Vidal and the Pope put together.

C. M. Turner  
Corpus Christi, Texas

Your interview with Mort Sahl speaks very well for my generation's views. It's comforting to know that someone besides us under-30s feels that the war in Vietnam is both costly and senseless; and, above all, that politics in general *stinks!*

Larry R. Kurtz  
North Kansas City, Missouri

After reading *Valley of the Dolls*—and your recent interviews with Lee Marvin and Don Rickles—I was relieved to read your interview with Mort Sahl and discover that all showbiz personalities don't pepper their conversation with obscene language. Speaking as one who has never been able to identify with a single political, religious or ethnic group, I think that Mort has come close to voicing my personal philosophies on most subjects.

As a woman, I am not at all offended by his opinion of our sex; in fact, I consider adaptability one of our best qualities. How else would the human race have survived all these changing cons? And as a wife, I am happy to consider being my husband's helpmate my sole career, without demeaning my intelligence. Thank you for providing your readers with a first-rate interview.

Wendy Best  
Gansevoort, New York

Mort Sahl should talk about politics and the establishment—and keep his mouth shut about women.

Jorge E. Estrada  
Lexington, Virginia

I thought the interview with Mort Sahl was a disgrace to PLAYBOY. I have enjoyed every interview I have ever read, except this one. Even Eldridge Cleaver made more sense. I am under 25, but Mort Sahl is not my spokesman on any subject.

Dave Carr  
Lima, Ohio

### DECENT SOCIETY

I read the January issue of your magazine with great interest. This was my first exposure to your publication and I was deeply impressed by it. The articles comprising *The Decent Society* symposium were both definitive and provocative. In sum, hearty congratulations for a superior production.

Leonard F. Jansen  
Spokane, Washington

As you know, actors rarely agree with critics, but I must admit that Kenneth Tynan's outspoken symposium contribution on *The Arts & Entertainment* contains many valid suggestions. However, with the demand for subsidies coming from every needy group in the country, I see little hope of Government's backing the theater. Maybe, when the Vietnam war finally comes to an end, there will be more funds for home use. Then we may, if we lobby loudly and persistently, prevail upon the holders of the purse strings, so we can repair our battered profession.

A few years ago, I did a play on Second Avenue, at a time when everyone

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was mournfully saying that Yiddish theater was dying. But we sold out every night. One Sunday, a lady came to the box office and asked for two tickets. "We're sold out," the cashier replied. "What do you mean, sold out? I come all the way from the Bronx, and he's sold out," she cried. "Sorry, madam," said the cashier, "but we're sold out every night." To which the woman replied: "That's why the Yiddish theater is dying!" After 65 years in the theater, I still have faith in this fabulous invalid, and I'm sure that articles such as Tynan's will help keep us alive.

Molly Picon

Mahopac, New York

*Something of a legend in Yiddish theater, Miss Picon has also starred on Broadway and in films.*

With great interest, I read the high-level contributions in *The Decent Society* symposium. The articles are extremely valuable and I missed only one point of importance; namely, the use of art as an educational medium. I consider an involvement with the visual arts—architecture, painting, sculpture—to be the necessary balancing complement to the rapidly advancing sciences. In our educational system, the arts are treated only at the margin, instead of in the center of the educational programs—from the nursery on. A knowledgeable involvement with art should be a must for everyone throughout the entire educational curriculum. With few exceptions in the lower levels, this most important curricular discipline is missing. I do not mean art appreciation but, rather, the disciplines that can reawaken in every individual the lost ability to create and understand form and to use it for his own environment.

Walter Gropius

Professor Emeritus

Harvard University

Cambridge, Massachusetts

*German-born architect Gropius was among the founders of the Bauhaus movement and has won countless international awards for his work.*

I am happy to see you publishing such articles as Peter Matthiessen's *The Physical Environment*, as the need to distribute information on conservation is enormous.

R. Marlin Perkins, Director

St. Louis Zoological Park

St. Louis, Missouri

*As armchair naturalists know, Perkins originated TV's "Zoo Parade" and currently hosts "Wild Kingdom."*

William Sloane Coffin, in *Education*, contends that if university professors are to make significant contributions in creating a decent society, they must be Socratic gadflies. However, gadflies are threats to the power structure's vested





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interests in our universities and in the community. Professor Leo Koch—who was fired from the University of Illinois in 1960 for condoning premarital sex—is still unable to obtain a position as a college teacher. It is a high price to pay to continuously martyr oneself by being crushed by power groups in our universities. I don't know whether I am any longer willing to pay the price. I suggest that professors use other means at their disposal in building a decent society.

Professor Edward D'Angelo  
Coordinator, Cornell Critical  
Thinking Project  
Cornell University  
Ithaca, New York

After reading *The Decent Society* and being quite impressed by the pragmatic quality of the various essays, I must add a Satanic comment to Harvey Cox' contribution on *Religion & Morality*. I wholeheartedly agree with Cox in most of his observations. Man does need religion, with its ceremonies, rituals and assorted trappings—but he needs a religion based on what he *is*, not on what he can never hope to be. Man being a predatory animal, there will always be conflict in the world, whether it be on the battlefield or on the chessboard. I think if Cox were to marry Ayn Rand, they might produce some wonderfully Satanic children.

Anton Szandor LaVey, High Priest  
Church of Satan  
San Francisco, California

Thank you for Justice Douglas' stirring, even daring interpretation of liberties more commonly regarded as conservative safeguards against the abuses of power. It is a novel approach these days to forgotten origins and ideals.

Roger Baldwin  
American Civil Liberties Union  
New York, New York

An A. C. L. U. director for many years,  
Baldwin served as the organization's national chairman from 1950 to 1955.

Bravo! The symposium in your Fifteenth Anniversary Issue, *The Decent Society*, is a milestone in leading America to a society in which a man can be a man. One must answer Kenneth Clark's call for "leadership wise enough and strong enough to . . . generate a new compassion, a new commitment to democracy and equality transcending race." A key way to express commitment to democracy and equality is in our housing choices. Both whites and blacks must choose to live their beliefs when they select their housing.

Morris Milgram, President  
Planned Communities, Inc.  
New York, New York

In the same breath with which I congratulate PLAYBOY for publishing such important views as appear in *The Decent Society* symposium, let me say that I see them as middle class and over 50—quaint and already historical. We need to hear more from the young people—those who are still in the "indecent society" trying to find the way out. We haven't listened to nor learned from them yet, and we had better do so.

John Money, Ph. D.  
Associate Professor of Medical  
Psychology and Pediatrics  
Johns Hopkins University School  
of Medicine  
Baltimore, Maryland

Dr. Money is one of the world's leading investigators of the psychology of sex.

#### BEDLAM REIGNS

I would like to commend your selection of *Whispers in Bedlam* as lead fiction in the February PLAYBOY. Irwin Shaw is one of America's most unsung short-story writers. His most vital asset is his ability to delve deep into the human psyche, in an eloquent, articulate and subtle way. The result is a smooth-flowing work that is a pleasure to read.

Ilan Bilu  
New York, New York

I can't tell you how much pleasure *Whispers in Bedlam* gave me. The fact that I've been a pro-football fan for the past 15 years made the story that much more enjoyable.

T. P. Sturr  
Dayton, Ohio

#### BRAINS VS. POLITICS

Carey McWilliams' *The Intellectual as a Political Force* (PLAYBOY, February) is a timely analysis of the intellectual's increasing influence in shaping our political attitudes. The impact of the intellectual on political thought is seen not only in our nation but all over the world. The establishment, existing in its microcosm of nine-to-five jobs, suburban homes and status symbols, rebukes the intellectual for disrupting the *status quo* with questioning and dissent. At the same time, the intellectual endeavors to reshape political and social thinking, in order to change conditions he believes are detrimental to society. If it were not for the dissent of these people, we would become a nation of mere puppets—with a puppeteer Government.

Ken Burbeson  
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

McWilliams has keenly delineated the role of the intellectual in our society. The myriad problems the future will create will not be the problems of any particular group but, rather, will plague the entire society. They will not be difficulties that can be "solved" by



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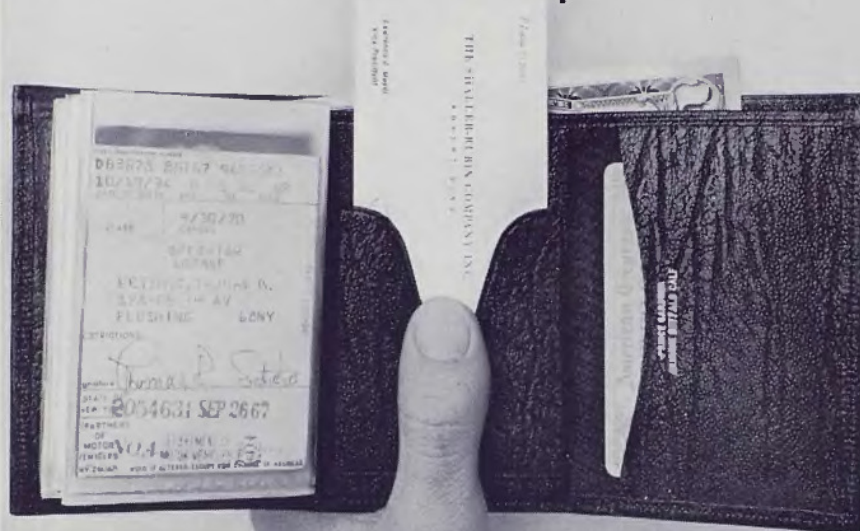
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alleviating the pressures of inflation or by expanding the operations of the welfare state. In order to control the system, we must first understand the process of perpetual change that will characterize it. This is where the intellectual enters the picture. He must transcend the system in order to view the process objectively. The intellectuals must emerge as a group whose influence is pervasive; for, as McWilliams observes, "Postindustrial societies, with their complex bureaucratic structures, require constant scrutiny and criticism." The intellectual community will provide a focus for the dissemination of knowledge about the system. It will also provide an arena for the tossing out of new ideas and the synthesis of these ideas, so that we can understand and possibly control our technological society. McWilliams foresees the increased importance of the intellectual community in the future. I commend him for his enlightening article.

L. D. Stern  
Houston, Texas

The problem with today's intellectuals is a lack of concern for the individual—plus their notion that their status as intellectuals automatically places them a step higher than others. They are members of an elite group trying to tell the masses what is best for them. A nonintellectual who tries to think for himself is damned as one who just doesn't know enough to make a sensible decision. Perhaps it is well that intellectuals, as described by McWilliams, have not become a decisive political force. Let's leave political power to the politicians and the thinking to the intellectuals. At least then, more than one minority will be listened to and more than one minority will be satisfied. Let's not create an elite class of narrow-minded, group-oriented nonindividuals who say they should have power because they think they are the only ones who know enough to make decisions. Doesn't America have enough problems without creating another group whose interests are supposedly the only ones that are valid? Let us not drift any farther apart. If we follow McWilliams' advice, the present crack in our society will become a chasm that nothing can bridge.

George Hathaway III  
Columbus, Georgia

Intellectuals are ignorant.  
Mike Hicks  
Stockton, California

#### ELBOW ROOM

Let me sincerely congratulate Richard Armour for his humorous article *Looking Over the Overlooked Elbow*, in your February issue. I must admit that I was a bit shocked to note, as Armour accurately points out, that I—along with Sigmund Freud, Havelock Ellis and



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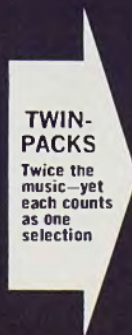
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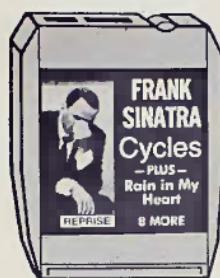


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Krafft-Ebing—have completely ignored this singular female erogenuous zone in my writings. How I could have made such a terrible blunder I hardly know.

Armour, however, has his own regrettable lapses as a sex expert. For nowhere in his scholarly paper do I find mention of the male elbow—which can beautifully be employed for purposes of sexual stimulation. Even more reprehensible, no doubt, is Armour's complete neglect of the male toe. But, alas, he has forgotten—or, worse yet, has never even known—about this highly eroticizing podiatric extremity. I trust that he will give us some words of wisdom about this sexy appendage in the not-too-distant future.

Albert Ellis, Ph. D.  
Executive Director and  
Clinical Supervisor  
Institute for Advanced Study in  
Rational Psychotherapy  
New York, New York

#### BUSINESSMEN

I thoroughly enjoyed J. Paul Getty's *The Myth of the Organization Man* in the February PLAYBOY. I had long considered business as a career, but I did not definitely decide upon it until recently. Getty has convinced me of the wisdom of my choice. In his article, he does an exceptional job of showing that a businessman's life can be exciting and creative. Reading this essay has made me aware of the countless challenges that business has to offer. Thank you for this highly informative article.

Ronald R. Houck  
Pennsylvania State University  
University Park, Pennsylvania

Getty's article on *The Myth of the Organization Man* was excellent. I had begun to think, as a result of experience, that the aggressive, creative individual was doomed in the business world. Getty's commentary has given me a new reason to keep working, in spite of the knocks.

Charles C. Moerdyk  
Kalamazoo, Michigan

In the recent publication of my letter about J. Paul Getty's *The Educated Executive* (PLAYBOY, September 1968), "something got lost in the translation."

First, when Getty asserts that the "ladder to the upper echelons [of management] is based on the liberal arts," he assumes that the lower rungs are somehow bypassed, permitting the tyro to commence his ascent from a middle-management position. This is rarely the case. The aspirant to upper management commonly takes the more conventional path, which begins on a lower rung. To do so, he needs a specific area of technical competence. A company with which Getty is associated, for example, seeks



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technically trained men during its campus recruiting efforts.

Second, Getty concludes that the candidate for a future executive position has two choices of educational preparation—either to be trained “as a narrow specialist, little more than a technician, [or as] a well-rounded man of taste, discernment, understanding and intellectual versatility.” This is a tempting simplification, but I think it is misleading to dichotomize students’ prerogatives. It is not merely one or the other. Why not exposure to both: a composite of humanities, arts and sciences *plus* professional education, to prepare both a prospective intellectual *and* a productive participant in society? Recognized schools of management insist on a balance between liberalizing and professional development.

Dr. Robert Wright  
Assistant Dean and Assistant  
Professor of Management  
College of Business Administration  
Arizona State University  
Tempe, Arizona

*As is customary in publishing, PLAYBOY occasionally edits letters for reasons of space and to eliminate duplication of points made and issues raised in other letters relating to the same subject. Dr. Wright feels that in our editing of his letter, his praise for Mr. Getty's basic theme was retained, while his exceptions were omitted.*

## SEX IN CINEMA

The concluding installment of Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert's *The History of Sex in Cinema*, in your January issue, was very enjoyable. I understand the British Central Office of Information is preparing a capsule to be opened sometime in the far future, and they have approached me regarding my suggestions for objects to be included. I feel it would be a great pity if all the issues of PLAYBOY in which this series has appeared were not among the items included. In my reply to them, I will mention it. It would make such a refreshing change from such things as one Plastic Zulu Rest Camp, one Inflatable Underwater Bust of Anna Magnani or one Long Thing with Nail in End. I heartily concur with what Winston Churchill once said: “The human mind is incapable of rest; what it needs is change.”

Peter Sellers  
London, England

Your series *The History of Sex in Cinema* is an amusing and stimulating appreciation of an interesting and important subject. My thanks to writers Knight and Alpert.

Vittorio Gassman  
Rome, Italy

I am deeply impressed by the efforts of Knight and Alpert and equally disturbed by the lack of sex in cinema. I was most



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interested in what they said about my wife, Ingrid Thulin, in the final installment. They wrote: "Miss Thulin once confessed privately that she thoroughly enjoyed her sexual moments in films." I always thought that she confessed in public that she thoroughly enjoyed her sexual moments in private. Looking at the way you illustrate sex, I feel I should send some genuine and natural Swedish desiccated milk to you. Put it in some water, shake it and give it to your pictorial editor. He will be satisfied.

Harry Schein, President  
Swedish Film Institute  
Stockholm, Sweden

*We tried the milk and it was lousy.*

### CLIFFORD'S CLIFF-HANGER

There's nothing more pleasantly agonizing than reading a good suspense novel in serial form—and it was with great relief that I read in your February issue the third and last installment of Francis Clifford's *Another Way of Dying*. It was well worth the wait. My hat is off to him for creating a fine action adventure and to PLAYBOY for devoting the space to publishing it.

Arthur Holmes  
London, England

I just finished reading the final installment of Francis Clifford's *Another Way of Dying* and enjoyed it quite a lot. Clifford is one of my favorite authors of Continental adventure stories and it's always a pleasure to read him. The British seem to write these stories so much better than anyone else.

L. J. MacDonald  
Long Beach, California

### SOUL SATISFYING?

Congratulations to Thomas Mario. *Soul Satisfying*, his February article on Southern food, was excellent. Should he decide to compile his Cajun recipes in a cookbook, he'll have a best seller on his hands. We were glad to discover that we have been living on soul food for generations. We would like to add one note—the reason Southern recipes require so much seasoning: Before the days of refrigeration, food (especially meat) was plentiful but not all of it could be consumed before it would begin to spoil. Spices and herbs were used to disguise approaching spoilage.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dayries  
Port Allen, Louisiana

Thomas Mario, in *Soul Satisfying*, has inadvertently formulated an amazing hypothesis: that ten percent of Southern white families had huge kitchens—which they needed to prepare food to feed their brethren who owned no slaves at all. This exaggeration points up the absurdity of Mario's assertion that "most of the cooks in the pre-Civil War South



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were Negro. . . ." Soul food is essentially Southern food. A visit to a Mississippi farm this past summer introduced me to the joys of collards, black-eyed peas and all, and they are delectable. No argument here. But the fact remains that only about ten percent of Southern families held slaves, and even fewer had kitchen help. There are soul-food areas of the upper South that had no slavery.

As for the implication that soul food was developed out of discarded wastes—again, Mr. Mario is in error. Every agricultural community has evolved its uses for the less desirable portions of slaughtered animals. From years of living in Pennsylvania Dutch territory, for example, I know that pigs' intestines (chitterlings) are used as sausage casing and that every other leftover (snouts, ears, etc.) finds its way into souse or headcheese. And at calf-castrating time, mountain oysters are considered a gustatory treat.

Irwin Richman, Associate Professor of American Studies and History  
Pennsylvania State University  
University Park, Pennsylvania

## DELAYED RESPONSE

I should like very much to comment on Robert Morley's article in your December issue, *In Defense of Indolence*, at a later date.

Don Rosenblit, Vice-President  
Procrastinators' Club of America  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

*We won't wait up.*

## ECLECTIC TRAIN

William Sansom's article, *The Orient Express* (PLAYBOY, February), reminds me of the happy days of 1925, when I left Paris for a lecture tour in central Europe. I boarded the train at the last minute and the conductor told me: "Sorry, sir, there is no single left." Then he whispered into my ear: "I still have a cabin for two left. The lower berth is occupied by a lady; the upper berth is vacant. Although it is against the rules, have you any objection if I ask the lady's permission to let you share her cabin?"

"Do, by all means!" I exclaimed.

He returned with a broad smile and said: "This Hungarian lady does not object."

I entered her cabin on tiptoes; she was already in bed; I promptly occupied my upper berth, after having noted that my traveling companion was a spicy brunette. When the train was crossing the French border, there was a sudden halt, which actually threw the lady out of her bed. I heard her groans from the floor, quickly jumped out of my berth to assist her, pretending that I was a doctor.

She moaned: "Oh, Doctor—my backside hurts. Please, please massage me!"

I placed her on the couch; and between the Bavarian border and Munich, I had the pleasure to massage the most fascinating fanny I ever came across. After Munich, she begged me to lie by her

side, to prevent another fall. Between Munich and Linz, she taught me to say, in Hungarian, lips, nipples, bottom, etc. Between Linz and Vienna, I learned to say kiss, love, caress. Had the Orient Express gone on to Peking, I could have written a book in Hungarian.

Maurice Dekobra  
Paris, France

*Traveler Dekobra is a French author whose many novels and plays have been translated into 29 languages—including Hungarian. One of his novels, "The Madonna of the Sleeping Cars," was situated on the Orient Express, as Sansom noted in his article.*

Sansom's article is proof that old legends never die. As an old Orient Express hand and an enthusiastic chronicler of a once-great train, I want to congratulate Sansom for re-creating the glory of the past and not spoiling the game of the present. I would like to add that not only people who don't like to fly take that train. I still take a wagon-lit compartment in Europe whenever possible. Next to a nice boat, it's the only civilized way of travel left. Not fast and not always comfortable, but peaceful and private—and you know that you will not wind up at Havana Airport.

Joseph Wechsberg  
New York, New York

*Travel writer Wechsberg will appreciate the following letter.*

## PLAYBOY OLE!

I was one of the passengers on a plane that was hijacked to Cuba on January second. I had bought the latest issue of PLAYBOY before boarding in New York and intended to read the magazine on the way to Miami. Halfway through, I was interrupted by a man running down the aisle of the plane, yelling, "Havana! Havana!" and "Anyone moves, dies!" When he was in the cockpit of the jet, the passengers, predictably enough, started getting nervous. After about 20 minutes of discussing our fate, we calmed down and the man next to me asked me if he could read my magazine. I said yes. As soon as he gave it back, the man sitting in front of me asked the same. When he returned it, another man made the same request. As I handed it to him, his wife, who was very nervous, told him: "Read it, dear. I know it'll calm you down and take your mind off of what's happening to us." He returned it just about when we landed in Havana.

Maybe if I had given the PLAYBOY to our hijacker, he, too, would have gotten so engrossed in it as to forget about Cuba—and I could have been in Miami a day earlier. By the way, I finished reading the magazine in Cuba. It was an excellent Fifteenth Anniversary Issue.

Robert Kaplan  
Hialeah, Florida





# FUN:



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A full-length portrait of a man with dark hair, looking directly at the camera. He is wearing a light blue sportcoat with a white grid pattern over a white turtleneck sweater and light-colored trousers. The background is dark and out of focus.

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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



There could hardly be an American unaware that a significant number of the nation's college students are engaged in a frontal assault on academic institutions and curricula they consider irrelevant, outmoded and undemocratic. But even among those over-and-under-30 types who sympathize with the rebels' cause, many wonder what the dissidents have to offer in place of the traditions they're attempting to demolish. The curriculum catalog of the free-form, student-organized Midpeninsula Free University in Palo Alto, California, should silence their skepticism, if not their misgivings. Their attention would be arrested, even riveted, as ours was, by an advertisement on the inside cover showing two sullen young couples in somber commencement robes and mortarboards—and a front view of a third couple, totally naked but for smiles, flowers and beads, over a caption reading, "Which university are you going to this fall?" Which, indeed?

Reading on, we were struck by the down-to-earthness of many MFU undergraduate courses, as exemplified by such subjects as "The Womanly Art of Breast Feeding," "Kayak Construction," "Electronics and Practical House Wiring" and even "Auto Eroticism," which is not a study of masturbatory techniques but a coyly titled course in car care. In sharp contrast to such worldly studies are a mind-blowing, spaced-out assortment of seminars on the extrasensory and the occult—meditation, witchcraft, astrology, scientology, *I Ching*, tarot, the cabala, various yoga disciplines, "Advanced Fantasy," "Advanced Dream Interpretation" and the attainment of natural highs. "Excursions for Free Spirits" promises "group flights in astral projection"; and the Parapsychology Workshop is open to "anyone with known or suspected gifts," including "telepaths, poltergeists, mediums and prophets." Premetaphysicians may also sign up for such snap courses as "Man's Place in the Cosmos" (which meets once a week) or study such constructive subjects as "The Experience of Death," which utilizes "psychodramatic

techniques to actualize the experience of dying."

Despite its interest in the otherworldly, MFU offers a notable number of courses on how to confront one's corporate contemporaries. Grouped together in a lengthy section titled "Encounter," the subjects under this heading range from "Competition," in which participants act out their aggressive impulses with verbal and physical games, to "Vocal Expressionism," in which students attempt to communicate nonverbally via the "guttural, garrulous, garish carols of heart sounds." Not surprisingly, many of the Encounter courses evoke the various forms of Eros; among them are "Advanced Group Loving" (which involves "touching exercises and acceptance of group nudity"), "Marriage Counseling for Multiple Mates" and "I—We, the Rhythm of Intimacy" (a weekend excursion for couples involving "trust-touch-intimacy games and a variety of group methods"). For those who have exhausted the possibilities of heterosexuality, MFU offers both "The Limits of Lesbos" and "From Narcissus to Elysium"; and for those who can't make up their minds, there's "Bisexuality: Why? And Why Not?" Parents of students enrolled in such courses needn't fret about venereal disorders: the prerequisite for A. C./D. C. studies is that "you must be clean and have no diseases." And "for those who do not bathe or brush their teeth before coming to human-contact classes," there is a special program in "Personal Hygiene for Touch Course Participants." (The brochure notes, however, that "On second thought, this course will not meet. It would be too unpleasant.")

MFU's involvement in the cultural revolution is manifestly evident in the inclusion of such courses as "Guerrilla Theater" ("How to act dirty on the street corner and get arrested in the name of art"). A somewhat overweening desire to cast off the last vestiges of parental influence is detectable in "The Names, They Are A-Changing," which gives classmates an opportunity to discard their family handles in favor of

appellations that better express their personal karma. Pastoral utopianism, laced with politics and practicality, finds expression in "Survival Village" and "How to Set Up Revolutionary Communes." And the mechanics of revolution, armed and unarmed, are covered by "Tactics and Strategies of Confrontation Politics," "Peace Games—an Exercise in Nonviolent Persuasion" and the provocative "Death to the Murderers of Ché Guevara." MFU's revolutionary commitments also include participation in "the Ad Hoc Committee to Liberate Downtown Palo Alto"; and the school's extracurricular facilities boast a Legal Defense Guild, a Bail Fund and a Generation Gap Mediation Service, not to mention Abortion Counseling and a Bad Trip Intervention Center to protect students from their own excesses.

Additional indications that life at MFU isn't all work and no play are evident in such courses as "Ping-Pong for the Proletariat" and "Creative Chicken Killing" (humanely performed, the brochure straight-facedly assures us). Nude costume parties are held for couples over 21, and the schedule also includes "An Evening of Bawd," a dirty-joke session at which pervers are welcome. MFU also has an engagingly unorthodox art program, incorporating such courses as "Listening to Rock," "Primitive Body Movement" ("with emphasis on the spine and pelvis and special attention given to breathing"), and a Poetry Workshop that sounds straight enough—until you read that at some point during the quarter, students will be asked to write under hypnosis.

Though MFU may be a harbinger of educational trends, there are some grounds for supposing that it may self-destruct as a result of such courses as "Good Food Is Good Karma," which includes experimentation with macrobiotic diets (an Oriental form of self-starvation that can cleanse the body). And there may be a contradiction between the school's espousal of creative anarchy and its students' apparent need for certain



basic forms of leadership: the catalog states that "a significant portion of the male Free University population has issued an impassioned plea for their mothers," thereby inspiring a far-flung quest for "the Free U Mother"—a mystical venture that could have the same disenchanting effect on MFU that the pursuit of the Holy Grail had on the Knights of the Round Table. When Mother is finally installed, she may prove to be more of a smother-loving yenta than her scholastic offspring might expect.

While MFU is striving toward academic utopia, we note that other enterprising Californians are diligently preparing for Armageddon. Geologists (and clairvoyants such as Edgar Cayce) have long noted that the San Andreas Fault—which opened up in 1906 and destroyed most of San Francisco—is overdue for another giant temblor. In anticipation of this event, a group of Golden State real-estate speculators is buying up land along the eastern perimeter of the fault and planning to resell it as "a choice selection of future ocean-front property."

Our Humanitarian of the Month Award goes to the *New York Times* writer who, in an article on Tanzania's plan to shoot and market game animals for food, reported: "The . . . main objective is to provide relatively cheap meat for protein-starved Africans. Some of the game meat will also be exported for human consumption."

An anticancer campaign raffle was held not long ago at Salisbury, England. The prize: cigarettes.

*Incidental Intelligence, Gourmet Diversion*: Chapter two of the book *Edible Native Plants of the Rocky Mountains* is devoted to "Poisonous Plants."

Medical note to ponder: *The Journal of Urology* calls itself the "Official Organ" of the American Urological Association.

In Spanish, that most lyrical of all Romance languages, *esposa* means both wife and handcuffs.

*Peerless Logic Department*: According to *The Cleveland Press*, police prosecutor Clarence Rogers of that city has ordered that prostitutes' clients be arrested and thrown in jail. In explaining the move, Rogers flatly asserted: "It is my belief that without the participation of men, there would be much less prostitution activity in the streets."

A recent Earl Wilson column in the *Chicago Daily News* contained this eye-opener about a Christmas show in which

singer Barbara McNair performed before an Army audience in Vietnam: "She was singing *Silent Night* to the GIs, often numbering 25,000 and sitting on their handbags and their helmets, wanting to cry, just out of their homesickness."

Soft-core pornography is where you find it: In *National Geographic*, Franc Shor wrote, "Lake Como, its shore dwellers like to say, is shaped like a man striding westward, his front foot in Como and the other in Lecco. Between the two legs is a promontory of great beauty."

The *New York Daily News* reports that a karate school owner is going out of business because, he says, "This neighborhood is getting so tough that my karate instructors are afraid to come to work."

Our Feelthy Peecture Award this month goes to the *Chicago Tribune* for a movie review stating that *I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!* "is the story of a square peg (Peter Sellers) who tries to fit into a round Whole, and a hippie minimorsel (Leigh Taylor-Young) who decides that grass is gas, but Peter's neater."

## BOOKS

First it had to happen, he said; and, second, the man to whom it happened had to "make it all come true." But since Ernest Hemingway's imagination was like a muscle that he had to keep in shape even when he wasn't writing fiction, Papa often made what *hadn't* really happened seem to come true, too, so that by the end, his life was entangled with his legend and the boundaries between fact and imagination were hopelessly booby-trapped by his overwhelming but disintegrating personality. Numerous accounts of Hemingway's larger-than-life life have attempted to set those fallen guideposts straight, but the book most *aficionados* have been awaiting is Carlos Baker's *Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story* (Scribner's). Well, it's here; and if you want to know the complete contents of Hemingway's knapsack (down to matches, safety pins and salt) as he set out on a hike at four o'clock on Saturday, June 10, 1915, or the color of the car (pink) in which he drove from Algeciras to La Consula in May 1959, you can rest assured that Baker has uncovered the facts. To a task that required an acute sense of place and personality, he brought only pencil and paper—with the result that one of the most fascinating men of our century is entombed in a routine, if valuable, reference work. Since it was Hemingway's tragedy to die after rather than before his time, becoming the sycophant of his own myth, it's easy to understand Baker's thinly dis-

guised distaste for the subject of a work that took seven years to complete. In fact, he's at his meticulous best in tracking down Hemingway's exaggerations of the real-life sources for the characters and events of his fiction (he never got beyond kissing the prototype of nurse Catherine Barkley, for instance; and, rather than suffering from gangrene under the snows of Kilimanjaro, he underwent a bout with amoebic dysentery). The book takes on considerable power in its account of the final months, revealing not only that Hemingway became psychologically unstable but that he had actually attempted suicide several times before his final success. Baker deserves credit for discovering the facts behind the legend, if not the man behind the myth; but essentially, his biography is an accumulation of undifferentiated information that will have to be financed by the reader's imagination before it will yield much profit. Baker has learned virtually everything about Hemingway's history—but, as Hemingway himself once said, he learned a lot in his life, too, and some of it was true.

Life is so easy to describe, so hard to imagine, says Vladimir Nabokov someplace in his weirdly evocative, mysterious, touching and evasive new major novel, *Ada* (McGraw-Hill). If *Pale Fire* was Nabokov's *Finnegans Wake*, then *Ada* is his Finnegans reawakened. The master of nostalgia and paradox is at work here on a complex brew of styles, languages, geographies and times, all coming to a boil, as it were, on the downy and pubescent body of Ada herself—a monster, near genius, vivisectionist, labeler, talker and witty cousin to Dolores Haze. (Near genius is to genius, Nabokov remarks, as near beer is to beer.) Though the narrative is less gripping than those of such masterpieces as *Lolita*, *Bend Sinister* and the autobiographical *Speak, Memory*, the ferocious game player of these earlier books has been replaced by a more digressive, strolling and philosophic Nabokov. Must the action be sorted out? There are the sweet sister witches, Aqua and Marina, and the incestuous lovers Van Veen and Ada, and horny Lucette and the paternal rake Dementiy "Demon" Veen, and all the Franco-Russian-Anglo-American family retainers and restrainers who succeed not at all at their tasks, and the elegant duels and nostalgic voyages and space-time twistings through punning territories half in New England and half in Old Russia. Old masters and young mistresses abound; even the word "rakehell" can be used without blushing.

The story (excerpted in last month's PLAYBOY) begins with steamy cogitations, slowly, ponderously, and continues in the same way—but it makes no difference

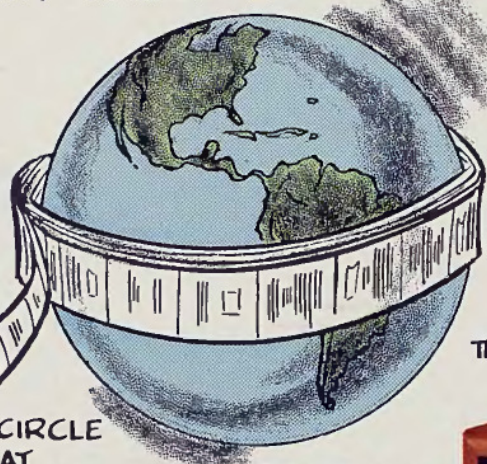


# STRANGE as it seems <sup>ELSIE HIX</sup>



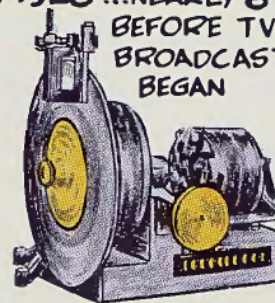
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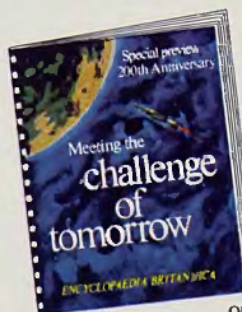
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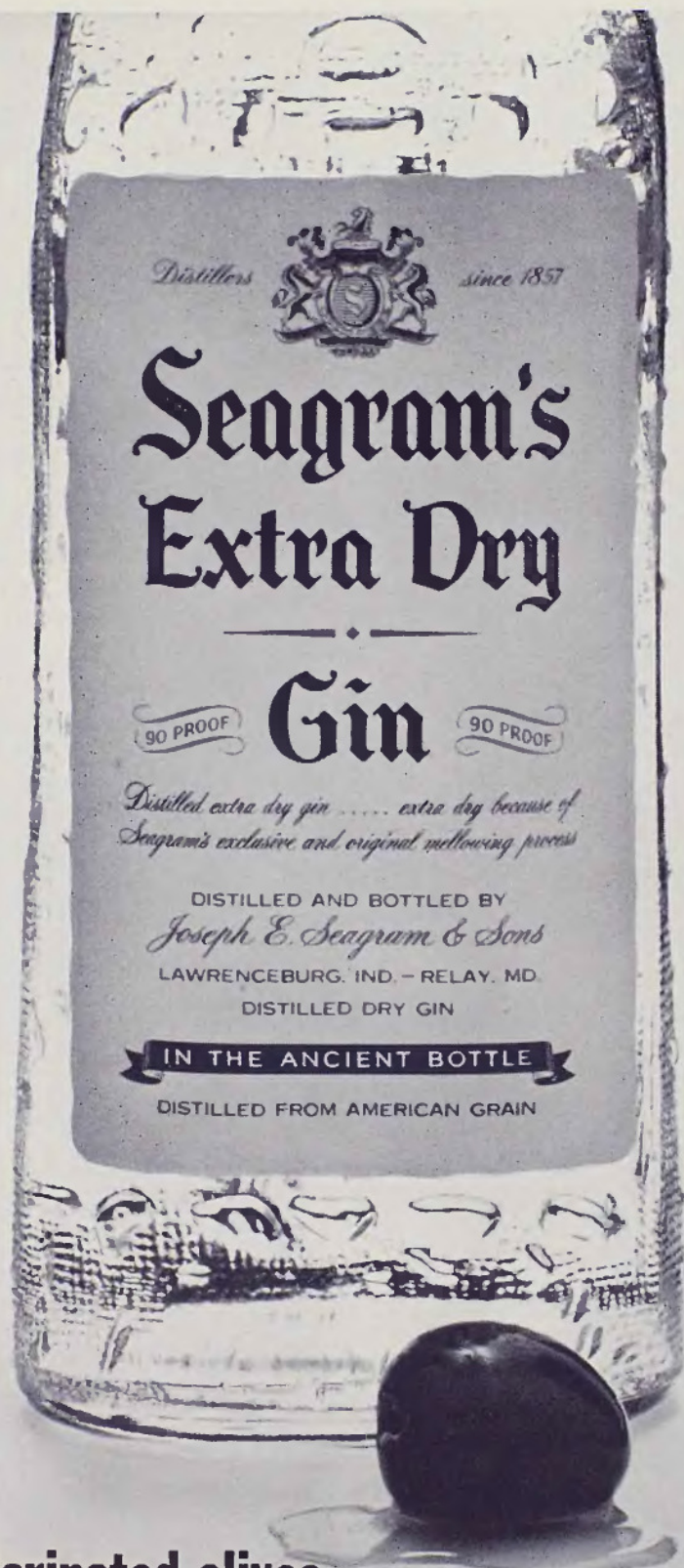
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that the clear roadmarks and abominable wordplays await solemn scholarly exegesis. The delights of wit and fantasy amount to overfeeding. The passion is atrocious and comic. The elephantine weight of genius (not near genius in Nabokov's case) will make the reader's mind reel with thought beyond thought, worlds beyond worlds, metathought, meta-worlds. A picaresque pastiche of idyllic vacations, 19th Century motorcars, mad journeys and letters and languors, spies, captains, blackmailers, whoremongers, scholars, moonmaniacs, botanical rapes and pedantic gardens, the book is a parody novel, filled with exploding symbols oddly reconstituted. It's a sieve that holds water. It is concerned with "the dubious reality of the present" and "the unquestionable one of remembrance." Past and future are raveled together, partly unraveled; the future is teased and assaulted; and while the author dances lumberingly on his hands, the reader uses *his* hands first to turn the pages of *Ada* and then to applaud. It is unnecessary to ask if Nabokov, who has said that he travels through life in a space helmet, is one of the immortals. He zigs and zags in his own extraordinary orbit through the literature of our time and discovers new worlds for those who can follow.

Gore Vidal began exploring and exco-riating our society in print at age 19. Now, approaching his mid-40s, with *Reflections Upon a Sinking Ship* (Little, Brown), he finds that his works have not rocked the boat very much, after all, and that, in fact, the ship of fools is in some danger of going under. Vidal has arrived at anything but a plateau of resigned, middle-aged tranquillity; these reflections are written from a peak of near desperation over the human condition. Yet he remains in command of his dour observations; his angers are channeled and his arguments disciplined even at their fiercest. In these essays, he manages time and again to bring off that neatest of tricks, the stiletto that pricks the mind and stimulates unaccustomed thinking. On American novels: "It has been observed that American men do not read novels because they feel guilty when they read books which do not have facts in them. Made-up stories are for women and children; facts are for men." On "dirty books": "The worst that can be said of pornography is that it leads not to 'antisocial' sexual acts but to the reading of more pornography." And an explanation of why he chose to reprint a biting criticism of Bobby Kennedy: "... partly for what it has to say about that doomed family, partly for what it has to say about the way in which our political system has become a game for the very rich." Finally, however, Vidal commits a woeful excess in considering the peril of overpopulation and world





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famine; he proposes a dictatorial "authority" to control births and arrange for "desirable" genetic selection. Well, it would be remarkable if a man of such iconoclastic perception were not possessed of at least one irrational notion.

If Calder Willingham's new novel, *Providence Island* (Vanguard), is intended to be a parody, it's a literary success. If it's intended to be a literary success, it's a parody. Willingham tells us that the book is an attempt to deal with the "elementals and fundamentals" of love. Judged seriously on those terms, *Providence Island* suffers from delusions of grandeur and a little schizophrenia to boot. Willingham has a curious style that combines a lusty vocabulary with a gee-whiz tone. For example, his TV-executive hero (scheduled to be played on the screen by Paul Newman) remembers an early sex experience, and then: "Jim put a hand over his eyes, a blush of embarrassment on his face and his smile of pained fondness turned into a wince." Or, "Gently, taking care not to hurt her, Jim squeezed [her breasts] in such a way that he could feel the mass of veins or gristle or whatever it was deep inside them, the part he supposed produced milk when a woman had a baby." As pure parody of sexual swashbuckling, however, the hero's hapless pursuit of the inhibited wife of a missionary, with an ugly Lesbian as referee, is hilarious. When the three are stranded on an uninhabited Caribbean island, Willingham puts his sex vehicle into high gear. It careens wildly for 260 pages—only to run out of gas and bump along to a dreary end. Forewarned readers, however, can concentrate on the shipwreck section (chapters 13 through 25) and will probably enjoy it as a tale of a perverse pilgrim's progress from individual seduction to *ménage à trois* to orgy.

Are these statements true or false? (1) Utility companies now building nuclear reactors have great concern for public safety and are fully insured against large-scale loss of life due to a nuclear accident. (2) Adequate research and testing assure safe operation of the new "fast reactors." (3) The Atomic Energy Commission safeguards the public from nuclear-reactor accidents by the rigid safety requirements they lay down for the utility companies that build them. False—according to *The Careless Atom* (Houghton Mifflin), in which author Sheldon Novick provides plenty of facts to bolster his argument. Accidents can and have happened to nuclear reactors at Chalk River, Ontario; Windscale Pile Number One, England; Hanford, Washington; and Lagoona Beach, Michigan. "To date," writes Novick, "nine [reactor fuel] cores have been destroyed or seriously damaged. . . . Three reactors have been put out of action and never re-

vived." Luckily, none of these mishaps has gone so far as to "disassemble the machine"—technician's jargon for "blow up." Private insurance companies believe the possible scale of disaster is so large that they've refused to insure atomic plants for anything close to the full amount of the risk. Hope for the future seems to lie in public protest and demand for scientific evidence about atomic safety, honestly presented. The world's largest utility, Pacific Gas & Electric, can already attest to the power of an aroused public. Novick relates how, after spending \$4,000,000 on a proposed reactor plant near San Francisco, P. G. & E. withdrew its plans, in the face of widespread local opposition. The public's most telling argument? The proposed site was a mere 1000 feet from the San Andreas Fault, the most active source of earthquakes in the country. This report is a stringent antidote to the utilities' public-relations comic books featuring lovable characters such as Citizen Atom and Reddy Kilowatt.

Frank O'Connor was a genuine artist who wrote well and copiously. Not one of the 27 stories in *A Set of Variations* (Knopf) is bad or even mediocre. But to judge the stories individually is to miss the point—which is easy to do when one first reads O'Connor. As tale follows tale, the speed reader may well miss the artfulness of the sequence, supposing it to be one of simple before and after, whereas it is a skillful relating of one part to the other and of each part to the whole. The present volume evokes Irish life, particularly that of the smaller cities and towns, with a rare blend of precision, compassion and camaraderie. From the first story, in which O'Connor writes of a rheumatic widow who takes in foster children "of good family" as a way of remaining independent of her married daughters, to the last, in which a priest (the narrative center of several stories) dies and is buried, against his next of kin's wishes, in the place he had chosen, O'Connor's dissection is always neat, good-humored and severely just. It is an act of charity to fabricate a letter so that a priest can be buried where he wants; but is it also an act of charity to falsify a death certificate so that another priest's suicide can be passed off as a death due to natural causes, thus avoiding scandal and unnecessary suffering for the deceased's family? The line between Christian charity and misguided compassion is sometimes hard to see, but O'Connor has made it a bit more visible.

In Louis-Ferdinand Céline's scathingly scatological vision, *La Belle France* was the anus of the earth—and when history gave the world an enema, the result was the 20th Century. His early novels bespattered polite literature with sewer

language, putrefied subject matter and bitter vomit prophesying the horrors soon to come—which he greeted with mad black laughter, Swiftian comic fury and a hallucinatory madhouse shriek indicating the direction of much of the literature to follow. In the late Thirties, when the centrifugal force of his wildly spinning rage carried him close to insanity, Céline published a series of virulent anti-Semitic tracts; some have attributed these to injuries incurred in World War One and his subsequent trepanation, while others have suggested that he shouldn't be called anti-Semitic, since he hated *everyone*, regardless of race, religion or color. In any case, he was widely regarded as a collaborator during the Nazi Occupation and, after the Liberation, was imprisoned for treason. In *Castle to Castle* (Delacorte), first published in 1957 (and here translated with great power by Ralph Manheim), Céline writes with turbulent genius of those War years—"the document," he calls his barely fictionalized account—and in the fever of his indignation, he sees himself as a kind of Fifth Horseman of the Apocalypse—called Vengeance. The first 100 pages seem like nothing but paranoid ravings (although he regards himself as the most unjustly hounded pariah in history, actually, he was treated more fairly than most suspected collaborators), literally hoping his enemies will die quickly, so he can get in the last word. Contemplating a thinly disguised Jean-Paul Sartre—"I vote him five or six nice malignant tumors between the esophagus and the pancreas." And, considering the invective he hurls at his own publisher, wishing he could see him skinned alive, his head split open, and hanged (for openers), it's amazing that the book was even put into print. But in the final two thirds of the novel, Céline transcends hysterical self-justification, transfiguring his sense of personal outrage into an eloquent eyewitness chronicle of inhumanity. Gathered together at the Hohenzollern castle on the Danube are the "special detestables" of the War: Pétain and Laval, collaborators and lunatics, assassins and Vichy officials, the debris of European culture, the garbage of the holocaust; it's a delirious bedlam "half-way between quarantine and operetta." From his office, across the hall from a constantly overflowing toilet, Céline examines the scabs of others, rather than picking at his own (he was the official Vichy doctor); and though his volcanic rage remains as great a leveler as death itself—letting no one escape his lavalike eruptions—he creates a tortured testament to man's stubborn endurance in the Stygian Guignol of contemporary history. To Céline, the proper study of mankind is his own bestiality; in the end, victims and executioners become one, stinking corpses at the last damnation. He stood in the bottom circle of





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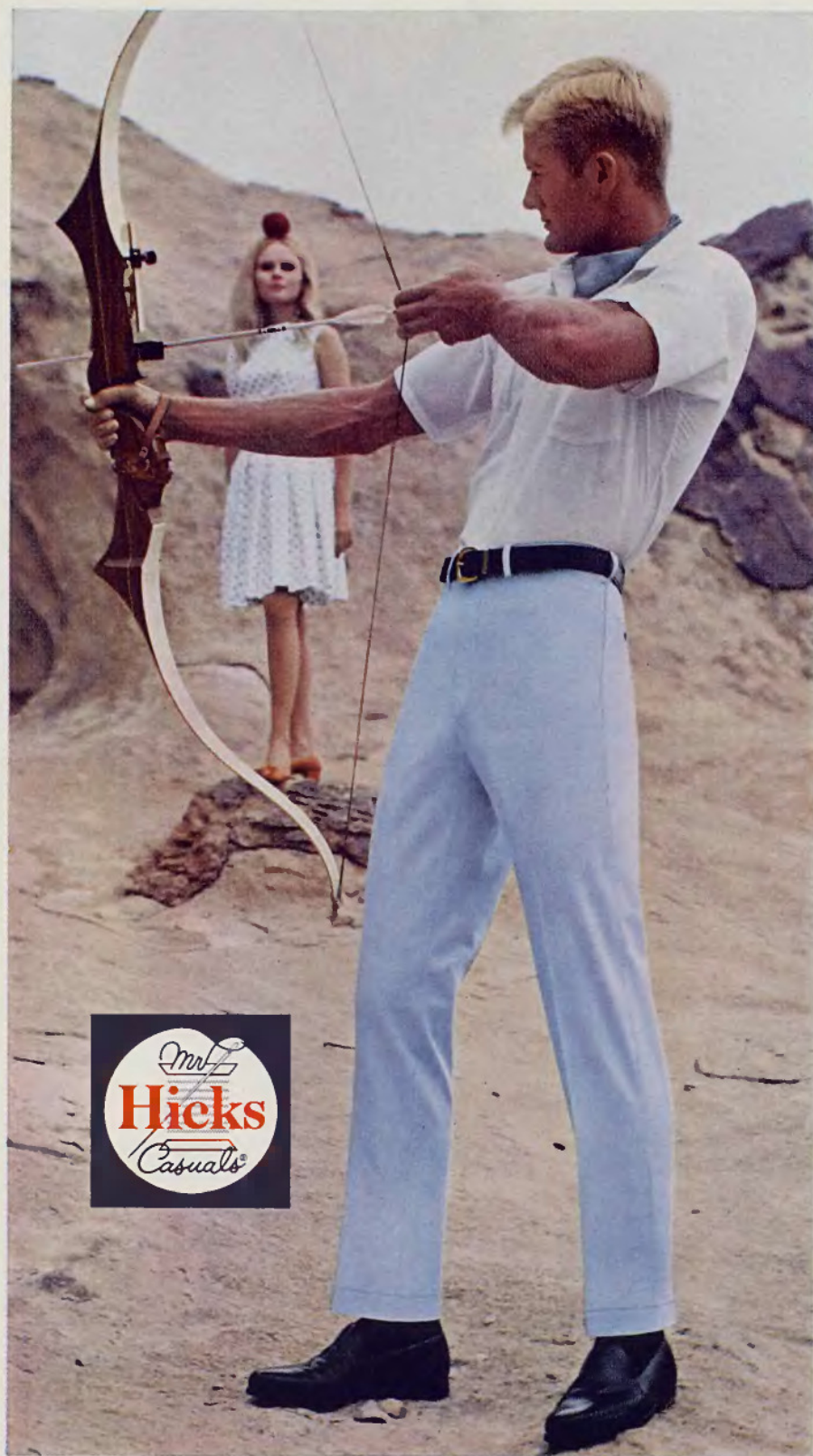
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our modern hell, in days without sun, nights without dawn, and carried with him no consoling philosophy, not even any medicine—only a vial of cyanide.

Michael Holroyd, author of the widely acclaimed biography of Lytton Strachey, has turned his attention to fiction; the result is *A Dog's Life* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), in which Holroyd has dreamed up with fine economy a memorable cast of odd English characters—Eustace, Anne, Mathilda, George and Kenneth Farquhar, who live together in a house with their dog, Smith. All of them range from dotty to doddering. If occasionally there is a slight sense of strain in laying their barminess on the reader, it is relatively minor. A worse problem is that after having created what appears to be a highly individualized and thoroughly amusing assortment of card-carrying eccentrics, Holroyd suddenly chooses at the end to go dead serious on us. The shock of this draws one up short, as is intended; but at the same time, it gives rise to a dreadful thought: Could (would?) Mr. Holroyd be implying that we are *all*, at heart, Farquhars and that their particular loony bin is a microcosm of—dare we say it?—mankind itself? One hopes not. True, the family is worse than everyone else's family in degree only, but the book just will not support any such grand extensions. Far better to view it simply as a shrewd, gentle, bittersweet, satiric slice of life, with many telling points to make about us all.

The sort-of-hero of Kingsley Amis' *I Want It Now* (Harcourt, Brace & World), Ronnie Appleyard, is a TV programmer on the crest of youthfully making it. "Fame and money with a giant helping of sex" is what he's after—and by a brilliant deployment of "sincerity," he is happily getting plenty of all three. Then he meets Simon, a 26-year-old nymphet of bizarre charm and frozen heart. Her mother is Lady Baldock, prime villainess among a choice selection of nasties, who satisfies her real feeling for her daughter—which is hatred—by supplying her with a string of unpleasant, even loathsome, lovers. Ronnie follows his mistress and her entourage from London to an isle in Greece to Negro-baiting Dixie and back to London—experiencing, analyzing and eschewing the foibles of the very rich but revealing gradually that a sour apple can have a sweet core. For his lusting after Simon's money gives way to the more human pursuit of thawing her heart. The *It* of the title, the reader discovers, doesn't really mean sex; it means what the Baldocks and their ilk are without: tolerance, fair play and decency. Once again, Amis displays a sharpness of perception and a certainty of aim that call to mind other masters of the art of making us laugh long and deep, like



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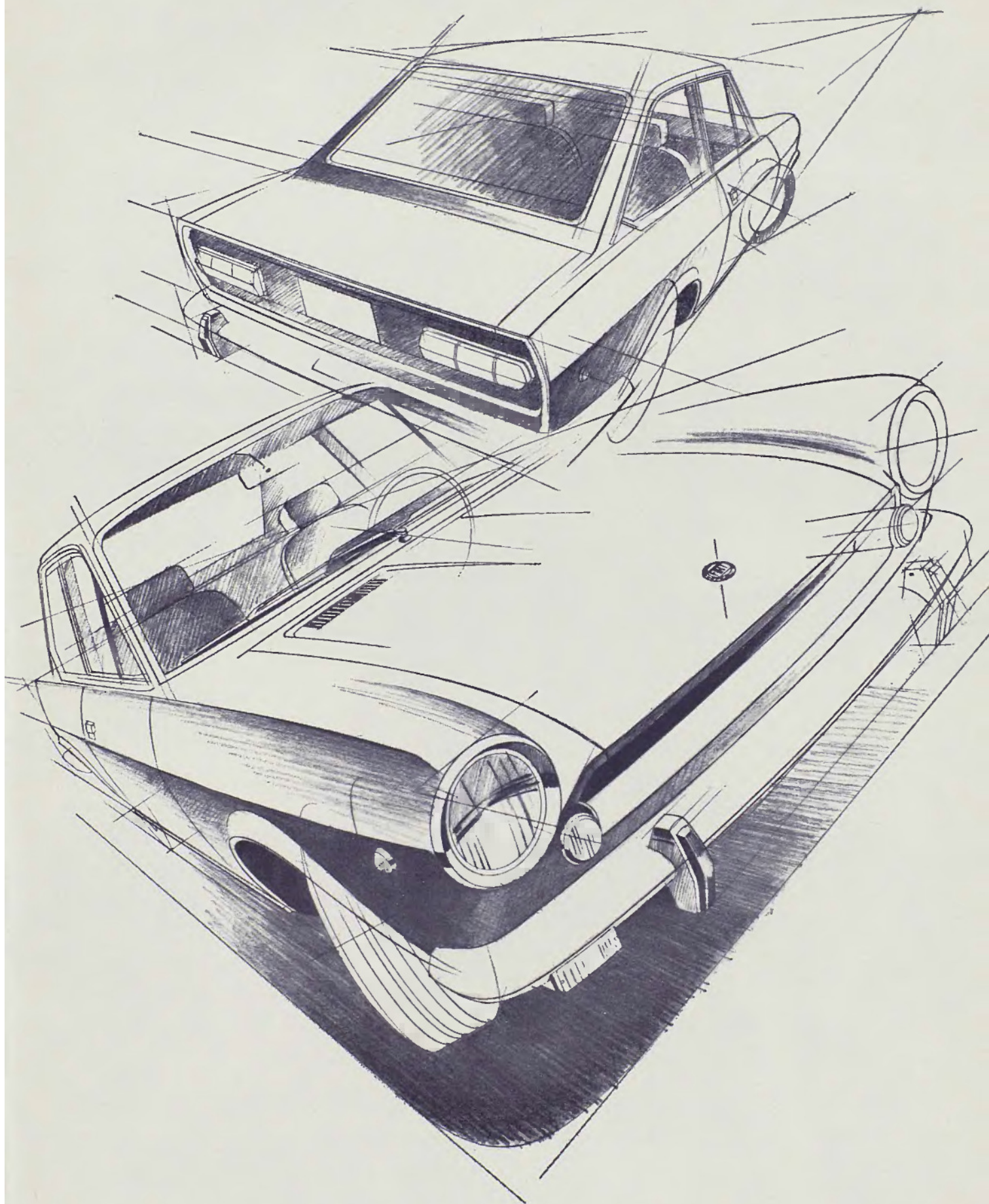
### MOVIES

Jeanne Moreau's chemistry, combined with the unpredictable brilliance of writer-director Orson Welles, graces *The Immortal Story*, the bewitching better half of a double bill of two shorter-than-average films (the other one is reviewed below). Welles' meticulous adaptation in English of an exotic tale by Denmark's late great Isak Dinesen is a Wellesian triumph of old-fashioned cinematic storytelling. "In China, at the end of the last century," begins Welles the storyteller, who also generously fills the pivotal role of a strange old millionaire with an even stranger obsession. He has heard the hoary sailors' tale of being picked up in a faraway port by a rich, impotent merchant, then being wined, dined and paid in gold for bedding the merchant's beautiful young wife; and the wheezing eccentric wants to make the story come true, whatever the cost. Welles has the audacity to reveal the middle and end of Dinesen's story at the outset. Thus having scorned any conventional tricks of suspense, he creates a film full of uncommon fascination—subtle in mood, rich, evocative, blindingly beautiful and always alive, as the narrator says of the old man's disquieting Jewish clerk (Roger Coggio), with "things that move like big deep-water fish in the depths of his dark mind." Moreau plays the disillusioned girl hired for the evening's charade; Norman Ashley, the fortunate blond sailor in her bed. The acting throughout is flawless, as is everything else on this unique and compelling occasion.

Less can be said for the film's companion piece, *Simon of the Desert*, a 45-minute orgy of sin, symbolism and anti-Christ imagery by the formidable Luis (Belle de Jour) Buñuel, who seems pretty up tight about getting his message across without any frills that might be mistaken for entertainment. Though drawn from the saga of Simon, one of the ascetic "pillar saints" of centuries ago, who spent some 68 years resisting temptation in his aerie atop a series of high stone columns, Buñuel's irreverent catechism seldom gets off the ground. Simon the wretched (Claudio Brook)—endlessly mocked, taunted and tempted by bare-breasted manifestations of his own private devil—is at last lured away to a so-called Black Mass. We are sorry to report that Buñuel's climactic, perhaps facetious, metaphor for transcendent evil transports the holy man and his shapely nemesis (via a 20th Century jet, by golly) to a Manhattan *discothèque* filled with dancers in full cry.

The trouble with making sci-fi movies from the books of Ray Bradbury is that





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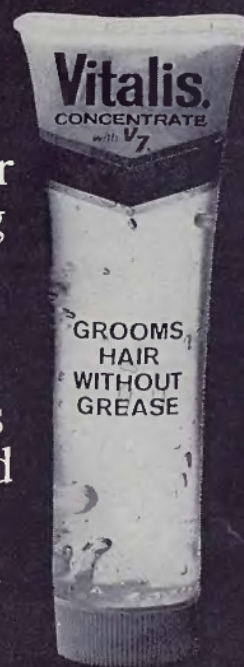
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the screenplays are usually written by people less perceptive. In Ray's celebrated *The Illustrated Man*, the tale spinner encounters a stranger whose body is covered with remarkable tattooing; and the tattoos yield 18 separate stories united only by a common vision of fallible mankind groping its way through a technological wonder world to come. The film conjured up by writer-producer Howard B. Kreitsek seeks to mystify where Bradbury clarified, and the results are pretty messy. Kreitsek has Rod Steiger beautifully decorated from stem to stern in a kind of anatomic art nouveau, but he sheds his scenery to play hero in a trio of the book's tales—chosen entirely at random, as far as we can tell. One deals with two tykes who sacrifice their parents to a pack of lions in a wish-fulfilling futuristic playroom; another, with members of a space mission lost on a perpetually rainy planet; the last, with a family preparing to face the end of the world. In striving to link the episodes, Kreitsek hints at a spooky but inscrutable prior relationship among the illustrated man, the time-leaping tattoo artist (Claire Bloom, otherwise known as Mrs. Steiger) whom he vows to kill and a youthful vagrant (Robert Drivas) who becomes his reluctant confidant. Thus propelled into a field of unidentified flying fiction, the actors do what they can to make sense of their several assignments; and Steiger's rockslide energy often strikes a spark in Claire's cool, self-possessed beauty and in Drivas' solid portrayal of a character as insubstantial as a shadow. Sad to say, though, the mysteries they evoke with the muddled help of director Jack Smight are only conundrums that exploit Bradbury and body painting but finally say almost nothing at all.

Bringing *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* to life on the screen proves a mixed blessing for Maggie Smith, a first-rate comedienne who captures the campy humor and panache but misses the gut issues of a role that was a London stage triumph for Vanessa Redgrave and made Zoe Caldwell a Broadway star. But the fault lies less with Maggie than with director Ronald Neame, for his slick sentimentalizing has removed the fangs from the heroine of Muriel Spark's novel (adapted for stage and screen by Jay Presson Allen). Fortunately, Miss Brodie on film is still an affected, freethinking spinster-teacher, raising all kinds of hell in a staid Scottish girls' school during the early Thirties. The Brodie girls—all nurtured by her own quirky romantic fancies—tend to view Renaissance art as a backdrop for Miss Brodie's presumably reckless holiday in Italy; and the history of World War One serves merely as an introduction to a long-lost love named Hugh, who "fell like an autumn leaf" on Flanders Field. She endures a dull affair

with a bachelor in the music department, but subtly encourages two impressionable girls to take her place in the bed of a lusty, married art instructor (Robert Stephens, Maggie Smith's off-screen husband). The flaw in this entertaining character portrait is that it leaves Miss Brodie where she started, as a silly emancipated spinster who meant well, and de-emphasizes her ultimate emergence as a near monster—a vain, neurotic but indomitable armchair fascist who calls Mussolini a great man and ships one of her stuttering schoolgirls off to die in Spain for Franco. Perhaps the original *Miss Brodie* seemed much too severe to the moviemakers. Evidently, they preferred to send the audience home smiling instead of swallowing the lumps in their throats.

Maximilian Schell coproduced *The Castle* and financed it mostly with his own money. In this version of Kafka's unfinished novel, Schell plays K., the land surveyor who comes to a nameless village at the behest of nameless overlords lodged in a strange hilltop castle. All K. wants is to get inside, but a maddeningly inaccessible bureaucracy thwarts him at every turn. Messages are exchanged, appointments made and broken. So he waits in the hostile town, agonizing. His plight, of course, soon escalates into allegory: He becomes any man tyrannized by implacable state authority. Everyman subject to an incomprehensible God. Unhappily, there is hardly a trace of Kafka's mordant humor or felicity of style in this philosophical Schell game. Though the star backs his investment with an adequate monochromatic performance, adapter-director Rudolf Noelte has transformed the tale into a soggy schnitzel—all brown, blue-gray and gloomy and held to such a soporific pace that a scene in which Schell merely sits down on a bed because he's tired of standing becomes a dramatic highlight. *The Castle* is dubbed; and dubbing, even when reasonably well done, widens the psychological moat between audience and play. Only in *The Trial*, filmed by Orson Welles, has the camera thus far found a feasible way into the world of Kafka.

A young heiress (Pamela Franklin) is kidnapped as *The Night of the Following Day* begins, and it soon becomes clear that writer-producer-director Hubert Cornfield has something in mind quite apart from the common run of thriller. Briefly put, his experiment aims to study the psychopathology of the criminals without bothering much about the anatomy of their crime—which may explain why he was able to enlist Marlon Brando and Richard Boone to portray a couple of crooks afflicted with hypertension. Both are oddly cast but distinctive by any standard—Brando mouthing hip jargon under a long blond wig, Boone cooing

gentle reassurances that never quite mask his taste for sadism. Though most of the characters are without given names (a clue, no doubt, to the film's deep intentions), partial anonymity doesn't handicap Rita Moreno, who delivers a woundingly true performance as an airline stewardess hung up on drugs and Brando. *Following Day* is weak as melodrama—leisurely, introspective and all but wrecked by a preposterous climax in which the author tries to wrap up a host of inconsistencies by suggesting that someone may have dreamed the whole thing. Not bloody likely. But all that splashy talent makes this bold failure more interesting to watch than many formula successes.

*Baby Love* is the story of a successful London doctor who creates havoc by bringing home the predatory teenaged daughter of a strumpet he knew in his youth. Since the child doesn't belong to him, and since he is a shallow social climber, his charitable response to her mother's suicide serves mostly as a convenient twist of plot. Freshman director Alastair Reid, making his feature-film debut without a single big-name star to light the way, shows flashes of precocity that suggest talent worthy of a much better script. Meanwhile, he does well enough with a series of ugly but tantalizing revelations, as the girl (15-year-old Linda Hayden, persuasively playing the nastiest nymphet this side of Lolita) begins to scratch the varnish off her well-bred benefactors. She excites the doctor's interest as cunningly as she can, teases his stripling son into a fit of hypertension and strikes a rich vein of Lesbianism in the doctor's neglected wife; her leisure hours are enlivened by potheads, would-be rapists and theater mashers. All this graphic hanky-panky—self-consciously depicted as the acting out of repressed infantile pleasures—is apparently intended to validate *Baby Love's* credentials as a serious film. Sure.

Greater Los Angeles inspires love at first sight in France's Jacques (The Umbrellas of Cherbourg) Demy, a director whose films invariably seem to be the result of his boyish infatuation with a chunk of urban geography. The title *Model Shop* refers to a rent-a-girl camera studio in L. A., where Gary Lockwood, as a disaffected young architect anticipating bad news from his draft board, hires a twin-lens reflex to snap some art poses of Anouk Aimée, as a tired French divorcée who has just about had it in the States. Demy's tolerant view of the West Coast's car culture results in a bright and swingy paean to romance on wheels. The film also makes a bizarre visual metaphor of the pad Lockwood shares with his sometime mistress (Alexandra Hay)—a seedy but sunlit shack situated next to a perpetually sucking oil pump and shaded



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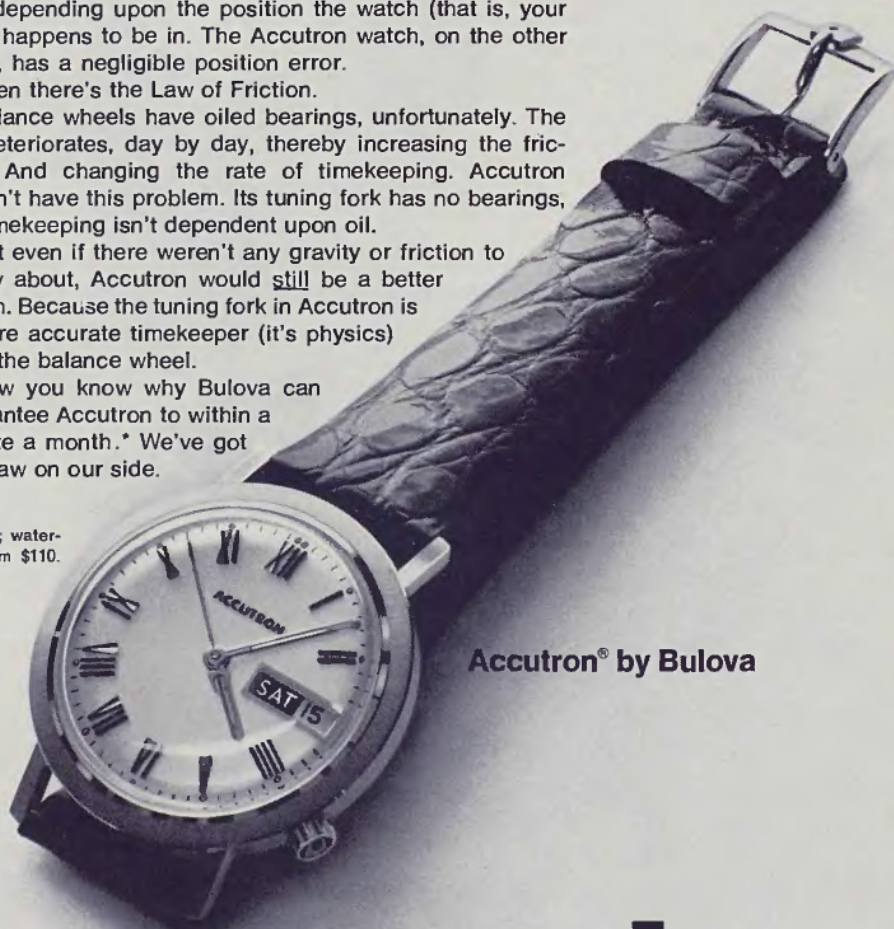
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only by the wings of arriving and departing jet liners. The dialog supplied by writer-producer-director Demy sounds like a literal translation from the author's basic English-French phrase book. Which may explain such philosophical gobbledegook as, "I wanted to build, but man's only driving possession is to destroy." The script is an embarrassment, to put it kindly, and the actors throw away lines as though it's just something for them to do while waiting to have their gas and oil checked.

When a team of independent young moviemakers (Charles Hirsch and Brian De Palma) describes its first feature as "an overground sex-protest film," an audience can guess that the preoccupations of contemporary youth are about to be recataloged. *Greetings* begins touching all the usual bases, from the antidraft, screw-the-Army sentiments mocked in its title to the ritual gags about computer dating, pop art, political assassinations and pornography. Though the amateur performers are mostly atrocious and the camerawork resembles a student director's homage to *A Hard Day's Night*, many of the ideas half developed by Hirsch and De Palma show a smoldering talent for satire. *Greetings'* ribbing of the Warren Report is a drag, but there are several freshly funny episodes about three mock-heroic draft dodgers. The brightest of the lot (Robert De Niro) creates his own variation of pop art, or peep art, an environmental study of sorts that involves persuading gullible birds to share their pristine "private moments" with him and his camera. The experiment is more amusing than it sounds, particularly when the U. S. Army—undismayed by evidence of psychopathy—allows him to continue his basic research among the scrutable girls of the Viet Cong.

The woman is a busy, beautiful doctor, bored with her work, her life and her lover. The boy is her wealthy brother's adolescent son, a cunning sadist feigning psychosomatic paralysis in order to rearrange the world from his wheelchair. When two such characters are introduced under the ironic title *Grazie, Zia* (*Thank You, Auntie*), one anticipates another steamy Italian sex drama rife with heaving bosoms and fever charts. Fortunately, 24-year-old writer-director Salvatore Samperi, in his precocious film debut, tries a good deal more than that. Concerned, like Antonioni, with those spiritually barren modern landscapes where alienation is the norm, Samperi sketches eroticism as a state of mind, the subtle exploitation of middle-aged hang-ups by rebellious youth; and his principal actors (Sweden's Lou Castel and Lisa Gastoni, a lush mantrap born to elicit long, low whistles on the Via Veneto) make the way of all flesh look unnervingly



inevitable. "Don't you want to drink Coca-Cola? Don't you want a Ford in your future?" sneers the boy, while Auntie broods over the fact that her freethinking paramour of long standing has become a stolid bourgeois cipher. Made on a minuscule budget of \$78,000, *Zia* has some rough edges, but its *pas de deux* of malicious childish gamesmanship, with a deadly bout of euthanasia on tap for the chilling climax, is always intelligent.

"Your body is like a violin in a velvet case," whispers Alain Delon, while helping tawny Marianne Faithfull out of a skintight leather suit by Lanvin. As *The Girl on a Motorcycle*, Marianne wears only her perfume under her riding clothes; and whenever she removes them, she is subjected to such questionable similes, including several real stoppers (example: "Your toes are like tombstones"). Director Jack Cardiff has an odd thing going here, with a bike used as a vehicle to introduce a sensuous-looking young beauty who seems to have taken smiling lessons from Julie Christie. Through the glaze of special effects, it is impossible to judge Marianne's acting ability. She plays a young modern of German or Swiss extraction, newly wedded to a doltish teacher (an actor named, no kidding, Roger Mutton) and enamored of Delon, as a sure-footed stud working the ski resorts. Delon gives her a motorbike for a wedding present, so she can get to town as the need arises—and it does, regularly. The movie covers just one trip—the last, fateful one, during which Marianne appears in countless flashbacks and process shots, laughing into the wind and monologizing interminably about all the exuberant horsepower between her thighs. Try as he will, Cardiff can wring no significance from his heroine's devotion to her wheeling dildo; and her nude interludes with Delon, staged like art poses from *Photography Annual*, are pretty pointless, too.

*I Am Curious (Yellow)*, the controversial Swedish film by Vilgot Sjöman, director of *491* and *My Sister, My Love*, has at last been freed for distribution, after a yearlong court battle with U.S. Customs. By now, the censors have decried the movie's obscenity so loudly and so often that a stampede to the box office appears inevitable. The first question is, will the paying customer with a "prurient interest in sex" (the Government's legal catch phrase) be satisfied? Well, the answer is yes, if such interest embraces frequent male and female nudity and at least seven explicit instances of sexual intercourse, not counting what the manuals call "oral-genital contact." Though the urge to make love comes upon the hero and heroine in the damndest places—in a dusty driveway,

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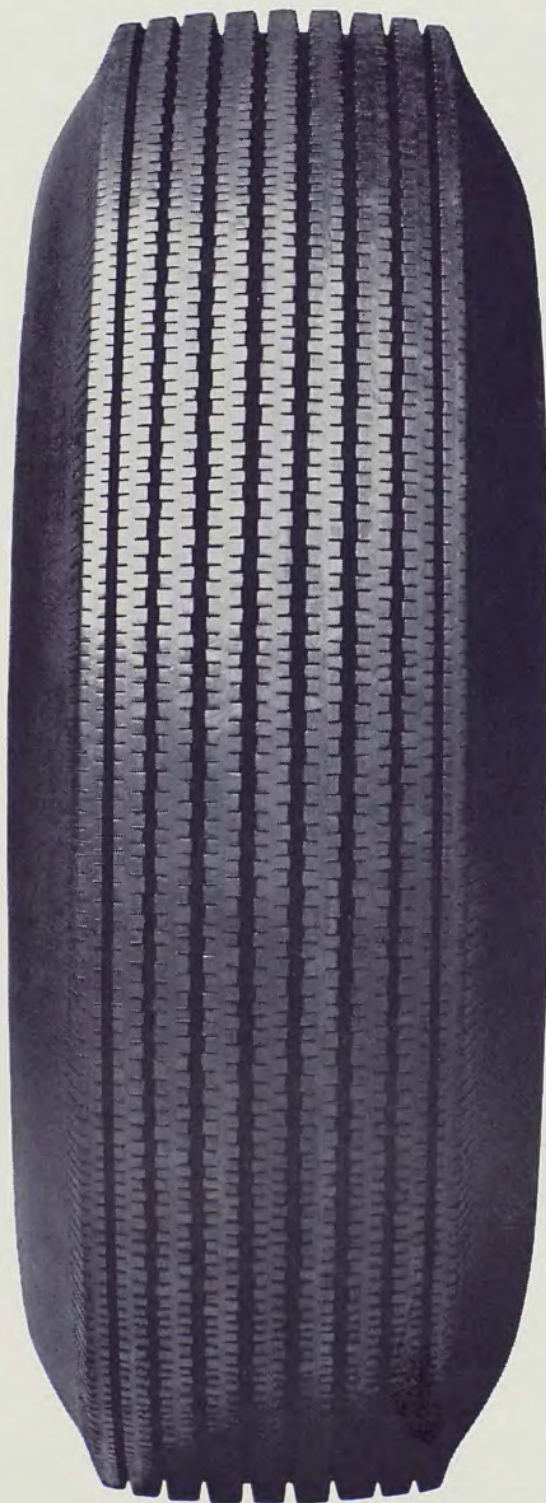


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on a balustrade in front of Stockholm's royal palace, halfway up a huge tree identified as the oldest in Europe, and underwater in a lily pond—director Sjöman's intentions are much too crusading to be suspect. He is consciously committed to spearheading a breakthrough, the aim of which is to depict (or at least simulate) sex on film with healthy lust, humor and spontaneity as an honest alternative to what he calls "all this fuss with sheets." His success on that score can be measured by the storm of protest *Curious* has aroused; but the movie is not primarily concerned with sex, and often makes the action look sad and desperate, rather than erotic. The waywardness of Sjöman's lusting couple finally leads them, in fact, to a state medical clinic, where romance withers as they suffer the cure for a suspicious rash that turns out to be nonvenereal. Graphic as it is, the scene at the clinic points up the deeper concerns of Sjöman, a former assistant to Ingmar Bergman and a man with many long dark thoughts of his own about the quality of life in socialist Sweden. The parenthetical *Yellow* of the title conveys a wry half salute to the Swedish flag, with more to come in *I Am Curious (Blue)*, a companion film still awaiting export. Sjöman's heroine (Lena Nyman, also the much-handled heroine of *491*) is hardly a sex goddess but, rather, a plump, potato-shaped rebel whose romantic illusions trip her up in both public and private affairs. She's not sure what she believes in or where she's at, so she drifts around Stockholm, picking embassies, interviewing passers-by and politicians about Vietnam, class barriers, birth control and Franco Spain. Meanwhile, she gives herself to a horny young auto salesman (Börje Ahlstedt), her 24th lover, with whom she hopes to make order out of chaos—until she discovers he is a faithless stud. Highly moral in its attitude toward human relationships, *Curious* has a great deal of style and spirit, though Sjöman complicates an already complex theme by indulging film-within-a-film conceits, showing off his camera and crew and muttering irrelevant asides about reality. There is no reason to remind us that a fallible artist has contrived all this remarkable fiction, for that's the name of the game, isn't it?

## RECORDINGS

**Nina Simone and Piano!** (RCA) has the eminent songstress forgoing all outside assistance, but Miss Simone's formidable talents are really all that's required for a stunning session. *Seems I'm Never Tired Lovin' You*, *Nobody's Fault but Mine*, *Who Am I* and even the oldie *I Get Along Without You Very Well* pulsate





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after anything! **Brut.**

with the highly personal intonation and raw emotion that mark a Simone performance.

The soft electric sound of Spirit is heard to good advantage on *The Family That Plays Together* (Ode; also available on stereo tape). The California quintet effectively combines elements of jazz, rock and baroque on *It Shall Be* and *Dream Within a Dream*; *Silky Sam* gets into some Debussy-ish harmonies, and *Jewish* is the first recorded instance, to our knowledge, of rock music sung in Hebrew.

Challenging and varied vehicles, plus articulate vocal arrangements, pay off for Spanky & Our Gang on *Anything You Choose / Without Rhyme or Reason* (Mercury; also available on stereo tape). Spanky takes the lead on *Yesterday's Rain* and the stomping *Mecca Flat Blues*, which is enhanced by Little Brother Montgomery's New Orleans piano. The whimsical *1-3-5-8* and the socially oriented *Give a Damn* brilliantly display the group's contrapuntal and homophonic skills.

Archie Shepp shows, on *The Way Ahead* (Impulse!), that he's getting himself together, without losing any of his visceral urgency. The polyrhythmic *Frankenstein* is a confusing venture, but *Sophisticated Lady* is a technical tour de force for Shepp (who, at times, sounds very much like Ben Webster); and *Damn If I Know* (*The Stroller*) indicates that the possibilities inherent in the 12-bar blues, even for the most futuristic of musicians, are far from exhausted.

We have long considered the Staple Singers the best there is in the soul-Gospel bag and *Soul Folk in Action* (Stax) firmly bolsters our conviction. The Staples haven't got a false note in their collective body. Even the intrusion of lackluster orchestrations cluttering up the background can't diminish their accomplishments—*We've Got to Get Ourselves Together*, *Top of the Mountain*, *Got to Be Some Changes Made* are superb and the other eight songs on the LP are not far behind.

Pierre Boulez is the very model of a modern orchestra conductor—rigorously precise, tautly objective, wholly committed to the music of his own century. These qualities pay off handsomely in Béla Bartók's *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta* (Columbia). At first, Boulez' deliberate approach may seem too tame, but the tensions build inexorably as his supercontrolled reading gathers momentum, and the end effect is shatteringly powerful. On side two, the meticulous Boulez talents are applied to a rousing

rendition of Stravinsky's original *Firebird Suite*. In both works, the BBC Symphony Orchestra collaborates.

*Blood, Sweat and Tears* (Columbia; also available on stereo tape)—which opens and closes with variations on a theme by Erik Satie—establishes the rock-jazz nonet as a supergroup. Between the sorties into Satie are some engaging pop ballads (*Sometimes in Winter*) and some robust rhythm-and-blues efforts led by singer David Clayton-Thomas. Dick Halligan's organwork and Fred Lipsius' alto-saxophonics make *Blues—Part II* a memorable experience.

In this age of electronically tricked-up vocalise, it's always a pleasure to dig the straightforward and stylish sound of Eydie Gormé. There are no frills or fancy stuff on *Eydie* (RCA; also available on stereo tape), just beautiful tunes (*By the Time I Get to Phoenix*, *It Had to Be You*, *What Am I Doing Here?*, *This Girl's in Love with You*), class arrangements by Peter Matz, Marty Manning and Pat Williams, and the Gormé pipes pitched to perfection.

On *For Once in My Life* (Columbia; also available on stereo tape), O. C. Smith proves that a jazz singer can sometimes profit artistically by going pop. With his controlled baritone enhanced by H. B. Barnum's charts, Smith wails on such worthy vehicles as *Stormy*, *Sounds of Goodbye*, *Isn't It Lonely Together* and the title tune. In fact, there's no point in picking out examples; every track is a gas.

Booker T. makes his vinyl singing debut on the score from *Uptight* (Stax)—and that's just one highlight of a thoroughly satisfying soul session. The sounds range from straight-ahead rock (*Run Tank Run*) to authentic Gospel (*Children, Don't Get Weary*, sung by Judy Clay) to the mournful *Blues in the Gutter*. Two surprising entries are *Deadwood Dick*, a whimsical waltz, and *Tank's Lament*, delineated by Booker T. alone, on organ and piano.

Don Ellis, that daring young man on the flying orchestra, has built himself another fascinating time capsule, *Autumn* (Columbia). This go-round, Ellis turns back in time on *Scratt and Fluggs* (a banjo-pickin' hoedown), the Thirties-ish *K. C. Blues* and the funky-Gospel *Pussy Wiggle Stomp*, all of which are done to an imaginative turn by the most exciting band around today.

Four sides of Bob Dylan's compositions, performed by Joan Baez with some of Nashville's best, sounds like a collector's dream. However, *Any Day Now* (Vanguard; also available on stereo tape) is



beset with problems. One is that Dylan's overlong ditties are often musically vapid and lyrically obscure; another is that Joan's delivery, while clear and uplifting as always, is often at odds with the groove set down by her accompanists. The 16-song set, while consistently unexciting, will still be a must for Dylan or Baez fanatics.

A black country-and-western star seems gimmicky, indeed, but Charley Pride's music is right from the heart, as he demonstrates on *Charley Pride in Person* (RCA; also available on stereo tape). Punctuating his ballads of loves lost or hoped for with some forthright banter, Charley delights his Fort Worth audience with a program of rural classics such as *Lovesick Blues*, *Kaw-Liga* and *Streets of Baltimore*.

The fine vibist Roy Ayers has himself a winner in *Stoned Soul Picnic* (Atlantic; also available on stereo tape). He's gathered about him a crew of superlative sidemen—altoist Gary Bartz, trumpeter Charles Tolliver (who did the charts), flutist Hubert Laws, pianist Herbie Hancock and drummer Grady Tate, with Ron Carter and Miroslav Vitous sharing the bass chores. In addition to the title ode, there are the moving *Wave* by Antonio Carlos Jobim, *For Once in My Life* and several originals by Ayers and Tolliver. The group can be funky or cerebral, depending on the occasion—either way, they're a joy to the ear, especially Ayers' malletwork and Laws' fluting.

## THEATER

Elaine May is alive and well and off-Broadway. She has directed two one-act plays, *Adaptation* by herself and *Next* by Terrence McNally. Both bear her lunatic stamp. *Adaptation* is played out like a TV game show, in which the contestant hops and bounces through encounters, problems and puzzles in search of security. The format enables Miss May to comment with wit and insight on contemporary clichés, drives, goals and hang-ups. She is very much up to her times, whether she's talking about men, women (most of whom sound like her in a Nichols and May routine), children, parents (most children are activists, most parents dullards), education or black-white relations (a liberal Whitey is tossed out of a meeting for addressing his Afro-American brother as Blackie). *Adaptation* is the key to success, which makes it, as the contestant realizes, "a hard game." The play's a winner. Credit Miss May and actor James Coco for what's best about *Next*. McNally writes what-if plays. This time, he poses two hypotheses: What if a 48-year-old sissy were drafted, and what if the sergeant giving him his medical once-over were a

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woman? In the evening's best performance, the flabby, fleshy Coco is marvelous as he tries all possible maneuvers to avoid taking off his clothes and to flunk the exam (he even tries to flunk the eye-chart and word-association tests); when he fails to fail, he dissolves into a quivering mass of jelly. Then McNally attempts to turn his little comedy into something important: Of course, the Army doesn't want him, and Coco suddenly is furious. He demands retribution. The play falls apart. By not taking itself so seriously, Miss May's play makes a much more lasting statement. At the Greenwich Mews, 141 West 13th Street.

*Geese* is the show that may kill the Theater of the Nude. Actors, put your clothes on! Theatergoers, run for cover! Everybody connected with this play, get lost! It is a completely crass, shoddy, shabby, meretricious (choose any three) piece of claptrap, with no redeeming value even as pornography, let alone as art. In fact, after enduring this execrable excretion of Gus Weill, one longs for the artistry of burlesque, nudie movies, dirty comic books, French postcards and mud wrestling, all of which, in comparison, are the soul of sophistication, the epitome of wit, the height of theatricality and the acme of titillation. In the first of Weill's two one-act plays (which are related only in their abject banality), while a dreary husband and wife exchange sappy lines about the misery of their marriage ("The great python of our beginning became a fishing worm"), their drippy postadolescent son, Little Bill, swings gay in his upstairs bedroom. In a series of creepy, peepie blackouts, he and his friend shuck their jeans, drop each other's drawers and confess undying love for each other in the soggiest, most purply sentimental dialog imaginable. For the second play, Mommy and Daddy spar upstairs while daughter and dyke strip in the living room—only to the waist, since this is basically a swishy stag show—and hug each other a lot. Daddy bumbles in, waggles a finger maniacally and intones, "Perversity!" The daughter is played by an actress who calls herself Marie Antoinette; if that isn't a pseudonym, it should be. The entire cast, clothed and naked, is strictly amateur night, which means that it's about on the level of the directing and the writing. This tacky, tawdry, abysmal, vacuous (choose three more) production has the gall to advertise, "Come and see love. . . ." Call the Better Business Bureau and duck *Geese* at all costs. At the Players, 115 MacDougal Street.

If nudity is threatened by *Geese*, *Centurby Tales* proves that ribaldry is dead—at least when it's left in the hands of Oxford dons. Chaucerian scholar Nevill Coghill has attempted to pay homage

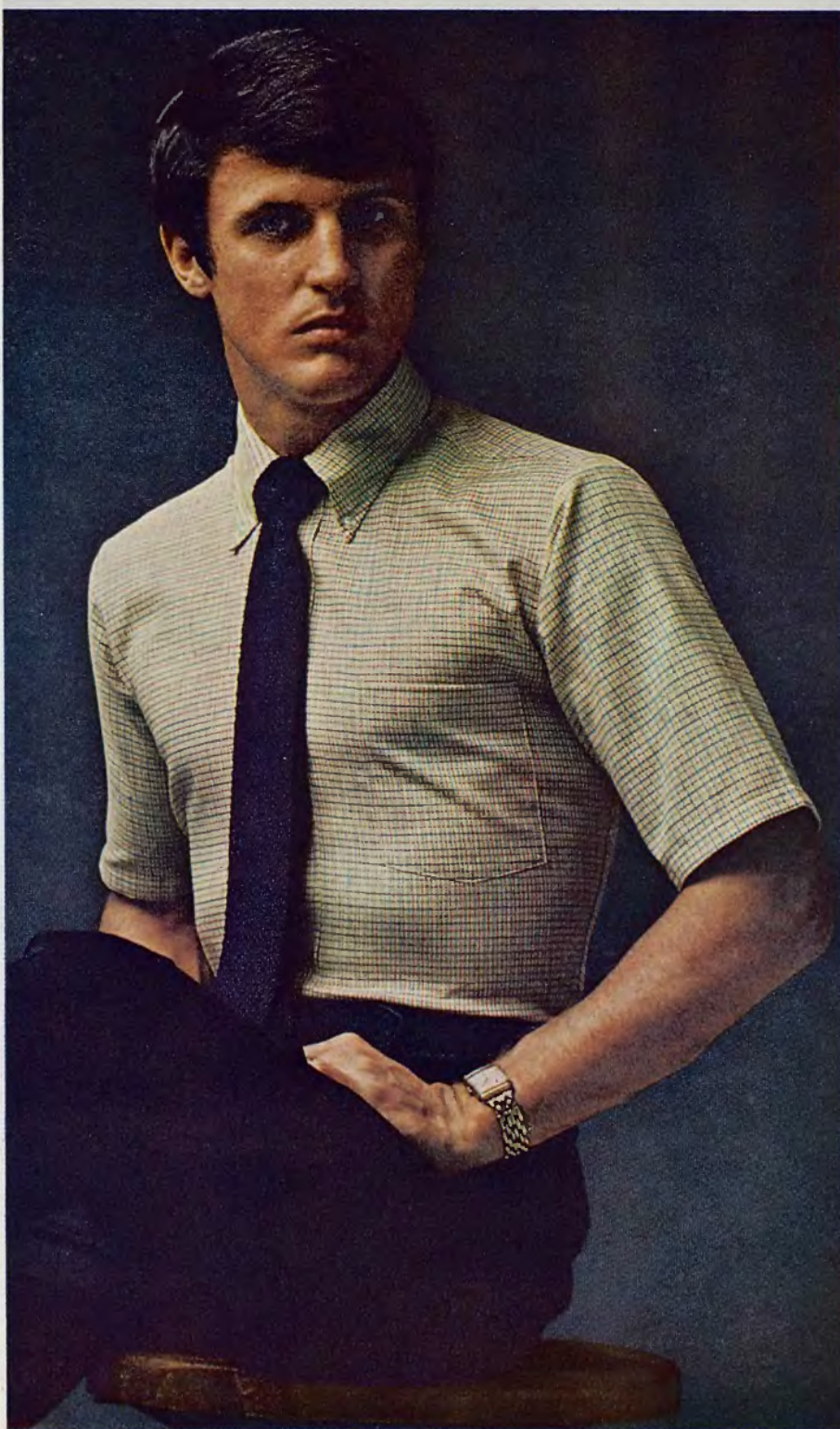


to his favorite storyteller, and has quite Canterburyd him. Can Chaucer really be this dull, this devoid of wit (unless one has a taste for flatulence as a subject for humor)? Can the Wife of Bath be such a long-winded bore? Coghill has given Chaucer a singsongy translation, then attempted to soup up the old boy with rock-'n'-roll songs. With lyrics by Coghill, music by Richard Hill and John Hawkins, the score is both standard and superimposed. Recast, the show is at least livelier than it was in London, where the travelers slogged from tale to tale. Bruce Hyde is self-mocking as several of the insistent young men; George Rose is joyously clownish as a dirty old man; and Sandy Duncan is delightful as most of the dirty young girls. She is full of sauciness and style—both of which are conspicuous by their absence from the rest of the show. At the Eugene O'Neill, 230 West 49th Street.

Gambler, fighter, swaggerer, soldier of fortune, sex symbol, sensualist, one of the world's great lovers, Woody Allen has made a career out of fantasizing about worlds he can't conquer and girls he can't topple. In *Play It Again, Sam*, he expands his put-upon put-on into a play—well, not so much a play as a monolog with walk-ons; but it's one hell of a monolog. For his Broadway acting debut, Allen calls himself Allan Felix (a code name for Woody the pussycat?), a writer about cinema for an obscure movie journal and a notorious nonlover. When his wife ditches him, he surveys the prospect of interminable celibacy and realizes, "When I was in practice, I was out of practice." He lets his best friend, Anthony Roberts, and his best friend's wife, Diane Keaton, fix him up. To guide him through the pitfalls of romance, he conjures up an imaginary friend, Humphrey Bogart, who strolls across the stage like a lispig fugitive from the late show ("Lithen, thweetheart")—a very amusing conception. Even with such high-powered help, Woody stumbles and fumbles. He knocks over coffee tables, faints when he should feint. Longingly, he dreams about seductions that might have been; and since he wrote this play for himself, he gets to act out some of them with an assortment of succulent young actresses (think of those auditions!). Finally, egged on by Bogey, he finds love with the best friend's wife while the friend is in Cleveland. When Roberts returns, he suspects an affair but not buddy Woody as the cuckold. "I've neglected her," he confesses to Woody, "and now she's involved with some stud." Woody bursts into ecstasy. That look! That glow! This is what the play is all about. Woody has written three therapeutic acts of wish fulfillment that you're likely to enjoy as much as he does. At the Broadhurst, 235 West 44th Street.



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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**I** have always believed that women feel the actual flow of semen at the moment of male ejaculation. My girl denies this. She claims this notion is a fantasy-wish projection, which I probably picked up from pornography. She says that in the warmth, wetness and excitement of her own sexual fervor, the spurt of fluid is simply lost to feeling. Is she unusual?—W. R., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

*According to Masters and Johnson, she is not unusual, and her description is accurate.*

**A**s an American of Dutch descent, I'm curious why my forebears get short shrift with expressions such as "going Dutch" and "Dutch treat."—L. C., Indianapolis, Indiana.

In their "Dictionary of Word and Phrase Origins," etymologists William and Mary Morris state that until well after Shakespeare's time, British authors displayed high regard for the Dutch in their literary references. However, during the 17th Century, England and Holland became rivals in commerce and colonial expansion. Admiration turned into opprobrium, and disrespectful references (such as those depicting the Dutch as penny pinchers) were launched and have persisted to this day.

**I**n my opinion, some beers labeled "premium" are terrible in taste. Just exactly what is a premium beer and are there any special requirements for so labeling it?—J. W., Houghton, Michigan.

*A premium beer is one that heads the list of brews made by a specific company. Since it's their opinion against yours, one man's premium beer is another's dud suds.*

**S**uddenly, the wonderful girl I've been dating has given me a big problem. She says she feels we are becoming too serious and thinks we should stop seeing each other. Her reason is that the last guy she became involved with stopped dating her abruptly and she was enormously hurt. I really enjoy being with this girl and I am not going to let her get away. What can I say or do to change her mind?—B. A., Columbia, Missouri.

*Point out that if she stops seeing you because she is afraid you will stop seeing her, she'll have created a self-fulfilling prophecy, producing precisely what she claims to fear. If she still indicates that she really does want what she says she does not want, then her peculiar hang-up is designed to exclude you under any*

*circumstance; so you'd be better off not wasting too much time over her. Look around.*

**O**ver a six-month period, my girl has been responding to me with increasing passion. She's a voluptuous beauty and really seems to get involved when we're alone; but whenever my hand nears the "sacred" area, she gently removes it. This stops me, because on a few occasions, I thought she was really turned on. Which should I do—start discussing sex and its importance to love, not say anything and keep trying, or just cool it for a while?—E. G., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

*Try to increase your understanding of her feelings about sex and love, while letting her know yours, too. If you haven't discussed this in six months, you certainly ought to begin. It is tremendously important to develop a sense of shared direction in lovemaking, so that you are both moving along the same track. Once you and your girl are able to express yourselves in a mutually satisfactory way, perhaps you can eliminate the local stops.*

**H**ow do you keep a steel tennis racket in good condition? Does it require a press, as the wooden ones do?—A. M., Kansas City, Missouri.

*No special care is required nor is a press needed. Be sure, however, that your racket remains tightly strung. Should it begin to loosen, return it to the manufacturer for a restringing job.*

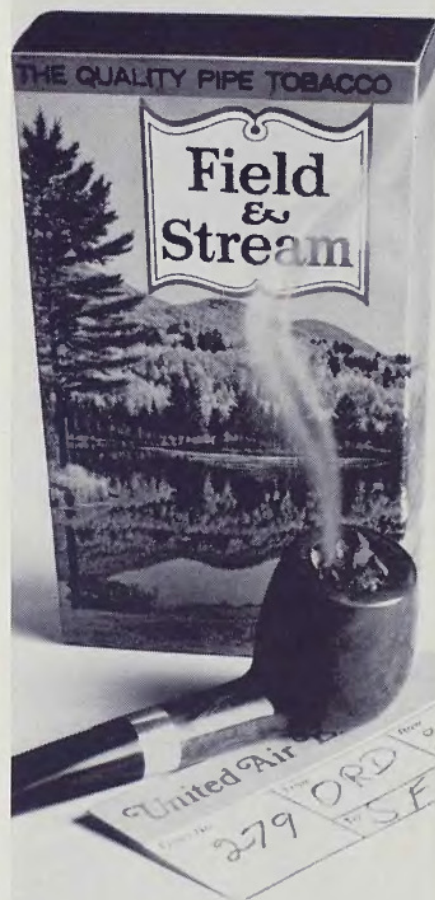
**A** friend of mine says that her doctor told her that having an abortion could shorten her life. Is this true?—Miss M. P., Seattle, Washington.

*What your friend's doctor likely had in mind were abortions performed under furtive and unsanitary conditions by quack practitioners. Such operations sometimes shorten lives to the extent of ending them abruptly. However, an abortion conducted under proper conditions, by a licensed surgeon, is a relatively simple operation and should have no long-term effects on a woman's health. There are, of course, complications that can occur with any surgical process.*

**H**ow should I refer to my wife when ordering for her in a restaurant? "She will have . . ." sounds rather curt and impersonal, while "My wife will have . . ." seems corny.—R. G., Syracuse, New York.

*Since your wife is presumably a lady,*

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we suggest you say, "The lady will have . . ." or "For the lady. . ." The same holds true, of course, if the lady isn't your wife.

A few years ago, *The Playboy Advisor* stated that Spanish fly was a dangerous drug and did not recommend its use. Now I've received a pamphlet and a mail-order form from a firm outside of the States. They claim that as a result of clinical research, they've developed a Spanish-fly serum that is both safe and effective. Have you heard about this, and do you agree that it can be used without any harmful effects?—L. W., Portland, Maine.

In February 1965, we quoted from "Aphrodisiacs," by Alan Hull Walton: Spanish fly's "sexually exciting effects are merely an accidental result of its action in causing inflammation of the genitourinary passage, and it is both an uncertain and a dangerous result, except in skillful hands." We've shown the pamphlet you mention to medical experts, who reject its claims of safety and maintain that Spanish fly in any shape or form is dangerous. The use of cantharides—and its derivatives—may result in vomiting, purging, abdominal pain, shock and even death.

I've been told that the reason for the indentation at the base of a wine bottle is to strengthen it. I was under the impression that the function of the indentation was to trap sediment. What's your opinion?—P. H., Ottawa, Ontario.

Both theories are correct. According to the Wine Institute, the pushed-up bottom first appeared in champagne bottles to make them less subject to a blowup by the bubbly. The indentation also helps collect sediment deposited by some desert wines, although those produced in the U.S. are generally sediment-free, since they are clarified and stabilized.

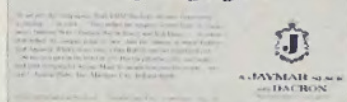
I don't like the way my boyfriend kisses. It's gotten so that I dread his taking me home, because I know he will kiss me, and his technique puts me off just thinking about it. I don't want to stop dating him, so what should I do?—Miss K. R., Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Next time, beat him to the draw; kiss him first and show him what you want. If he doesn't pick up your pointers quickly, talk to him, not in terms of his lack of ability but in terms of the pleasure of kissing as you see it.

We've been on a karate kick at my school. A small minority (me) says that the highest rank in the sport is the



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red belt, while others insist it's the black belt. Who wins?—R. L., Galien, Michigan.

*It's a draw. Ranking systems vary with the school and the style of karate. For most purposes, the black belt is considered the smashing top. However, for ceremonial occasions, such as contests, examinations and promotions, red belts garner the kudos.*

**S**hyness is not a paralyzing problem for me; I can make passes and approach strange girls without undue trepidation. But I do feel a bit uncomfortable. Friends try to reassure me by telling me it's natural, even desirable, to feel anxious when starting something new with somebody; if I went about it with machinelike calm, they say, I wouldn't know I was alive. I agree but am looking for more reassurance than my friends can provide. Does PLAYBOY feel they're on the right track?—H. I., Casper, Wyoming.

*We do, and their opinion is substantiated by psychologist Rollo May's explanation (in "Psychology and the Human Dilemma") that a certain healthy shyness has great value: "Granted that shyness can be pretty painful (surely neurotic shyness should be gotten over) and that everyone no doubt feels himself too shy, yet is it so good that normal shyness should be entirely erased? Is not shyness the growing edge of new relationships? And does shyness not have its normal constructive function, to be sure possibly painful on one side, but zestful and exhilarating on the other, of opening up new areas of experience? Indeed, is not shyness in its normal degree the most personal of all emotions? I for one would be very dubious about the pleasure of spending many evenings in circles where no one was ever shy."*

**I** plan to enter college and would like to apply for a student loan. I believe I read about one that is long term and has a low interest rate, with the first payment not due until some years after graduation. Could you tell me more about it?—S. D., Great Falls, Montana.

*You're probably referring to the National Defense Student Loan, which is carried on a simple three-percent interest rate. Payments can be spread over a ten-year period and the first one does not become due until a full year after graduation. Furthermore, payments may be deferred during any period in which you take at least one half the normal full-time academic work load at a college or university. Also, 10 percent of the loan (up to a total of 50 percent) is deducted for each year of teaching in a public*

*institution. This means that if you teach for as long as five years, you will have to repay only half of the loan. Your school undoubtedly has a department that handles loans and scholarships and should be able to give you additional information and the forms you'll need.*

**M**y roommate claims that syphilis started in ancient Egypt and spread through the Mediterranean region in medieval times. I believe, however, that it arose in the Western Hemisphere and was spread to Europe, Africa and Asia by European explorers. Who's right?—R. B., Huntington, West Virginia.

*You are. According to G. Rattray Taylor's "Sex in History": "Some of the credit for the decline of the use of brothels must be given . . . to the arrival in Europe of syphilis, brought back from Haiti to Portugal by Columbus' sailors in 1494. The new disease spread over Europe with immense rapidity, reaching France, Germany and Switzerland in 1495, Scotland in 1497, Hungary and Russia in 1499—carried by the dispersing armies of Charles VIII. Vasco da Gama's vessels took it to India in 1498 and it reached China in 1505. In 1506 we find the Archbishop of Crete dying of it."*

**H**aving read and reread every *Playboy Advisor* column since its inception, I've come across many letters and answers dealing with women, sex and sexual relations—the right way, the wrong way, doctors' reports, etc. But I'll be damned if I can find out how long the average sexual act lasts, not counting foreplay. Give me a break with some kind of norm, will you, so I'll know how I'm doing?—L. L., Birmingham, Michigan.

*The best way to find out how you're doing is to ask the person you're doing it with. Kinsy did report, some time ago, that the average time between mounting and orgasm is two minutes; but research also indicates that the variations are so great among individuals that this statistic has a mathematical significance only and is of no meaningful aid in measuring personal staying power.*

*All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*





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## THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*an interchange of ideas between reader and editor  
on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"*

### RANDY RIFLEMEN

It was with great amusement that I read the chest thumpings of American sportsmen, offering to display sexual prodigies to Barbara Rurik to disprove her contention that "gun nuts make lousy lovers" (*The Playboy Forum*, February). What I find laughable is that none of these gentlemen has ever seen Miss Rurik. Is the rifle-toting American so insecure that he is prepared to perform the sex act with any unseen, unknown woman who writes letters to the press attacking his virility? It would serve these noble savages right if Miss Rurik turned out to be a 40-ish, dumpy, thin-lipped, bespectacled, sex-starved spinster (as, unfortunately, women devoted to good causes too often are), who will now go about the country taking each and every one of these men up on his invitation.

Alexandre LaSalle  
Paris, France

With the flood of gun nuts volunteering to prove their virility to Barbara Rurik, I am nearly tempted to offer myself for the control group; I am a confirmed pacifist and haven't handled a gun for about seven years. But I'll refrain; my sex life is quite adequate already and I don't feel a need to "prove" anything. What I'm wondering is: If all the men who felt moved to answer Miss Rurik are really virile, why are they so eager to make love to a perfect stranger? Why has their virility failed to provide them with outlets in their own back yards?

David M. Cohen  
Boston, Massachusetts

Here's a statement to ponder for the thin-brained ninnies who tried to reassure themselves of their virility by proposing sex to Barbara Rurik via *The Playboy Forum*. It's from Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s *Violence: America in the Sixties*: "The hysteria expressed by some at the thought that guns should be licensed, like automobiles, dogs and marriages, only strengthens the psychiatric suspicion that men doubtful of their own virility cling to the gun... as a symbolic phallus and unconsciously fear gun control as the equivalent of castration."

Charles T. Stewart, Jr.  
Columbia, Missouri

It came as no surprise that a horde of gun collectors would write to you denying the allegation of Barbara Rurik that pistol and rifle fetishisms are symptoms of misdirected sexual impulses. As the long-suffering wife of one of these characters, let me state that Barbara Rurik may be wrong in asserting that they all have "pathetic, malfunctioning penises"; probably they could perform quite well with a woman, if they wanted to. The problem is that they are more interested in their guns.

My husband spends long, dreamy sessions taking his gun apart; lovingly, slowly, gently, carefully it is examined, oiled, rubbed, polished, caressed and, above all, treated with the utmost respect at all times. But how about me—his wife? Well, I guarantee that I don't get rubbed and tickled and caressed with love and tenderness and respect for three hours at a time. Quite the contrary: He is the original minuteman in bed. Comparing notes with the wives of other rifle-club members, I find they uniformly have the same complaint. If these guys spent as much time with their wives as they spend with their silly pop-guns, their marriages would be much happier.

(Name withheld by request)  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

According to Freud, all weapons that fire a projectile have a phallic meaning for the unconscious mind. The weapon represents the penis, the firing is a substitute orgasm and the projected object (bullet, arrow or whatever) is a substitute for spermatozoa. Elsewhere, Freud says that paranoia is often based on repressed homosexuality. The paranoid's unconscious is physically attracted to another male; the ego rejects conscious recognition of this desire; what emerges is a compulsion to *attack* the other male, rationalized with the paranoid fantasy. "He was conspiring against me." The "conspiracy" is a projection of the paranoid's own inner deception, and the attack is a symbolic sadistic sex act. Freud has also analyzed the "anal personality"—the person whose libido is cathected more in the anus than in the genitals—as one who collects or hoards symbolic objects and also one who seeks authoritarian domination over others, a form of bullying always disguised with "moralistic" rationalizations.

In this light, gun collectors are not

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necessarily impotent, as Barbara Rurik suggests; but they are very likely, at least on the unconscious level, anal-homosexual types with paranoid delusions. This diagnosis is confirmed by their fetishistic and compulsive hoarding of large numbers of weapons and munitions, their tendency to hang out in all-male clubs, their paranoid idea that any attempt to license and regulate their bizarre hobby is really a "Communist plot," and the hysterical way droves of them came running to defend their masculinity when Miss Rurik cast doubt upon it.

W. C. Phillips  
Providence, Rhode Island

Wow! I have been propositioned in my life, but how many women can say they've had sexual offers from over a million men (counting the membership of the National Rifle Association)? My ego would be as big as the Goodyear blimp, were it not for the sobering fact that not one of these guys knows me or even knows what I look like, which means that they're not after my body but a chance to confirm their own masculinity. What a bass-ackwards attitude toward sex—and a confirmation of my original contention: Gun nuts make lousy lovers.

I don't know what kind of sexual fantasies you've been having about me, fellas, but for the record, I am a plump housewife, aged 34, with two young children and a husband who hasn't looked at a gun since he got out of the Army and who takes good care of me in every way. So, to all your offers to let me be the medium for your pseudomale message: Thanks, but no thanks.

Barbara Rurik  
Chicago, Illinois

#### LIMITING POLICE ARMAMENTS

Both as a gun owner and as a concerned citizen, I strongly support PLAYBOY's position on gun control. I would, however, like to add something. In view of the shooting to death of an innocent teenager by a policeman in Chicago, the Algiers Motel incident in Detroit, the arming of police with high-powered weapons in Cleveland, the old-time shoot-out between two off-duty policemen in New York and a number of other alarming incidents in which citizens have been fatally shot in ambiguous situations, it seems to me that we should direct attention to police as well as to civilians who own and carry arms.

The suggestion has often been raised that our policemen would do well to emulate the British bobby, who does not carry firearms except under certain limited circumstances. In the past, I would have responded to that suggestion by saying that it would be impossible to win support for the idea in this country, with the minuteman-frontier marshal mentality

## FORUM NEWSFRONT

a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

#### SEX, SCIENCE AND SANITY

Sexual activity is a healthy occupation, but it is not so healthy when it becomes an obsession, according to recent opinions voiced by social scientists. Dr. O. Spurgeon English, a prominent psychiatrist (see his letter, page 185), declared, "Sex is a good thing. . . . The earlier you are introduced to sex, the more you think about it . . . the longer you'll carry that sexual interest into later years. You don't wear it out or deplete it." Sex is so good that it might distract teenagers from drugs, says Dr. Sidney L. Werkman of the George Washington University School of Medicine: "Early, uncomplicated heterosexual experience between teenagers may well absorb much of the energy that now goes into drug experimentation." Dr. Gerhard Neubeck, a University of Minnesota psychologist, charged that one complication in American sexual experience is an inability to use terms referring to the body or to sexual acts. He called this "a typical middle-class hang-up" and said, "You have been brainwashed with the idea that even by looking at your own body you are already committing a sin."

To appreciate sex, however, does not mean to make it the be-all and end-all of life, Dr. Rollo May warns. The well-known psychiatrist and author cited Ernest Hemingway and Marilyn Monroe as examples of his theory that when a sex symbol reaches the point where he feels sexually impotent, he may believe he has nothing left to live for: "Sexual activity is the most ready way to silence the inner dread of death. When that is over, some people see no reason for living."

#### SWEDISH SEX STANDARDS

STOCKHOLM—A government-sponsored survey of Swedish sexual attitudes has painted a more precise picture of Scandinavian sexual liberalism. These discoveries emerged: (1) Almost half of all brides are pregnant at their weddings; (2) Contraception is practiced as a matter of duty unless both partners want a child; (3) Ninety percent of all Swedes are against adultery and against "cheating" on one's partner in a stable unmarried relationship—this attitude is based on the belief that it is wrong to betray a partner's trust; (4) Ninety-eight percent of all Swedes have experienced intercourse before marriage.

Dr. Phyllis Kronhausen, who, with her husband Eberhard, presented an erotic art show in Sweden and Denmark last year (see "A Portfolio of Erotica," PLAYBOY, December 1968) and is currently coproducing another, at Liljevalchs Museum, Stockholm (April through mid-May 1969), told the Chicago Sun-Times that Swedes

worry too much about sex. They are "very honest" and "very introspective" people, she said, and are always afraid of hurting someone. She and her husband found that their exhibit of erotica had a therapeutic effect on the melancholy Swedes: "They admitted that they had fantasies about different things that they had never expressed before and they became able to use a more emotionally toned sex language."

#### LIBERAL JUSTICES

Judge Ben Edelstein of the Cook County (Illinois) Women's Court has suggested legalizing prostitution to cut down sex crimes, venereal disease and the power of the crime syndicate. After pointing out that the court had heard 42,500 cases in 1968, he said, "Prostitution is the oldest profession in the world and I cannot curtail or stop it." The magistrate proposed a Government-supervised system in which licensed prostitutes would receive periodic medical examinations. Sending them to jail, he added, is not a deterrent.

In Honolulu, Judge Samuel P. King of the Family Court has advocated removing from the books certain "crimes without victims" such as fornication, adultery and homosexual acts between consenting adults in private. "In effect," he said, "most of these crimes have been repealed by public opinion in Hawaii."

#### TO PRINT THE UNPRINTABLE WORD

Repression against hippie and college newspapers, for alleged obscenity, continues to accelerate. Among many recent incidents:

• The Chicago Seed was hauled into court after printing a center spread that included drawings of male and female genitals, sex acts, flowers, Joseph Stalin, Adolf Hitler, Richard J. Daley, a club-swinging Chicago policeman and the words "God Bless America." Arrested for selling that issue to members of the vice squad was Mrs. Barbara Kahn, proprietress of a well-known Chicago bookstore. Presenting herself voluntarily at a local police station, Mrs. Kahn was verbally abused and jailed for several hours. "One police officer asked me what I consider obscene," Mrs. Kahn told PLAYBOY. "I replied that the police are obscene, being fingerprinted and photographed is obscene and being jailed for selling a newspaper is obscene."

• James Wasserman, editor of the Lanthorn, published at Grand Valley State College, Allendale, Michigan, was slapped with an injunction for publishing a "lewd, obscene, indecent, filthy newspaper." Unable to raise \$5000 bail, Wasserman was remanded to jail; the



A.C.L.U. immediately announced that it would provide legal aid.

• Members of the Illinois House of Representatives called for an investigation of a University of Illinois Chicago Circle campus publication, the Chicago Illini. "The dirty-word crisis," as the Chicago Sun-Times called it, was prompted by an article on why black people use so-called obscenities; it gave examples of taboo words uttered. One representative asserted that "we will have more riots" unless student dissent—including such articles—is curtailed. Learning that the paper is not supported by public funds, the solons dropped the issue.

#### SHAME AT NOTRE DAME

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA—Detectives seized an allegedly pornographic film on the Notre Dame campus, causing the cancellation of a six-day conference on pornography and censorship sponsored by a student organization. After the leaders of the conference had accepted an administration ban on showing any blue movies, a rump session decided to go ahead and screen one such film. Local police suddenly appeared on the campus, grabbed the movie—using Mace to fend off student resistance—and ran off under a hail of snowballs. The sponsors promptly called off the remainder of the conference, saying that continuing it would probably "be a catalyst for further violence." The prohibition order touching off the fracas came from the Reverend Theodore M. Hesburgh, president of the university, who made a statement implying that pornography is best examined with one's eyes firmly shut. "This university has no intention to be used for the showing of hard-core pornography, although we certainly have no objection to a serious discussion of pornography, which is a great problem in our day."

#### ABORTION-LAW CHALLENGE

LOS ANGELES—The American Civil Liberties Union of Southern California has filed a brief with the state supreme court declaring that laws against abortion are based on Roman Catholic dogma and are, therefore, an unconstitutional establishment of religion. The brief was filed on behalf of Dr. Leon Belous, who has campaigned publicly against abortion laws and who was placed on probation after being convicted of conspiring to perform an abortion. The A.C.L.U.'s argument stated: "It is of the very essence of our constitutional system that an ecclesiastical proposition should not constitutionally be supported by a civil law for which the perpetuation of a religious dogma is the primary purpose or effect."

#### TRAVELERS AID VETOED

BALTIMORE—Bars, taverns and other places dispensing liquor may sell contraceptives in Maryland via vending ma-

chines, but it's taboo for those in the business of selling gasoline. Because of this seldom-invoked law, the operator of a filling station was arrested by plainclothesmen for having such a machine on his premises. Taking strong exception, Dr. Frances H. Trimble, medical director of Maryland's Planned Parenthood Federation, said service stations are logical places for such machines, which should be distributed as widely as possible in locations "where they are conspicuously brought to the attention of the youth of the state with the purpose of encouraging their purchase and use. . . ."

#### VOTES FOR YOUTH

A nationwide campaign to lower the voting age from 21 to 18 is gaining momentum. Following a December 1968 speech at the University of the Pacific by Senator Birch Bayh, LUV (Let Us Vote) was founded by Dennis Warren, a 20-year-old student. Since then, over 200 college and 1500 high school chapters have been founded. In Washington, D.C., a coalition of youth groups, including the National Education Association, the National Student Association, the Youth Division of the NAACP, the U.S. Youth Council and the Young Democrat and Young Republican clubs, announced plans to lobby for the necessary constitutional amendment. The proposal is also supported by President Nixon and key Congressional lawmakers.

#### WHEN THE DOOR LOCKS

PHILADELPHIA—Two psychologists who decided to see what it feels like to be mental patients had themselves committed to Philadelphia State Hospital; they reported that they began experiencing paranoid feelings as soon as they were locked up. Both described an irrational fear that their friends on the outside would forget about them or that the experiment "was just a ploy they're using to get us in here." These delusions did not recede until they discovered ways of escaping—even though all they really had to do any time they wanted to call the experiment off was notify an attendant that they wanted to see the head psychiatrist (the only one aware of their real identities).

The psychologists, Dr. Ronald H. Bohr and Dr. Thomas A. Steinberg, told The New York Times that, after the initial stage of anxiety passed, the chief problem they faced was acute boredom. This became so intense, Dr. Bohr said, that he found himself seeking any stimulus to relieve it, even looking at the Iowa corn exchange prices on early-morning television.

Drs. Bohr and Steinberg said that these experiences "teach" the new arrivals to stay sick and turn them into "the chronic, dependent people we see all too often in even our best mental facilities."

being so ingrained in our culture. Now I feel that such a position is no longer valid; it was, if you'll excuse the expression, a cop-out.

We must take steps to limit the use of firearms by police. The greater part of police work is not directly involved with serious crimes such as homicide. Why should every policeman, without regard to training or ability, carry the power of life and death on his hip? Usually, a judge has had years of education before he is given the power of life and death, and the man convicted in court has the right of appeal. There is no appeal from a fatal bullet—it is a death sentence delivered on the basis of a split-second reaction by a man who may have had the benefit of only three months' training in a police academy.

Modern communications and transportation should end the need of each police officer acting as a law unto himself. A beat cop armed with a billy club and a walkie-talkie should be able to mobilize as much force as he might need in an emergency within seconds. We specialize all our endeavors because it is more efficient to do so. Why not specialize our police forces as well? Not so specialized as to introduce bureaucratic paralysis, but specialized enough so that the guns are in the hands of men fully aware of their potential and able to use them effectively, specialized enough to keep the capricious and slow-witted at tasks far from the awesome power that emanates from a loaded pistol.

H. Randall Webb

Cambridge, Massachusetts

#### GUN LICENSES

People on both sides of the gun-control question are ultimately maintaining extreme views. Exponents of guns seem to want them to be available to anyone and everyone, while those who favor gun control want them available to no one. Is there no middle ground? What we need is a calm approach to an issue that has provoked both sides to an almost maniacal state of mind. Education is what is needed most.

What is also needed is a license, just as one needs a license to drive a car. Granted, in spite of this requirement, we still have a ridiculously large number of highway deaths, but think what the figures would be if anyone at all were allowed to get behind a wheel. Similarly, any honest citizen who wishes to purchase and use firearms should have to pass state tests and show he is capable of handling these potentially dangerous devices with good sense. This kind of licensing would automatically rule out the criminal and the lunatic. I can't believe that the more levelheaded gun owners would oppose such a requirement. We must educate everyone so that the gun owner is aware of his responsibilities



and the nonowner need no longer be frightened at the mere mention of a gun.

Allan C. Kimball  
Washington, D. C.

#### MEDIEVALISM AT MANKATO

I have been the editor of *Plaintiff*, the literary magazine of Mankato State College, for a little more than two years. During that time, *Plaintiff* has won four national awards and a rating of excellence in journalism, fiction, nonfiction and poetry. Last fall, I scheduled for publication a story (written by me) called "Herbie and I," which aroused the ire of the magazine's printer. Regarding the matter as a tempest in a teapot, I tried to be restrained, tolerant and gentlemanly about it. I agreed to have the college president halt distribution until he had checked with the state attorney general's office and received an official opinion that the story was not obscene. On my own, I had several lawyers check out the story and they gave the same opinion.

I also allowed the printer to add an editorial disclaimer preceding "Herbie and I," stating that the magazine had been printed over his objections and that he found it "vulgar and not in good taste." (He later stated, on public record, that "Herbie and I" offended his political and religious views.)

Various state legislators then began denouncing the college and issuing threats about cutting the appropriation for this year. The Student Senate decided to counterattack the source of the trouble and voted \$50 to start a legal fund to investigate—just investigate—the printer's actions. The administration promptly voided the funds, and—still trying to be a "good guy"—I agreed not to protest publicly, on the grounds that such protest would "hurt the image of the college." The administration then conducted a special audit of the magazine's funds (apparently looking for some way to discredit me) but found nothing. Once again, I was asked not to raise a public outcry against this; and, once again, I submitted—for the sake of the school.

Now the president has halted the printing and distribution of the current issue of *Plaintiff* because the state college board, reacting to pressure from the legislature and other "guardians of morality," demands the right to exercise prior censorship over the publication. Sensational publicity, meanwhile, has created the impression that the magazine was a potpourri of vulgarity and the school a hotbed of licentiousness; in most of the state, our side of the story isn't being heard at all. The students are angry and disgusted with this whole spectacle of organized hypocrisy and bigotry, and only constant argument by the cooler heads among us prevents an outbreak of the kind of disruption and violence that has occurred at other colleges.

All this has happened because of a story that legal authorities have not declared obscene. But still it is guilty—guilty of expressing unpopular religious and political views—exactly the kind of expression the First Amendment was written to protect.

Incidentally, the violent opinions expressed by Herbie in my story were not, and are not, my own; I was just trying to explain, through a fictitious character, why so many of today's youth are in angry rebellion against the establishment. Thanks to the medieval response of the establishment, there are now more extremists like Herbie around here than existed before his creation.

Todd S. J. Lawson  
Mankato State College  
Mankato, Minnesota

#### GUARDING THE GUARDIANS

An article in *The Milwaukee Journal* revealed the hypocrisy of those who would protect us from naughtiness. Police in La Crosse, Wisconsin, had seized materials that were later judged obscene. Soon, it was discovered that the search warrant used by the police was based on hearsay testimony and, therefore, the charges were dropped. The police, however, retained the materials that were seized. As a result, the man who had owned the materials sued. The state supreme court ruled that pornography is contraband and may be destroyed by the police. But the real revelation came at the end of the article: While the police were busy saving the public from the corrupting influence of all this material by carefully guarding it in a safe in the police station, about 15 of the films disappeared! Either a thief managed to get into the police station and crack the safe or the police of La Crosse are busy indulging in something they don't want the public doing. So the age-long censorship question arises—who will guard the guardians?

William Lutz  
Stevens Point, Wisconsin

#### GOD AND IOWA

Here in the heart of the Bible Belt, a group of lobbyists (most of whom are registered as members of the American Independent Party) has just brought the Word of the Lord to the legislators in Des Moines. The Lord, it seems, wants a law passed that would deny state aid to any school including sex education in its curriculum.

The Reverend Virgil Waters, one of the group's leaders, specifically objected to using the words "pregnant," "vagina," "penis" and "embryo" in school. When asked to define "embryo," the Reverend Waters said he had been planning to look the word up in the dictionary ever since a reporter in Des Moines inquired if he objected to it. When confronted with the favorable view of sex education

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held by the National Council of Churches, the Reverend Waters replied that the N. C. C. is "Communist controlled."

Raymond D. Perry  
Davenport, Iowa

#### IGNORANCE IS FUNNY

"Captain Fenwick's Mailbox," a column in the *State Press* of Arizona State University, recently acquired a windfall of humorous items when a number of parents in a Phoenix school district attacked a sex-education program for their children. Noting that classrooms full of students at the university were breaking up with laughter when specimens of the parental protests were read to them, the column reprinted a whole slew of excerpts from the letters section of a local paper. Here are some samples, for the amusement of PLAYBOY readers:

- My husband had a sex class in high school. . . . He found it hard to control his feelings after he found out what they were.

- God says the teaching of sex is the right of the parent. . . . We feel this is another wedge the Godless Communists are using to separate the family unity.

- If we endorse such a program, [we] are training our children to be prostitutes and homosexuals.

- After having an hour in sex-education class every day, a child is not likely to spend the rest of the day concentrating on math, etc. His young mind will dwell on one thing—sex.

- I definitely do not think the material of the sex-education program . . . is fit for open discussion among mixed adults, much less on the grade school level.

- Also, once established in the schools, who's to keep it from becoming a requirement instead of a selective [sic]? I believe this is the way communism works, isn't it?

- Children should learn about sex step by step at mother's knee. Really, Karl Marx outlined how America would fall from within.

- Instead of our children talking Christmas this year, they'll be asking, "Mother and Dad, what is sex deviation?"

- This sex training that has suddenly become so important . . . is no more or less than the diabolical plans of Communists to destroy our youth. It was planned years ago to be introduced after they got our country, parents and youth degenerated to a certain stage to receive it.

Hardy Landskov  
Arizona State University  
Tempe, Arizona

#### SEX AT AN EARLY AGE

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astounded a gathering of churchgoing people in this area with her views on sex education. Dr. Eleanor Hamilton, a Sheffield, Massachusetts, psychologist and marriage counselor, forthrightly told a meeting of the Pittsfield Area Council of Churches that certain sexual behavior should be countenanced for children and teenagers. Here are some of the things *The Berkshire Eagle* said in an article about Dr. Hamilton's speech:

In short, Dr. Hamilton . . . believes in educating children to enjoy their sexuality from infancy without any feeling of guilt.

It is not unusual for an infant as young as three weeks old to experience an "orgasm reflex," she said. She also told of a woman aged 70 who when asked "at what age does your sexual interest decline," replied, "I'll let you know."

She told of her son who asked, "Mommy, I touch myself all over. Why does that place feel the best of all?" After congratulating him on the discovery, she said, "You're going to have a lot of fun with that in your life."

Women, she said, are "sexually crippled" by our moral law. "The so-called moral law . . . is one of the most immoral laws that we have ever promulgated on mankind," she said.

She says teenagers should be taught to relieve "sexual pressures" by enjoying autoeroticism. They must be encouraged to feel "guiltless and happy."

She says, when a teenager, 14, 15 or 16, feels he or she "really loves another person," he should be encouraged to practice sexuality in a noncoital way.

Children of this age, generally, should not practice sexual intercourse, because most girls at that age are not physically or emotionally prepared for it.

"Boys have been taught that the only way to have sex is to 'put it in,'" she said. But added that many of the greatest lovers have made love in "noncoital ways."

Sexual intercourse should start between consenting lovers at ages 17, 18 or 19, she said. Accompanying all of this should be a full education on sex and venereal disease.

Among her suggestions for premarital sex are:

That the partners should be free of guilt.

That the girl should love and trust the boy. Sex before love is not necessarily harmful, she says, but it can be meaningful only if it comes after love is established first.

That the partners must be "well prepared" on the topic of birth control.

That the partners must have a

safe place "other than a motel or a parked car" in which to enjoy their relationship.

She said she provided a "safe place" and birth-control information for her own children.

Dr. Hamilton's ideas sound like 21st Century thinking in contrast to the superstitious nonsense that passes for opinion on sex training in most circles today. She's a brave, intelligent woman, and I salute her!

Charles Reagan  
Boston, Massachusetts

#### FAILURE TO COMMUNICATE

A while back, my 12-year-old son began removing the Playmate foldouts from my husband's PLAYBOY and hanging them on the wall of his room. Since this seemed perfectly natural at his age, I wasn't disturbed. However, many of the other neighborhood boys started coming around to look at my son's collection and would giggle over them in a way indicating how drastically sexual curiosity had been suppressed in their own homes. Finally, one boy, who had merely come to visit, looked into the room, saw the pictures, turned pale and ran home to tell his mother. His parents forbade him to come to our house after that and we became the subject of gossip for months.

Here's the joke: My children are not afraid to discuss anything with me and, as a result, many of their friends also come to me with their problems. Most of these discussions begin, "I wouldn't dare say this to my own parents. . . ." What follows is always perfectly natural and healthy adolescent sex talk. None of it seems abnormal to me; but the parents of these children, who think they have raised sexless little robots, would have heart attacks or fits if they ever heard one tenth of it!

Mrs. Beverly Diltz  
Sierraville, California

#### CHARITY AND SOCIAL JUSTICE

I was most interested in the letter from Sun Bear in the February *Playboy Forum*. He made a salient point that constantly needs re-emphasis today: Self-help contributes to pride and progress in a way that charity cannot and this is what really builds communities.

This has also been the tradition of my own people. The Jewish responsibility for one's neighbor is expressed in the Hebrew word "tzedakah," which does not mean "charity" but "social justice." For example, the Bible forbade the Jews to harvest the corners of the fields, so that the poor might later take what was left. The story of Ruth and Naomi tells about this; and the institution of tithing—setting aside ten percent of one's income for the poor—also has a Biblical origin.

Sun Bear's description of the masked charity giver was especially interesting, with its concept that the generosity of the Great Spirit must be shared anonymously. In the 12th Century, Moses Maimonides, a great teacher and writer, defined eight levels of charity. Among the lowest is the outright gift of alms to the needy. Somewhere along the line is the donation so given that the recipient and the donor do not know each other. But the highest level of giving is to extend the opportunity for the needy to help themselves out of their trouble.

The same lessons are there in the traditions of many ethnic groups, but people must translate those words into action.

Julian N. Jablin  
Skokie, Illinois

#### A NORMAL PREGNANT 12-YEAR-OLD

I must express both my gratitude to Captain Peter T. Koch-Weser, M.D., for his letter in the January *Playboy Forum* and my concurrence with his view that the concept of mental illness should not be abused as a means of circumventing legal processes. Many people may have misconstrued my letter in the July 1968 *Playboy Forum* as a castigation of psychiatrists for deciding that a pregnant 12-year-old girl was normal and not entitled to an abortion under the laws of the state of North Carolina. I certainly did not mean that at all. The psychiatrist who examined the girl was asked to determine whether or not the emotional impact of a pregnancy on her would be so severe as to make it deleterious to her health. He was of the opinion that it would not be. Therefore, under the laws of our state, there was no legal way for the girl to obtain an abortion.

The purpose of my letter was to point out the existent weaknesses and loopholes in the North Carolina law that should be corrected.

Robert C. Powell  
Attorney at Law  
Dallas, North Carolina

#### ABORTION AND CATHOLICISM

Why does the Catholic Church feel it must force its beliefs regarding abortion on all persons, regardless of their religion? I have heard it argued that the Church believes that abortion is murder and that no one can stand by and permit human beings to be murdered. But few people other than Catholics contend that the embryo is human. Catholic theologians affirm this because they believe that a soul is the distinguishing feature of a human being and that this soul is implanted in the organism at the moment of conception. If they want to believe that, fine. But legal systems should not be based on religious beliefs. What if the Pope were to declare that flies have

(continued on page 185)





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## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

# BILL COSBY

*a candid conversation with the kinetic comedian-actor-singer-entrepreneur*

During this decade, no comedian—black or white—has come close to achieving the superstardom Bill Cosby has fashioned for himself in the short space of seven years. At 31, he commands a fee of \$50,000 a week for night-club dates; and on concert tours, he often earns three times that figure. Cosby has also vaulted to the top of two industries: He won four consecutive Grammys for his comedy albums and three Emmys in a row for his co-starring role as secret agent Alexander Scott on NBC's "I Spy," his first attempt at acting. In 1967, Cosby recorded two albums of rhythm-and-blues vocals, with the perhaps predictable result that one of his cuts, "Little Old Man," was a top pop hit for more than two months. And in April of this year, Cosby began filming his first movie, a remake of "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," in which he enacts the comic gangster role originally played by Robert Montgomery. So great is the demand for his services that NBC recently signed him to a five-year contract that will net him anywhere from \$15,000,000 to \$50,000,000; it calls for, among other things, an annual Cosby TV special, two cartoon specials based on his subteen superheroes, Fat Albert and Old Weird Harold, and "The Bill Cosby Show," beginning next fall, in which he will be featured each week as a San Francisco schoolteacher who moonlights as a detective.

Speaking of moonlighting, Cosby is also becoming as adept an executive as he is an entertainer. He and business

partners Roy Silver and Bruce Campbell are assembling an entertainment conglomerate, based in Beverly Hills, whose net worth has already approached the \$50,000,000 mark. Among their properties: a record company (Tetragrammaton, which released the controversial John Lennon-Yoko Ono LP "Two Virgins," featuring a frontal nude photo of the loving couple), a cartoon-animation studio, a public-relations firm, a talent-management corporation, a projected chain of Fat Albert hamburger stands and a motion-picture-production company that already has a five-film, \$12,000,000 contract with Warner Bros.-Seven Arts.

To everyone's surprise but his own, Cosby's emergence as a one-man industrial giant has had no adverse effect on his personality. On stage and off, he is informal, unpretentious and, to use his favorite adjective, cool. Married, the father of two daughters and with another child on the way, Cosby maintains that he's perfectly willing to sire as many as 20 girls before he stops trying for a son. The Cosbys live in a huge Spanish-style home in Beverly Hills, where Bill spends a good deal of time informally entertaining friends, most of whom, like trumpeter Miles Davis and Boston Celtic player-coach Bill Russell, are either black entertainers or black athletes.

Sports are a prime passion of his: Cosby watches as many televised football games as his wife will put up with and, during the year, plays charity exhibitions with a pickup basketball team—often on

behalf of local black groups—throughout the Los Angeles area. No stranger to ghetto residents, Cosby gets a special kick out of working with youth. He sponsored a group of young Watts musicians in 1967, called them the Watts 103rd Street Rhythm Band and featured them as accompanists on a couple of his TV guest shots. To Cosby, it represents the way he can—and does—help other black people. His prospects in life not too many years ago, as he himself is the first to point out, were even dimmer than those of the Watts group before he aided them.

The eldest of three sons, Bill was born on July 12, 1937, in an area of Philadelphia that Time magazine once christened The Jungle. Bill's boyhood was typical of many a black youth's: He shined shoes, played street football and schoolyard basketball, took part in teen-gang wars and compiled a lackluster academic record from the moment he set foot in school ("William would rather clown than study," his sixth-grade teacher noted on a report card Cosby now keeps framed in his home). At Germantown High School, he was captain of the track and football teams, which took up most of his time; after he had to repeat his tenth year because of poor grades, Bill dropped out of school to join the Navy as a medical corpsman. "I read the Geneva convention and it says you can't shoot a medic," he explained later. "And we were very popular—first thing wounded guys in the field would shout



"The fact that I'm not trying to win converts bugs some people, but I don't think an entertainer can. I've never known any white bigot to pay to see a black man, unless the black man was being hung."



"I was hoping to become a schoolteacher. Chicks would put that down. There's probably girls today think, 'I sold Bill Cosby short at \$12, and now he's \$432 a share. Damn.'"



"Rap Brown and all the other militants speak the truth when they tell America that the black man is not going to take any more bullshit; we've been here 300 years and we've had it with waiting."

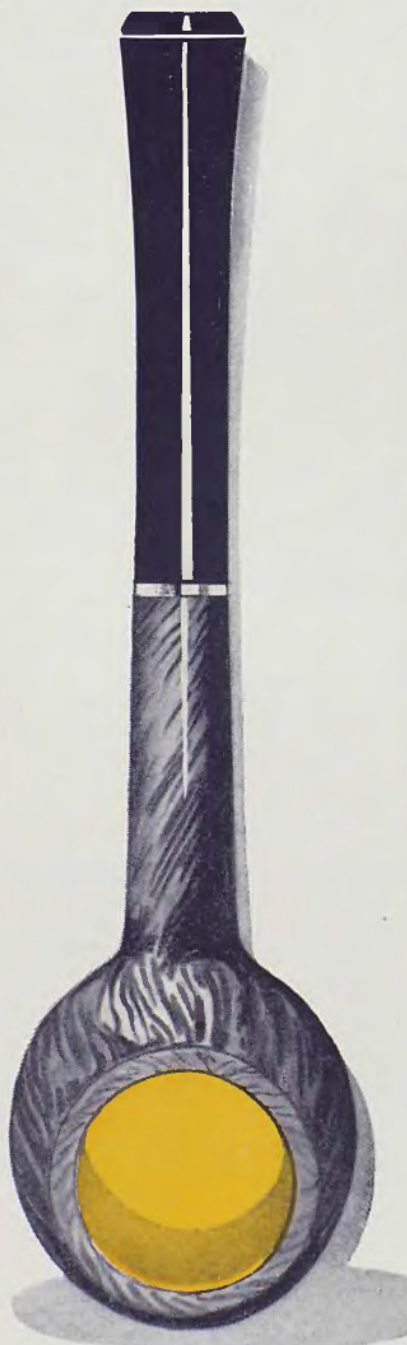


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was "Medic!" "What do you want?" I'd ask. "My leg! My leg!" "Sorry, but I don't make house calls."

All his kidding aside, Cosby felt that the military life was largely a waste of time. "The thing I really hated," he recently recalled, "is that a guy with one stripe more than another cat thinks he has the power of God over him—and he does. After my first few days in the Navy, I knew I'd have to make it as a civilian. And for that, I needed an education." Accordingly, Cosby enrolled in correspondence courses conducted by the Navy and soon earned a high school diploma. Just before his tour of duty was completed, he competed for the Navy in a track meet at Villanova University. Gavin White, at that time the track coach of Villanova's city rival, Temple University, was in the stands that afternoon. Cosby was introduced to White and asked if Temple would consider offering him a track scholarship when he got out of the Navy. White replied that it could be arranged, and it was.

A versatile college athlete, Cosby participated in more than a half-dozen events for Temple's track team, winning the Middle Atlantic Conference's high-jump competition with a leap of 6 feet and running the 100-yard dash in 10.2 seconds. As a second-string fullback on the varsity football squad, he was scouted for the New York Giants by Emlen Tunnell, who rated him as having a good chance to make the National Football League as a defensive safety.

Cosby decided to earn spending money by taking a job tending bar in a small Downtown Philly cocktail lounge, where his comedy career began—inadvertently—when he found himself entertaining customers to pass the time. After trying out a few bits at campus parties, Bill did occasional stand-up routines in other bars and, on weekends, would journey up to New York's Greenwich Village in search of better-paying gigs, where he finally landed a \$60-a-week job at the Gaslight Club in the summer of 1962. By autumn, Cosby was commuting regularly from Philadelphia to New York for weekend appearances in Village clubs. It wasn't long before comedy and college became incompatible. "Bill wanted to travel to a football game in Ohio by himself," recalls Temple athletic director Ernie Casale. "He couldn't make the team flight because of a show-business commitment. I told him that, realistically, he'd soon have to choose between Temple and show business. He made the choice right there and then."

Though he made the right decision, he wasn't too sure at the time; his mother didn't want him to leave college, and neither did he. "But I was making as much as \$300 on weekends," he remembers, "and even though I wasn't sure how long it would last, I was determined

to see it out." By 1963, Cosby had graduated to top Village spots such as *The Bitter End*; and that summer, Allan Sherman, who was guest-hosting the "Tonight" show for vacationing Johnny Carson, caught his act and put him on network TV for the first time. A few weeks after that, Sherman coproduced Cosby's first album, "Bill Cosby Is a Very Funny Fellow . . . Right!" His career has been straight up ever since.

Over the years, Bill has been the subject of a series of limpid interviews; perhaps with the misguided intention of boosting a black comic who wasn't skewering whites on stage, writers and editors have often deleted his more trenchant off-stage observations about the black man's place in America—almost to the point of making him seem an Uncle Tom. As a result, he roundly dislikes the press. "One magazine sent a guy out to spend three or four days with me. That cat and I talked for hours about what's happening to black people in this country, and I couldn't wait to see the issue. But it was really stupid, man. They were more interested in showing me playing basketball with my press agent than in what I had to say."

In an effort to reveal the real Cosby, PLAYBOY dispatched Associate Editor Lawrence Linderman to accompany him on a series of one-night stands in the Midwest. Reports Linderman: "Cosby's life is incredibly departmentalized; aside from his personal appearances, he's constantly hopping across the country to show up for business conferences, TV guest shots, his friends' first nights and assorted film commitments. This schedule literally knocks him out. It isn't unusual to walk into Cosby's dressing room between performances and find him dozing in a straight-backed chair, a long-dead cigar propped between his lips. He stays that way until it's time to go on, then snaps awake instantly and gets himself 'up' on the way to the stage. Once there, he turns on and works as hard—physically—as any comedian I've ever seen. But the most impressive thing about watching Cosby perform is to realize how wide the appeal of his humor has become: The same routines that make him a hit in Harlem's Apollo go over just as big with all-white crowds in Las Vegas and Des Moines." The universality of Cosby's comedy provided the opening for our interview.

**PLAYBOY:** Both fans and critics often call your humor "color-blind." Do you think that's an accurate description?

**COSBY:** Well, I think there are some people who are disappointed when I don't tell my audiences that white people are mistreating black people. White critics will write about Cosby not doing any racial material, because they think that now is the time for me to stand up and tell my audiences what color I am





# Playboy Club News



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and what's going on in America. But I don't see these people knocking the black elevator man in their building just because he isn't doing anything for civil rights by running that elevator; it wouldn't sell newspapers or magazines. The fact that I'm not trying to win converts on stage bugs some people, but I don't think an entertainer *can* win converts. I've never known any kind of white bigot to pay to see a black man, unless the black man was being hung. So I don't spend my hours worrying how to slip a social message into my act; I just go out and do my thing.

**PLAYBOY:** How would you describe it?

**COSBY:** My humor isn't jokes as much as situations. I tell stories and play the characters in those stories, like the one I wrote for you guys. This isn't something that came to me overnight. I don't think I hit my stride until my third album; up until then, I'd been doing what amounted to cartoon ideas. Some of my humor comes straight out of the newspapers, in a way. Take Noah and the ark. I once read about a mass murder; and when they captured the guy and asked him why he did it, he said, "The voice told me to do it." You'd be surprised at how many killings there are where a guy hears a voice that says, "Take up thy rifle, go out and *slay!*" Now, this is a country built on Christianity; if a guy sees a bolt of lightning, hears a crack of thunder and then a voice saying, "Go and smite thine enemies!"—which was always happening in the Bible—how many cats do you know who wouldn't go along with it? So I started to think about what would happen today if a guy was told by the voice to go build an ark. First of all, he'd doubt that the voice was real. So there's got to be conversation between him and the voice. Second, what are the neighbors going to think? And third, no rain has been falling and it's hard to build an ark, so Noah, who's a totally rational man, is going to be angry at himself for doing it. As he's hammering away, he's going to be thinking, "What the hell am I building an *ark* for?"

**PLAYBOY:** The recorded version of your Noah story is a tightly constructed and highly polished comedy routine; yet during night-club performances—as with so much of your material—you vary the dialog and often the plot from night to night. Why?

**COSBY:** Well, I think I'm similar in my comedy to the way jazz musicians work. After you play a song through once, the solos start. I treat each of my characters as a song, and I start soloing when the character comes into the plot. I have certain notes to follow, but I can do different things with them—like chord changes. For instance, in my LP *To Russell, My Brother, Whom I Slept With*, there's a scene where the kid lies to his father about how his bed broke.

On the record, the kid cries when he does it. But there are nights when the kid doesn't cry. It all depends on how I want the kid to explain it to his old man. And also, to an extent, I want my live performances to be different from my records. I can't stand to have somebody sitting out there with his lips moving with mine.

**PLAYBOY:** Most of your humor has to do with your childhood. Was it as happy as you make it seem?

**COSBY:** Are you kidding? The thing I most remember about being a kid was being poor. I remember the eviction signs, especially; they were doubly hard to take. I had buddies who'd tell me, "Hey, man, like, you're *really* poor; you didn't pay your rent." Now, I'm not saying my life was harder than anybody else's; I'm just telling you the way it was. I remember a Christmas when we had no Christmas tree, and you just can't get lower than that. We had an orange tree and there weren't any presents. And I remember taking a girl to the junior high school prom and I didn't have money to cover cab fare; I was hoping she'd ride the trolley car with me, in her gown. But something great happened: Her mother gave me six dollars to help with the cab fare, because somehow she knew I didn't have any money. Maybe it wasn't all that tough to guess; I was wearing a blue double-breasted suit coat and a pair of black slacks. I wanted to keep my raincoat on, because I knew when I took it off, I'd be the only guy there who hadn't been able to come up with the bread to rent a tux. One house we lived in had no bathtub; my mother used to take out this big tub, put water in it and put it on top of the stove to heat up.

But when you're young, you have all kinds of energy and you forget the bad things and get on with the good: playing ball, going downtown with your friends to shine shoes and sell shopping bags, making two dollars and coming back home. In that neighborhood, we never had an image to look up to, aside from a minister. Anybody else who came around was either the white insurance man or the white bill collector who was looking for his two dollars for the plastic lamp he sold that was shaped like a cat with sparkling red eyes and a pink bottom. I know I didn't look up to any grownups. I would envy certain guys whose fathers had a sense of humor, whose fathers showed they cared for them.

**PLAYBOY:** What about your own father?

**COSBY:** Well, I love my father and he loves me, but the old man wasn't the outstanding part of my life. My parents got married in Philadelphia and my father started out with a middle-class paying job. But he was a heavy drinker when they married, and through booze

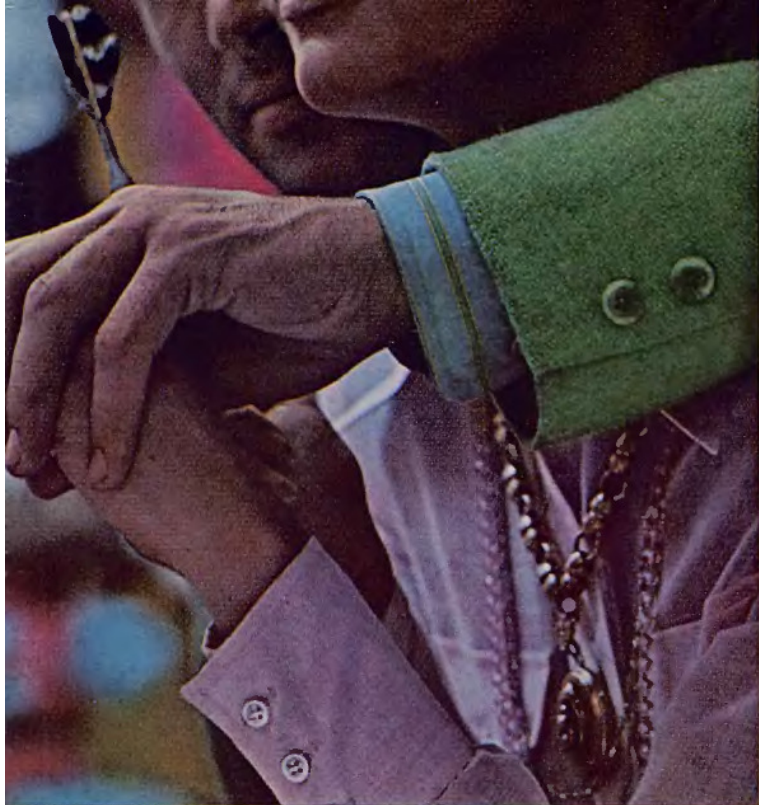
and his own particular personality, he cared more about his buddies and what they thought of him than about taking care of his wife and kids. Somebody always seemed to rob my father on pay-days between work and the house. So when he got home, I heard these terrible arguments between my mother and my father about where the money was. He'd say, "Well, you better take this, because that's all I have." And my mother would say, "But, Bill, you got paid today." And then he'd say, "Well, this is all I have, so don't ask me for any more." Then there were times when he'd come back the next day and say, "Gimme ten dollars." And Mom would tell him she needed the money to buy food. And then an argument and maybe a fight. I remember my father beating my mother up three times. I was too small to do anything about it. These things are very, very painful to think about today.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have any pleasant memories of those years?

**COSBY:** Well, I dug cars, and still do. But I didn't actually *have* one until I was 24 years old, when I bought an old Dodge for \$75, and I loved it, *loved* it. It had the baldest tires in the world. A cue ball has more grip than those tires did. I called it the Black Phantom. I did everything with that car! When I was a teenager, it was a big thing when one of the guys in the neighborhood got a set of wheels. There was a guy named Charley Wades, whose father gave him a car. Now, Charley was almost like a cab-driver; if you wanted to go to a party with him, you had to have some money to chip in for gas. Charley would say, "You can bitch about me charging you for the gas, but that's the only thing I'm charging you for. You're only giving me a quarter for gas, but what about my tires and my sparkplugs? What about my seats that you're rubbing your ass on? Where were you when I had to *reline* my seats? I didn't charge you nothing for that. So you're getting away clean, man."

And then there was the time Andy Patterson's father gave him a 1946 Olds, which, by the time Andy got it, was the saddest and slowest thing in north Philly. One night we double-dated and Andy had put old Army blankets over the car seats. I don't know what kind of rodent eats foam rubber, but Andy had two of the biggest holes I ever saw in his front seat; and when he forgot to tell a chick about them, she just about disappeared when she sat down. The covers went over her head and her can hit the bottom of the car. We all laughed about it, pulled her out and then drove into a gas station. It's raining and cold and the gas-station guy is sitting in his little office when Andy honks the horn. The guy gets up, puts on his raincoat and hat and comes around the car, slips and falls flat





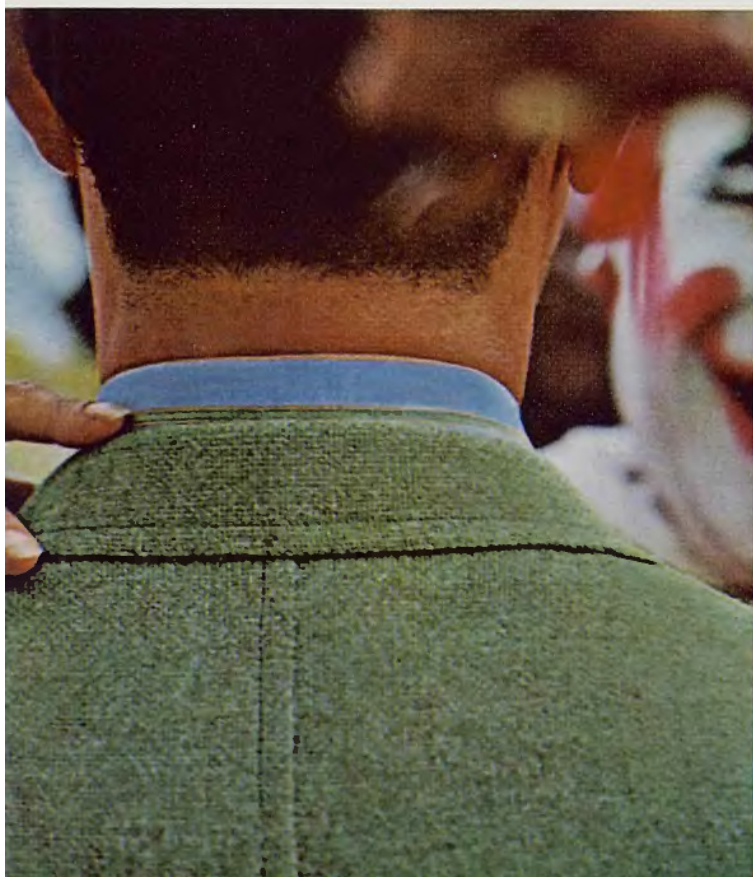
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on his behind. And we start laughing again. The guy gets up, soaking wet, and limps up to the window. Andy rolls it down and says, "Gimme nineteen cents' worth of regular." And the guy walks away, goes back into his office and just sits there, shaking his head, just shaking his head. Those were the days when, to us, almost *nothing* mattered except cars.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you continue your romance with cars when you became successful?

**COSBY:** Three years after I bought the Black Phantom, I started appearing in big night clubs and on TV shows, and the first thing I did was go out and buy a 1955 Mercedes-Benz 300SL for \$5000. I put a down payment on it and drove across country, from Philadelphia to San Francisco. I figure I paid about \$6000 in garage bills to keep it going, because each mechanic I met would say, "Umm, the car don't sound right, Bill," and I'd say, "OK, fix it." And I would ride the buses again, waiting for the car to be fixed, because parts had to be flown in from places like Egypt and San Diego and Mars.

One night, I was playing the Crescendo in Los Angeles and Theodore Bikel came to see me—we'd been good friends in Greenwich Village—and he invited me to go out for coffee. So Theodore's car comes up and it's a Corvette with WE SHALL OVERCOME and FREEDOM NOW bumper stickers plastered all over it—so many you couldn't even see the chrome. Then up comes my Mercedes and he says to me: "What the hell did the Nazis ever do for you?" The next day, I sold it for \$2500 and bought a Chrysler Imperial. But that was too heavy a car, so I went to a Chrysler station wagon, then a Plymouth station wagon, and I didn't like either of them. Finally, I said to my wife, Camille: "Every car we get, we're trying to get away from the stereotype of the Negro with the Cadillac; but I don't care what anybody says, the Cadillac is the best car in the world, and I'm buying one." So I went and bought an Eldorado and it was great.

But it so happens that most of my friends are either entertainers or athletes, and Bill Russell came to the house when we had this two-door Eldorado, a \$7500 car. My wife and I are up front and Russell and his girl are like two pretzels in the back. So we decided to get rid of it and I bought a Rover, which has a little more room in the back. Later, I owned a Rolls-Royce limousine for a while and drove it myself; but I got rid of it pretty quick, because a Rolls looks weird without a chauffeur up front and I didn't want anybody driving me around. I've always loved Ferraris, so I have one of those now. I gave my wife an Excalibur, and I also have a 1934 Aston Martin, but I wouldn't take that car out on the road. I got rid of the Rover, so now I own only three cars; I think I'm starting to come out of it.

**PLAYBOY:** Your success came quickly. Did you spend the bread as fast as it came in?

**COSBY:** When I really started making it, I did. Everything had to be gold—tie clips, cuff links; I even went through the diamond-ring bit—the whole thing, but only for a couple of months. That's all it takes to take the edge off your desire to own things. I don't think this is necessarily a phase for most people who start earning a lot of money; but if you've come from a poor neighborhood, you tend to start buying like there's no tomorrow. There are stores that thrive on that kind of thing, stores that challenge you to walk in. It's almost like that store is saying, "I don't think you can afford it." So a guy goes in and he says, "I can too afford it." Dunhill's is that kind of store. I bought ice buckets, all kinds of expensive ashtrays, a humidior, lighters and a clock that tells the time all over the world; it takes me about an hour to find out what time it is in California. I put most of that stuff in one room, which my wife calls Cosby's Dunhill.

**PLAYBOY:** Is being rich as much fun as you thought it would be?

**COSBY:** I don't really think of myself as being rich. To me, a rich cat is somebody who can retire and live off his money any time he wants to, and I can't. I'd like to wind up with an income of \$50,000 a year when I retire; but with the tax structure the way it is, that's almost impossible to do, unless I make investments in things like land that over a long period of time will take good care of my money. I wouldn't blame you, though, if you said, "What's he complaining for? He's a millionaire."

**PLAYBOY:** Are you?

**COSBY:** Last year, I earned \$2,000,000—but that isn't \$2,000,000 in the pocket. There's an agent fee, a manager, press, a building for my corporation—and an accountant from whom you learn you're really broke; that now, in fact, you're worse off, in a way, than if you'd just taken a gig as a schoolteacher. Almost every cent is spent; and every penny you make, you got Uncle Sam taking out 70 percent after expenses. And now there's cats coming to me because they've read some bullshit article about me, like *Newsweek's*, saying I'm going to get \$50,000,000 from CBS for 20 years and that my record albums have earned, like, \$3,000,000. So, as soon as cats hear this, they all got business deals to propose.

**PLAYBOY:** Do many of them try to put the touch on you?

**COSBY:** All of them—and they don't just ask for five bucks, either. They want it all. First time a guy says to me, "Hey, you got a minute?," right away I know I'm being hit for bread. It used to take me a while to get up the nerve to say it, but now I can do it automatically: "Here's my card. See me at the office and

I'll listen to you." I usually have to shout this over the sound of the band at some jazz joint, because that's where they've decided I've got to hear their plan. Well, 90 percent of these cats, when you say that to them, come back with, "If you don't want to hear it now, man, then forget it, 'cause I got a good thing going." But let's say a cat has something legitimate; if I tell him the bread isn't there—which it isn't—he won't believe me, and he's going to wind up putting me down. But let me tell you that in 1968, I had to scrape up—and get a loan from the bank for—\$833,000 in taxes.

**PLAYBOY:** In spite of the tax bite, you still have what most people would consider a lot of money at your disposal. How do you spend it?

**COSBY:** Quickly. My home cost \$250,000, plus \$100,000 worth of furniture. But it's a *home*, not a palace with chandeliers hanging and white rugs and things you can't walk on or sit on. You come into my house and you can sit on my sofa and take your shoes off and plop your feet up on the table. *People* live there, not a maid and a butler—*people*. It's comfortable; nothing is closed off. My Ferrari cost \$17,000, and it's air conditioned, because I remember Philly summers riding around with friends of mine in an old 1946 Chevy; we would be sweating and we'd have to drive fast to make some breeze. I like groovy steaks; I like to serve a great wine to my friends when they come by, even though I don't drink. I remember one time when I was a kid and read that Mitzi Gaynor was going to get \$50,000 for playing a week in Las Vegas and saying to myself, "God, that's a lot of bread." It was so totally out of proportion to what I dreamed of, even when I started making \$400 a week. There's a tremendous gap between where I used to live and what I used to do and where I am now. And I dig it.

**PLAYBOY:** In the midst of your own luxury, do you ever feel guilty when you think about the poverty in which most black Americans are forced to live?

**COSBY:** When I first started making big money, I felt guilty, I guess. But now I feel that I've really put together a hell of a one-man antipoverty program. I took my talent and I put it to work, and today, I've brought up, by the bootstraps, the economic conditions of a mother, a father, two brothers, aunts, uncles, grandfathers and other family members, and then reached out to help close friends. The next step is to help out other black people. This doesn't simply mean giving them \$500,000—although I give plenty. But to me, reaching out to black people means to open up my particular part of the industry. My production companies will have black apprenticeship programs and will use black actors, directors and stagehands. After they've demonstrated





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their talents and people dig 'em, they can then go on their own, which is why I tour with talented black performers like the Pair Extraordinaire and Leon Bibb. When they meet my audience, the people remember their names. So I don't feel guilty about having bread. Now, when I meet a guy in the ghetto, of course he's going to be envious, but he doesn't necessarily resent me for it; there's a whole lot of cats in the ghetto to whom *I Spy* was something to be proud of, in a way. I certainly was, and I can only thank one man for making it happen: Sheldon Leonard.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you meet him?

**COSBY:** It was really funny, man, and it wasn't funny. I went into this business after hearing Mel Brooks and Carl Reiner do their 2000-year-old-man routine. I loved their flow of humor, the looseness of it and the fact that any second, a piece of greatness could suddenly be created. So I decided to go into show business to do this kind of comedy. I figured I'd eventually need a partner, but then I go on television, do two or three guest shots, and suddenly I'm playing at the Crescendo in Los Angeles. Remember, now, I'm in show business for two years, and Carl Reiner comes by to see the show and afterward he says, "I loved your show, man." Well, of course, I'm stunned. Like, Carl Reiner—one half of the 2000-year-old-man thing—came to see me! Now, this is before militancy and Watts and Detroit, when it was still something else for a white star to come see a black man. And he says, "My producer, Sheldon Leonard, wants to see you. He couldn't be here tonight, but he loves your work."

The next morning, I went to Sheldon's office, hoping that perhaps he would give me a guest shot on *The Dick Van Dyke Show*. Now, mind you, I couldn't act at all; I'd never done any acting, except a couple of lies to my mother. So I walked into Sheldon's office and he talks to me, not about doing a *Van Dyke Show* but about a new series that would co-star a black man and a white man. They're going to be spies and they're going to travel to Hong Kong. Now, here I am, my first time in California, only the third time I've ever been out of Pennsylvania, and this guy is talking about Hong Kong. That knocked me out of my chair more than the series. I said, "Travel to Hong Kong? This program is going to pay my way to Hong Kong?" And Sheldon is telling me he thinks I've got the particular personality that will work for his show and that all I have to do is put the same thing on TV that I do in my stand-up act, and that'll be my job. Then he says, like, "Can you act?" And I say, "You must be high. You didn't see me when I did Othello in Central Park last year, did ya?" And he smiles and all I'm thinking about is, "Hong Kong, Hong Kong, man. I'm gon-

na see the original Chinese people, the ones I've read about." So I get back to my manager, Roy Silver, and I tell him, "Don't let this cat off the hook, 'cause if he's blowing smoke, we're not letting him get out of it." Well, Sheldon said he'd get in touch with me a year later. And he did.

**PLAYBOY:** Before the show actually got under way, it was reported that you didn't want to play a hip valet, since no matter how hip you were, you'd still be a white man's servant. Was this true?

**COSBY:** I had to find out a lot of things from Sheldon before I signed. Like, was I going to carry a gun? I wanted to make sure that I didn't have to go off into the bushes when an *I Spy* fight started. They said I didn't. So Bob Culp and I fought the international Communist conspiracy on an equal basis. I must tell you, though, that the show wouldn't have been what it was if it hadn't been for Bob.

**PLAYBOY:** Had you met him before you started working together?

**COSBY:** No. I met him when the show began filming. But he did send me a letter not too long after Sheldon had first talked to me, when I was playing Mister Kelly's in Chicago. The letter said that two guys going to do a series must get married, that they *are* married. Right away, this was actor talk, and I had only been in the business around three years. Here was an actor telling me I have to marry him. That upset me a little.

**PLAYBOY:** How did it go when you finally got together with Culp?

**COSBY:** The first time I saw Bob was the first day we read for the series; I walked in and we shook hands, but we didn't really have a chance to talk before they gave us scripts. Then it was the moment of truth for me: All of the fears, anxieties and apprehensions were bubbling and boiling, because now I had to prove myself. Although the producers were with me, they were really listening to see if I could act. I'd never read a single line for Sheldon Leonard—and when you think about that, about a producer banking half a million dollars on a guy whose comedy routine he liked, it becomes a hell of a gamble. Well, they listened, and I was embarrassed, because I was no good—*really* no good. I fumbled and mumbled and couldn't concentrate or do anything right.

But afterward, Bob and I got together and talked and, at Bob's suggestion, we agreed to make the relationship between the white character, Kelly Robinson, and the black man, Alexander Scott, a *beautiful* relationship, so that people could see what it would be like if two cats like that could get along. Bob's a fine actor and a fine human being. He could have made it rough for me; he could have made me paranoid with criticism, because my ego came into play. At the time, I was

a pretty well-known, up-and-coming comic; and if he'd been rough on me, it would have been too easy for me to say to myself, "What do I need all this for?" In other words, if Bob hadn't been the great guy he is, I might have copped out. **PLAYBOY:** Were you still nervous when the filming actually began?

**COSBY:** It was really weird, man. As a comedian, I can walk out in front of 5000 people and not worry about a thing. Not a *thing*, believe me. But to stand up and face a camera and crew of maybe 15 guys and get up tight about it—to me, that's weird. It took a lot of weeks before I felt relaxed and able to do my thing without being self-conscious.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you feel about playing and, in a real sense, glamorizing a CIA agent?

**COSBY:** Well, actually, the CIA never let us say we were CIA agents.

**PLAYBOY:** But, in effect, you were, weren't you?

**COSBY:** In effect, yes. But the important thing to me, man, was to get a black face on the screen and let him be a hero. I would have done it regardless of what the CIA's image was at the time—and the series was conceived and drawn up well before the CIA got to be a heavy. I was very, very happy—forget the CIA—that a black man was able to be on an equal basis with the show's white hero.

**PLAYBOY:** One continuing criticism of the show's stories was that Bob Culp always got the girls, which seemed to make him a little more equal than you. Did you resent that?

**COSBY:** If you weren't a steady viewer, you might have missed some of Scotty's love stories. But that concerned me less than the fact that Sheldon Leonard didn't hire me as a token. He said he wanted to use a Negro. Now, at that particular time, how was the black man accepted by the public? I'll tell you: Before we even got the first show on the air, writers and poll takers had picked us to wind up 97th out of 100 shows. We originally were going to work *I Spy* like a funny Lone Ranger and Tonto, wherein I would supply the humor. I accepted that, man, because that's the way it was; there was *nothing* else going. I felt I could surely bring some things out in this character, because here was a guy who carried a gun and knew karate, so at least he was going to be able to shoot and fight. As long as Scotty wasn't going to let the other cat beat up the bad guys after he got knocked out, as long as he wasn't going to be carried home so he could do the paperwork, I felt it would be OK. Bob, by the way, wrote the first *I Spy* script in which I was interested in a woman—who turned out to be Eartha Kitt.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you develop the character of Scott?

**COSBY:** Well, the first thing I decided





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was to make this guy, who was so intelligent on paper, a real human being. If you know a guy who has a Ph.D. or a master's, you know he kind of respects what he has, but he doesn't talk as if he's always conscious of the degree. He'll say "ain't" and "got" and "I'm gonna," all the time knowing technically, grammatically what's going on. So I decided to make Alexander Scott this kind of guy—a guy who grew up in the ghetto, who went to school and took on middle-class values, who was trying to live like the white middle class. But he always knew he was black, with a real degree of black pride.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you feel you had Scott really pegged?

**COSBY:** After about the seventh story, I felt I could kind of walk into it. It was almost as if I just woke up one morning, went to work and knew it was cool.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you feel, as many critics did, that *I Spy*'s scripts were often secondary to the banter between you and Culp?

**COSBY:** Bob and I—and the producers—wanted the shows to have stronger stories, but we never really got them. They became watered-down mystery plots. And in our third year, a couple of the shows turned out to be walking *National Geographic* magazines; our backs would be to the camera and you could see the Aegean over our shoulders. Or we'd be looking over the edge of a beautiful cliff on the Mediterranean.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you relieved or disappointed when the show was canceled after its third season?

**COSBY:** Both. When I first got the news, I felt, like, "I'm free"; but after a few minutes, I started thinking about all those hours I would have off. I started thinking about our producers—Sheldon Leonard, Morton Fine and David Friedman—and how unhappy they had to be. About all the grips and people who made a living from the show. And then I wondered about all the things we could have—and should have—done on the show. But that isn't the way TV is set up. We were there to make the dollar. The only way I can look at it is that we were in 74th place after three years and to go into a fourth season wouldn't have made much sense. So NBC decided to shoot a brand-new show that went an hour and cost only half as much as *I Spy*. Finally, it was just a matter of economics. But we had some new things in mind for the fourth year, and I'm kind of sorry we didn't get a chance to do them.

**PLAYBOY:** What were they?

**COSBY:** Well, our producers had opened their eyes and ears to us. It was easier for Bob and me to kidnap a producer and lock him up in his room than for Columbia students to get their grievances taken care of. We got Sheldon to agree to more love stories for me in the fourth season,

also to more scripts for Bob carrying a whole show by himself. And, for dessert, we wanted to bring the boys together in a couple of stories where there'd be no script, no nothing; they'd just walk around kind of improvising. So it would have been a new show.

**PLAYBOY:** To a very real extent, your role in *I Spy* helped open up the television industry to black performers. Do you think the representation of Negroes on TV has improved enough since you began the series in 1965?

**COSBY:** Well, we've certainly come a long way from black cats who were bug-eyed, afraid of ghosts and always saying things like "Feet, don't leave me now." Guys like Mantan Moreland, Stepin Fetchit and Willie Best never hit anybody, never fought back and were always scared white. And we don't see the mass stupidity of *Amos 'n' Andy* anymore. That show still gets to me, man. Each time I name an *Amos 'n' Andy* character, try to imagine these guys as white, and you won't be able to: You had Lightnin', who was slow in every possible way; Calhoun, the lawyer who never got anybody out of trouble and never went into court prepared; Kingfish, the conniver, who was always saying, "Yeah, but brother Andy . . ."; and Andy himself, who wasn't too bright, either. Like, *nobody* on that show was bright except Amos, the cabdriver, who we hardly ever heard from. And then there was Kingfish's wife, Sapphire; every time he came through that door, she'd be chewing him out for something. Now, audiences weren't supposed to laugh *with* these people; they were supposed to laugh *at* them, because they were so dumb. And while that show was on, there was nothing else on the air to counterbalance these stereotypes. It was almost as if Poles were exclusively presented as characters in Polish jokes. Well, you're just not going to believe that all Polish people are really dumb; but if that's all you got to see about 'em, you might start to believe it. And they'd understandably resent it. Or the same thing about Jewish people hoarding money. You have to show things besides stereotypes.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think that a series with a nonstereotyped all-black cast could be successful on TV today?

**COSBY:** Probably not. The kind of show you mean would have to be about the life of a black family, with all its struggles. But if you're really going to do a series about a black family, you're going to have to bring out the heavy; and who is the heavy but the white bigot? This would be very painful for most whites to see, a show that talks about the white man and puts him down. It would strike indifferent whites as dangerous; it would be called controversial and they probably wouldn't want to tune in. But when there's a right and a wrong, where's the controversy? The white bigot is *wrong*.

The indifferent person sitting on the fence is *wrong*. Instead of having occasional shows that present the black viewpoint on educational channels, the networks should be in there pitching now.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't the widening employment of black actors in featured roles on various series a hopeful sign that television's racial stereotyping is coming to an end?

**COSBY:** I think it's a positive thing that most of the new shows have a black member of the cast; when I started *I Spy*, about the only blacks on TV were maids and butlers. It's still tokenism, but I would rather see a cat who is standing tall as a token than nobody at all. And the acceptance of black people on television means that when enough shows are seen by enough whites, they'll get used to it, with the result that black people will be able to do more things in this society. There's also the important matter of black identification. Let's forget hatred and bigotry for the moment; let's pretend they don't exist. Now, I have black skin. When I look at TV, I have to identify with what I see, and all I saw when I was growing up was the white upper class or white middle class or white lower class. So it was white America that I identified with, that I studied and tried to emulate as I grew up. Now, a black kid can try to act like a white American, but there's just no way he can *be* a white American. So when TV begins to feature black people, it's performing a great service to the black community; that's the way I felt about being in *I Spy*.

**PLAYBOY:** You won three consecutive Emmys for *I Spy*, and your comedy LPs won you four consecutive Grammys. Which meant more to you?

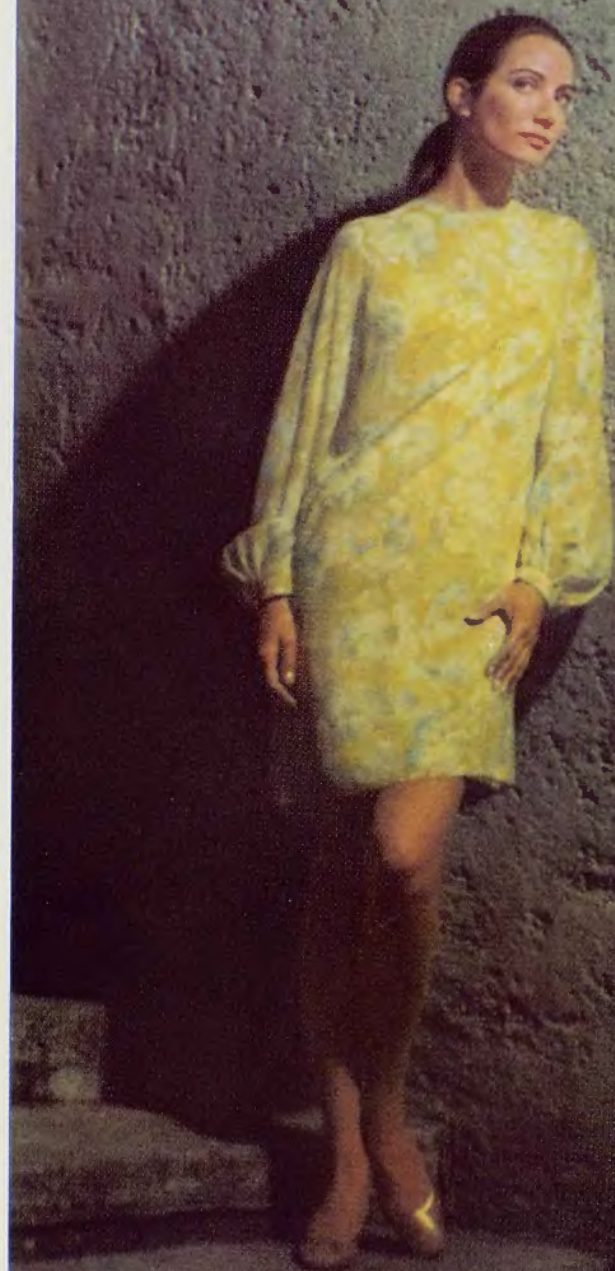
**COSBY:** They all mean the same to me: that I'm a winner; that I've been chosen by the people of my profession, regardless of who they are, as the best. I think if I could take the awards and do what I really wanted with them, I'd probably Scotch-tape them onto the hood of my car and kind of drive around with a little smile on my face. Because I'm really proud of them, man. But you're supposed to be very cool about these things and tuck the Emmys and the Grammys away in the corner of some room, so that nobody will think you're vain and conceited. The greatest moment of an award, though, is when they announce your name, the moment when you're expected to say thank you. Then it's on to the next thing; you can't hang around bathing your body in the reflection of a trophy.

**PLAYBOY:** One of the things you seem to be going on to next is singing. You have two vocal LPs out, and one of your singles, *Little Old Man*, was a pop hit two years ago. Are you going to try to make it as big in singing as you have in comedy?

**COSBY:** No; singing is just something I like to do. I like rhythm and blues and I'm thinking about cutting another blues



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album, but I don't even come close to having any kind of a voice. It's just a hobby—like some guys like to golf. They don't play a good game, but they're out on the course every morning. I don't shoot a good game of rhythm and blues, but I got my cap and clubs and shoes, and I go sing.

**PLAYBOY:** Your first film—a remake of *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*—will be released sometime this fall. Do you have the same trepidations about going into movies that you did before you became a television star?

**COSBY:** Not as many as then, but I'm entering a new field, and that means I've got a new audience to win over; it doesn't matter about past awards or that when you play a city, you draw 17,000 people for a one-night stand. This is a new thing and you've got to make a new impression. But I hope to have better scripts than I did on TV, and I hope to do things that have broader scope.

**PLAYBOY:** At this point, how would you assess yourself as an actor?

**COSBY:** I think I have a personality talent. I can play a sensitive guy and also a funny guy, caught in a funny situation. You won't see me going into Brandoish depths or trying to compete with Sir Laurence Olivier on Shakespeare. But I feel I have the intelligence and the talent to be a big star; I really believe that. This isn't conceit; it's just that I know what I can do and, by this time, I also know that by doing things the way I want to do them, people will be for me.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever worry that your popularity will wane and that you'll no longer be able to earn the kind of money you're presently pulling in?

**COSBY:** I have a great fear of winding up broke; I guess that would be about the most embarrassing thing that could happen to me. Because, if I *do* wind up broke, my mother will blame it all on the cigars I smoke; my father will say it's because of all the expensive things I bought at Dunhill's; and my wife will say it's from all the charitable organizations I've given to. So to avoid all that, as I said before, I'm involved in long-range investments—like land—that will eventually bring me an income of about \$50,000 a year. Maybe one day, I'll have made such heavy bread that even Sam won't be able to penetrate it, and then I hope I'll be set for the rest of my life. Because I really do plan to get out of show business within five years or so.

**PLAYBOY:** Completely?

**COSBY:** No, I'm not going to make a total break with show business, because, to me, that would almost be like castration. I think I'll be doing occasional TV specials and appearances, a little less than the kind of thing Bob Hope does. I'm going to just take my little bundle and let all those handshaking, graft-taking \$30,000-a-year politicians know

they won't have to worry about *me* standing in any unemployment line.

**PLAYBOY:** What will you do with yourself?

**COSBY:** I plan to teach in a junior high school, which is where kids become glandularly aware of being male and female. Early adolescence is a very difficult time of life for ghetto kids, because people to look up to, like I said earlier, are scarce in a poor neighborhood. In middle- and upper-middle-class neighborhoods, kids have their fathers to look up to—college graduates or skilled workmen. In lower-class neighborhoods, kids look up to the gambler's skills—skills that work openly against the law. Poor kids have no image that teaches them the value of education. It has to do with what they're taught in history classes, too; I'd want to show kids there are black heroes to be proud of, so they have a different kind of cat to look up to. Because, let's face it, most of the black people we admire are running that race or hitting that ball or dribbling it down-court. And so black girls hope to marry a guy who'll become a professional athlete. And the guy hopes to become a pro, goes to college without knowing about or being ready for college, plays ball and often never graduates. Without teaching a subject in particular, I want to help put those kids on to finding out what they really want to do in life.

**PLAYBOY:** But schools aren't set up for classes without any particular subject.

**COSBY:** No, they're not—but that doesn't mean they won't be. In small towns, the church and the school are the center of things; functions are held at both and the pastor and the teacher know all the parents. No school is like that in the big cities. Instead, school is the building whose windows you break in the summertime; it's the building with the yard where you play penny poker games. It isn't the connecting ground it should be for kids. Children grow up thinking that all teachers are Ichabod Cranes, but teachers are just underpaid human beings who aren't supposed to strike. For every successful human being, there are at least three or four teachers who inspired them to become what they are today; but the teachers never get any of the credit. When I was in school, I remember a teacher telling me I'd better study or else I'd grow up to be a garbage man. If you look at what the average garbage collector makes and what the average schoolteacher makes, I think the garbage man is probably telling his kids they'd better *not* study or else they're going to wind up as schoolteachers.

**PLAYBOY:** In last December's *Playboy* interview, Black Panther leader Eldridge Cleaver said that unless black demands for equality are quickly met, the result will be "a second Civil War . . . plunging America into the depths of its most desperate nightmare." In view of your plans

to teach black children, form black production companies and continue your entertainment career, it would seem that you don't agree with Cleaver's evaluation of America's future.

**COSBY:** I'm not in favor of raising guns, but I don't think Cleaver would be, either, if he thought there was any other way to solve the racial situation in this country. A lot of black men feel that way, and I can't say they're wrong, because America's resistance to giving the black man a fair shake is almost unbelievably strong. And when black people keep butting their heads against the stone wall of racism, there are those who feel they *have* to become violent.

Look, there can't be an argument over the fact that we should have equality in America. But the white man doesn't want us to have it, because then he'll be giving up a freedom of his—to reject us because of color. I really believe that black people could march until the end of the world and the majority of whites still wouldn't want to give up what they see as their precious right to be racists. Whites should realize that, under these conditions, it's only natural for some of those marchers to finally say, "Shit, man, this ain't gettin' us nowhere. The best thing to do is throw a goddamn bomb into the building." When Martin Luther King was murdered, I felt that his death made the nonviolent approach appear irrelevant to many black people.

**PLAYBOY:** Stokely Carmichael and others said that Dr. King's murder marked the passing of nonviolence. Do you agree with them?

**COSBY:** Martin Luther King was a good teacher of the nonviolent philosophy and a great leader. I think his philosophy is still as meaningful today as when he was alive. It was well before his death that Stokely broke away from nonviolence, and it was well before his death that violent, militant groups came into being. But I don't think people can arbitrarily be put into neat categories of violent or nonviolent. I can tell you that I *don't* believe in letting black people get pushed around when they're in the right. If a lot of black people no longer believe in nonviolence, it's because they've lost all faith and trust in white men. Black people have lain in the streets and they've let whites hit them in the head with everything from clubs to ketchup bottles. They've let themselves be called niggers and have still somehow managed to walk tall and show that they still believe in nonviolence, that this philosophy makes them better than those who torment them. But they've taken all this abuse, and for what? How far has it really gotten them? Many intelligent and educated black people are tired, just plain tired, of being noble, of not striking back. And I think that a lot of white



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people secretly *hope* that the Negro will renounce nonviolence.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**COSBY:** Because it would give whites an excellent reason to go ahead and strike; they think force is the easiest way to solve the problem. Not necessarily a war, but some law that would quietly march us off into concentration camps until we learned that this is *their* country.

**PLAYBOY:** As you know, most whites think the concentration-camp theory is a myth.

**COSBY:** Look, it's possible to have concentration camps in Chicago—or in almost any large city—by simply blocking off the ghetto, putting barbed wire around it and not letting anybody in or out. This isn't going to happen until we give the whites a little more of a reason for putting us in a concentration camp, but it isn't too far away. Black people are not going to stop burning their own neighborhoods for a while, but if nothing is accomplished as a result of this, they'll become even more desperate; and when there's nothing left to burn in black neighborhoods, they're going to spread out—into white neighborhoods, into downtown districts, to hit those stores. Farfetched as it may sound, black people will actually go to war if they're driven to it. Not *all* black people, but the ones who feel they're willing to give up their lives in order to mess up this country, to bring America to its knees. I'm not talking about just burning some buildings but about black guerrillas cutting wires, darkening the cities, ending communications. All-out war.

**PLAYBOY:** Of course, black people couldn't possibly win such a war. Don't you think it could result only in massive repression and bloodshed?

**COSBY:** Yes, I do, and there's just no arguing that point. The terrible thing is that there's no way the troops are going to be able to distinguish between the bomb throwers and people who are peacefully sitting in their homes.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think this war can be averted?

**COSBY:** That's up to the white man. He's at the point now where he will either have to allow the black man his civil rights or try to wipe him out. History has shown, I think, that in order for the black man to achieve a positive response to his protests, he has to keep escalating his methods of dissent, not because he wants to but because the white establishment *forces* him to. We have been forced to go from singing to sit-ins to marching to letting them beat us up, to watching them burn and bomb our churches and assassinate our leaders and, now, into being coerced into burning our own neighborhoods. The next step is to start slaughtering us en masse, and the step after that is out-and-out war.

**PLAYBOY:** Malcolm X often claimed that "the squeaky hinge gets the oil"—that

America redresses black grievances only in response to violence. But if shooting were to break out tomorrow on a national scale, do you think it's likely that the white establishment, with its domestic order threatened, would respond by ensuring equality for black people?

**COSBY:** Well, this much is certain: It'll be the hinge's loudest possible squeak. But I really think that, all along, the white man has been oiling the hinge with the secret intention of slamming the door. And when he finally slams it shut for good—and has his genocidal war—he won't have to worry about the squeak anymore. What will be left won't exactly be a country, but at least the place will be well run. Except that America will have to find someone else to dance to its music. The Mexicans will folk-dance for a while, and then there's the Puerto Ricans, and then the Chinese people will be dancing; but soon enough, *that* squeaky-hinged door will be slammed shut, too—and padlocked.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think the world will sit by and quietly watch while all this is happening?

**COSBY:** As long as most of the world powers are white, why not? When the French, Poles and Czechs come off the boat, they're welcomed to America, "the land of the free, the home of the brave." The Statue of Liberty welcomes them, but it doesn't welcome the man who was *born* here—the black man. There's no lamp lit for him; so the black man has to climb up there and light it himself. World opinion? If all these European countries are so groovy, then how come when their guys get off the boat, they turn out to be bigots?

**PLAYBOY:** If the world is ready to passively witness genocide in the U.S., doesn't black violence, as preached by militants like Rap Brown, strike you as ill advised, to say the least?

**COSBY:** Rap and the other militants all speak the truth when they let America know that the black man is not going to take any more bullshit; we've been here for 300 years and we've had it with waiting. But when Rap makes a speech and says we should get guns and use them on Whitey, it doesn't strike me as a cool move tactically. I, for one, would never let people know I was planning to shoot at them. If you mean it, you just don't talk about it. This goes back to my street-corner days. Unless he's got another card to pull out, it's not the brightest cat in the world who stands around telling a guy, "I'm gonna get a gun and blow your head off." When the guy sees you don't have that gun yet, he pops you right in the teeth or, if *he's* got a gun, he uses it on *you*.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think the easy accessibility of firearms in America heightens racial tensions?

**COSBY:** The way I look at it is that guns are sold to protect whites against blacks. The leaders of bigotry have got to keep the poor, ignorant white cat really upset and nervous, so that their friends the gun manufacturers can sell him some guns and maybe even some bazookas as well.

**PLAYBOY:** But you'd have to admit that the black militants' threats are at least one of the reasons whites are buying guns.

**COSBY:** Yes, and you have to admit that every time the black man has made a nonviolent move to gain acceptance, he's been laughed at or cursed or hosed down or killed.

**PLAYBOY:** You seem to be saying that race war is inevitable. Is that what you believe?

**COSBY:** I hope it's not inevitable, but I don't know. I think if we really want to make sure nothing like it ever happens, we have to get on the stick now, and just maybe it can be avoided. Because we know the answers.

**PLAYBOY:** What are they?

**COSBY:** Well, if it's not too late already, one answer is through black political power, such as what happened in Cleveland with Carl Stokes and in Gary with Richard Hatcher being elected mayor. But that doesn't solve the problems even in those cities, because if the administration doesn't have black people on its board of directors or as city planners, there's very little that a mayor can actually do. Supposedly, the mayor has power, but he's only as powerful as the various city boards that go along with him.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think that elected officials such as Stokes and Hatcher will be able to persuade white city board members to go along with them on plans for improving black neighborhoods?

**COSBY:** If they're not able to, it won't be because they haven't tried. They were elected by black people; and if they want to be re-elected, they'll have to produce. But the black politician of today knows that his people don't really trust him. Especially if he has a white man over him, in which case he'll be called the white man's politician.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think that many black legislators are white men's politicians?

**COSBY:** It used to be like that because of a policy that dates back to the days of slavery, when one black man on a plantation would be allowed to work indoors. He was called the house nigger and lived and ate well, and wouldn't do anything to make the boss angry, or else he'd wind up in the fields pickin' that cotton. Black politics has always had a little of this house-nigger mentality, but now it's changing. You can see it in a cat like Julian Bond, who could have been a

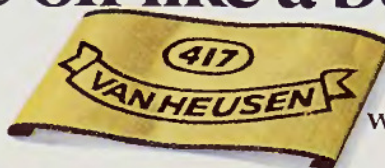


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house nigger but who, in effect, said, "Now, look, I don't *mind* working in the house, but I just want you to know a couple of things," for which they tried to throw him out of the house—Georgia's Statehouse. But there's still a lot of resentment and envy of the black politician, because the guys working in the fields know that the cat in the house is eating real good. They know he's not getting chitlins or the last part of the pig thrown to him.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel that the majority of recently elected black Congressmen are working as hard as they can to advance the cause of black equality?

**COSBY:** I'd rather see guys like S. C. L. C.'s Jesse Jackson or even Rap Brown in Congress than some of the black cats who are there now. I think Rap would make one hell of a Vice-President; to use Dick Gregory's line, *nobody* would shoot the President then. Most black Congressmen seem like they're just trying to belong. But here again, what they may be doing is walking that tightrope to prove it can be done, to make it easier for other black men to get elected. You can never tell what a guy's philosophy may really be, because while we're putting him down, he might just be quietly paving the way for other black legislators. That's sometimes in the nature of a great sacrifice, especially when we, as selfish individuals, tend to look only at immediate results. So I'd really like to believe that a man like Senator Brooke is giving the cats in the Senate a fast shuffle, so that he can clear a path for more black Senators. If he's doing that, then beautiful. But if he's really into the whole Republican thing, if he was genuine during his campaign for Nixon and for that great friend of the black man, Spiro T. Agnew, then Brooke hasn't done a thing for us.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think is the single most imperative issue that should receive top priority from black legislators?

**COSBY:** Justice. Police forces and the courts have to be overhauled and improved—*really* improved. I no longer expect a white policeman to jump in and protect a black man from being struck by a white, because I think their sense of white brotherhood—another way of saying racism—prevents them from identifying with the black or from just remaining objective. Police will turn their heads away when bricks, rocks or fists are thrown at a black man by whites. Not long ago, a white Chicago woman kicked a black man in the behind and punched him in the neck because he wanted Negro kids bused to school; when the guy defended himself against her, the cops arrested *him*. In that case, as in so many others, law and order protected the white aggressor.

**PLAYBOY:** Surely you don't think *all* white cops are racist.

**COSBY:** Look, let's first talk about what a very difficult thing it is to be a policeman. And let's talk about a policeman who is straight, who goes about his job with an open mind. But because he's a cop, he's got a problem, because he is being judged the way we black people don't like to be judged; in other words, when you see a policeman, he's a *cop*. And if he's a white cop, he has a white family and he identifies with white people; cops aren't machines, you know, when it comes to race relations.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there any way you see that white cops and black people could begin getting along better?

**COSBY:** I think relations would improve if a scientist could invent a mechanized helmet cops could wear, which would see to it that they enforced the law equally for all and which would get them working to wipe out crime and corruption in *every* part of society. Then the policeman would really be the upholder of law and order; he'd be a fighter for justice; he'd be what we want him to be—Batman. But a cop can't command a neighborhood's respect when he accepts bribes that range from petty cash to some fairly heavy bread.

**PLAYBOY:** Wouldn't police forgo bribes if cities raised their salaries; and wouldn't they be better equipped to deal with black people if they were also required to have special schooling in community relations?

**COSBY:** Sure, but a better answer for me is to put black cops in black neighborhoods. Black cops may be hated as much or even more than white cops by a lot of people in the ghetto, but I still think it's advisable for at least two reasons: Kids could grow up seeing black men in positions of authority, and ghetto streets wouldn't wind up in charge of a scared white cat who thinks the answer to problems is to hit people in the head because he's "tired of letting them get away with it," which is how white cops talk among themselves. Listen, if a guy doesn't want to be arrested by the police, it's easy for two cops to get the cat into a car without punching and beating on him with a night stick. I once saw a policeman stop a harmless old black drunk who was mousing off at him, and the cop just punched him out. Now, this to me is not law enforcement, because I don't think a guy learns anything when he's beaten up—except to hate. He certainly doesn't learn respect for the law; and when he gets to court, if he has any respect for the law left, the judges finish that off.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying that the courts are prejudiced?

**COSBY:** Cats with dough don't commit armed robbery or most of the crimes

poor people commit. Yet rich guys' crimes—like embezzling a bank or moving a million dollars' worth of heroin a year—hurt a hell of a lot more people than some guy who sticks up a candy store and gets away with \$12; so I think something's a little wrong there. When the rich man comes to court, he's got the best lawyers money can buy. But the poor man, the black man, gets a lawyer who's not necessarily interested in the case and may even consider it a pain in the ass. And then there's the whole thing about under-the-table payoffs to judges, which I won't attempt to document but which exist. What I'm saying is that there are two kinds of justice in this country: one for the rich and one for the poor—and blacks are poor. When the black people keep getting shafted by cops and courts, how can they have respect for people who are supposed to represent the law? So justice is first on my list. After that, I think white people will have to show us they believe that a policy of segregation is wrong—and that'll mean giving the black man an equal shot at decent housing, jobs and education.

**PLAYBOY:** You say segregation is wrong, yet many civil rights groups now restrict their membership to blacks only. If whites want to help and are rejected by Negroes, where do you suggest they go?

**COSBY:** Into their own communities to teach their own people what they feel.

**PLAYBOY:** Doesn't that still add up to turning away committed whites?

**COSBY:** All the unkept promises and half-truths of whites to blacks have resulted in a great deal of justifiable distrust. I think it's right for the black man to be in charge of his own organizations, even at the risk of alienating white friends; if those white friends resent that, I wonder about the sincerity of those friendships. But I'm not really worried about black bigotry, because it started only recently, when we finally understood that it was impossible to live anywhere in America without encountering racism. As soon as some real progress is made, it'll be hard to find a black bigot, because the black man won't have the time to be hating anyone. He'll be too busy going after that trade apprenticeship or skilled job.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel that the present generation of young whites is at odds with its parents on the race issue?

**COSBY:** I think that the white college radicals we read so much about are a very tiny percentage of the young people. Most white kids grow up listening to their parents call black kids niggers, and they learn to do the same thing, and quickly. Which is why I think white kids who want to help black people should work in their own communities. Blacks

(continued on page 170)





## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

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January 17, 1968

Dr. Roberto Cajiao-Cigliuti  
Calle 13 Norte No. 27  
Cali, Colombia

Dear Sir:

Your name has been given me by the Person-to-Person Magazine Exchange Committee as one who would like to receive used magazines from the U.S. I think this is a fine idea, since I only throw my magazines away, and you might as well enjoy them down there in Colombia—a country which I'm sorry to say I've never visited. So I am today sending you current copies of *Life*, *Look*, *The Saturday Evening Post* and *PLAYBOY*.

I am told by the committee that you are: "a physician of 26 years of age who knows English and would appreciate magazines of general interest."

From my atlas, I learn that Cali is a city of some 815,000, is situated at an elevation of 3140 feet in the valley of the Cauca river, not far from some of the coffee plantations.

As it happens, I am a great lover of coffees, and I use the plural advisedly. I roast and blend my own, using coffees from all over the world, including four varieties from Colombia.

I am 61, retired from business and a widower. I would enjoy corresponding with you about your country and your life, and thereby broaden my knowledge of the world and its people. In any case, I would like to hear from you when the magazines arrive, so I can be sure I have your correct address.

Sincerely yours,  
Faubus R. Broffman

January 23, 1968

Faubus R. Broffman, Esq.  
381 Monta Lane  
Bel Air, Los Angeles  
California 90024  
U. S. A.

Distinguished Sir!

I hasten to reply to your letter by return of the post. I will await the arrivals of the magazines with interest.

Also awaiting these periodicals will be my fiancée, Maria Valenzuela, who has the most acute avidity to read of life in the United States and all its goings on of glamor and exciting doings. Maria is very beautiful and my joy in life and we will be married when next I obtain a promotion,



for you see I am a physician in the Colombia Public Health Service! I would never wish a "society medical practice on Park Avenue" as I have witnessed in the U.S. films with the rich flocking with their ailments, you see, but I am a fine physician none the least and have devoted my life to the public weal. I will never be wealthy and rich but I will never be poor at the other hand!

Your name struck a gong with me and I hastened to the public library and saw an article about you in the magazine of *Time* of April 24, 1964. Which I had remembered reading at that time as we have many Germans in Colombia from early times and among them is the prominent Broffman family.

The article as I am sure you know deals with your life as beginning with the capital of \$500 and building same into a fortune of some \$36,000,000. when you sold your interests out and retired to a life of luxury and ease at the mere age of 57! My congratulations to you, sir! Tell me please how you managed this grand success, and of the living of your life at this present time.

Fancy that you are a lover of coffees. I too! I must go now to take Maria to the films.

Yours sincerely,  
Roberto Cajiao-Cigliuti, M. D.

381 Monta Lane  
Bel Air, Los Angeles  
California 90024

February 2, 1968

Dear Dr. Cajiao-Cigliuti:

Thank you for your letter, in which you ask about my "grand success," and about my life now.

There are often in the U.S. corporations with hidden or undervalued assets, in cash on hand, real estate, patents, tax-loss carry-overs, etc. Sometimes, these corporations simply lack forward-looking management. One looks for these companies and then one buys their stock and gains control. Then, one can liquidate and realize these assets, or reorganize the operations of the company on a more profitable basis. The value of the company's stock will then rise, sometimes fantastically. One then sells out and uses the capital therefrom derived to buy into another and usually larger company. And so on. It is a simple process of pyramiding one's holdings. But a good deal of hard work is required, as well as a willingness to risk all, at times.

Now, I live in a comfortable, rambling house in Bel Air, which is in the hills above West Los Angeles, and UCLA university. I have many movie-star neighbors, and know a few of them slightly.

I have never remarried since my wife died ten years ago, because, quite frankly, I enjoy "playing the field" with younger ladies, even at the advanced old age of 61! Los Angeles is, happily, quite full of

unattached and attractive young women.

I have managed to retain my teeth and my hair, and keep my body fit with tennis, golf, swimming in my pool and sailing my yacht.

A few years back, I had a heart attack, which almost killed me, but now, with lots of exercise, I feel better than ever. I neither smoke nor drink, for I don't want to shorten my life.

I have servants who look after me very well. A Negro named Hawkins is my butler, and his wife Cleo is my excellent chef. Also, I have a chauffeur and man of all work named Carlo. He is a handsome young satyr of Italian origin whose prowess with the ladies is astounding, if he is to be believed.

Congratulations on your lovely fiancée, Maria. Marry her soon and start a family. My wife and I never had children, to our regret.

Do tell me about your own life and work. Where do you live? What does your daily work consist of?

By the way—would you happen to know anything about "crazy German coffee"? It was mentioned once in a novel I read, years ago. It is a coffee that is supposed to come from Colombia, and (in the book) is the most fabulous and unique coffee in the world.

I am off soon to Punta del Este and the Film Festival. A charming young actress has asked me to escort her! I suspect she has marriage in her mind. I have something else in mine.

Sincerely,  
Faubus Broffman

March 2, 1968

My dear Mr. Broffman:

How modest you are! "It is a simple process of pyramiding one's holdings," you say! Indeed! *Time* magazine refers to yourself as a "financial genius." The article also describes you as one who is compelled to be the winner at the cost of all. A business conflictor (obvious) is quoted saying you are ruthless and heartless. Is this not a prejudiced comment, sir, do you think?

The magazines arrived! I was delighted as I devoured their contents! Interesting, there is an article in *The Saturday Evening Post* magazine about the actress Raquel Welch, who is a dead ringer to my Maria, instead that she (Miss Welch) is not so ample in the bosoms. To proof, I am sending you a "snap" of Maria and myself. Maria is on the left in the bathing dress with the long hair and without the spectacles! Ha, ha! I hope you have had good fun in Punta del Este with the actress! I have never been to Uruguay, but then I have never deserted Colombia except for Panama for a week, because it takes money to travel!

Your friend,  
Roberto C.C.

P. S. I have never learned of this "crazy German coffee"; neither has my friends. But I will ask my cousin in Bogotá who is a wealthy coffee broker and drives a 1966 green Buick sedan.

March 11, 1968

Dear friend Roberto:

I'm happy you received the magazines. Carlo has mailed you other shipments of magazines, since the first.

Your Maria is indeed a "delectable dish." Were I you, I wouldn't let her out of my sight!

You mention that I was described as one who had to be a winner at all costs. I suppose there is some truth in it. I came from a very poor family, and early on I resolved to be first in all things, and this has influenced my life in many areas.

The charge that I have been "ruthless and heartless" came not from a "conflictor" but from the son of a man who had built up his own business. When I took control, I had to ease the old man out, for he was growing senile. The man took his own life, which saddened me greatly, but you have to be up to the mark in business or make way for those who are. It is sad but it is true.

I am enclosing a photo of myself and my actress friend, taken at the beach in Punta del Este. The young lady was unfaithful to me four times (to my knowledge) during the time we were in Punta del Este. When I chided her about this, she claimed it was necessary for "public relations." I would have called them "private relations"! Actually, I did not mind too much, so you see I am not really ruthless. Our great financier Bernard Baruch once said, "It is better to have ten percent of a good investment than a hundred percent of a bad one!" It applies to women as well as stocks and bonds, especially when you are 61.

I have chartered a 150-foot power yacht out of Honolulu. It has a crew of six and a French chef and I am taking six guests all around the Hawaiian Islands for two weeks of relaxation.

You have yet to tell me about your life and work.

Don't put yourself to any trouble about "crazy German coffee," whatever it is and if it is. It might well have been an invention of the novelist.

Sincerely,  
Faubus Broffman

March 21, 1968

Sir Faubus R. Broffman  
381 Monta Lane  
Bel Air, Los Angeles  
California 90024  
U.S. America

Dear Mr. Broffman:

Do not read one other word in this letter unless you promise to me that you  
(continued on page 210)





*"You have such beautiful skin, my dear."*



*a burgeoning hobby and a sterling investment*

# CLASSIC-CAR COLLECTING

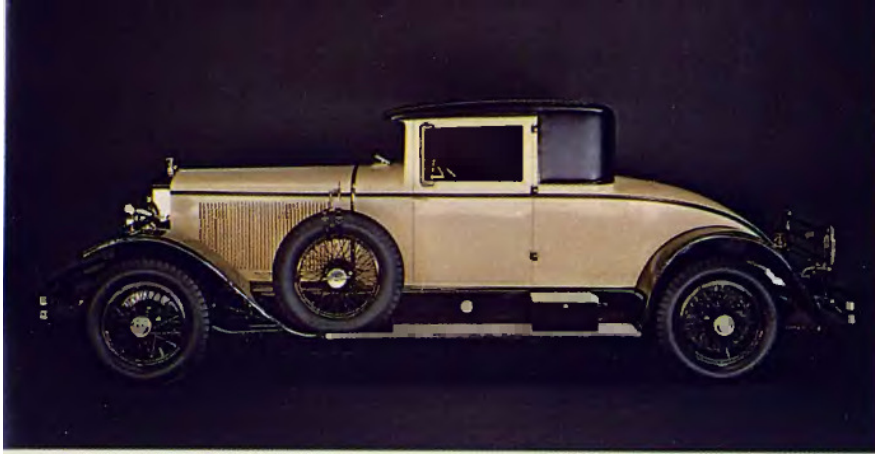
*article* BY KEN W. PURDY    AUTOMOBILE collecting passed out of the string-saving category some time ago. The international auction house of Parke-Bernet, a legend-draped eminence in the art world, now regularly conducts automobile sales; in a recent one, a Mercer brought \$45,000. There are 79 major automobile collections in Europe, including one in the Soviet Union and one in Israel; many of these are museums exhibiting only the automobile and artifacts related to it. The Montagu Motor Museum in England and the Museo dell'Automobile Carlo Biscaretti di Ruffia in Italy are two such, and world famous. In this country, the Harrah, Clark and Cunningham collections, in Reno, Southampton and Costa Mesa, California, are housed in museums. The automobile's standing as an object of art, formally attested in 1951, in the famous Museum of Modern Art show in New York (and again in 1953, 1966 and 1969), is firm today, and critics disposed to argue the point on aesthetic grounds must concede instantly on the other standard by which, like it or not, art has always been assayed: value appreciation. Some automobiles are worth 20 times their original value and, while every indicator suggests that prices will continue to rise, it is still possible to assemble a worthwhile personal collection. Money governs: It can be a collection of established classics, or of less valuable specialties, or of near-current models shrewdly chosen as possible rarities tomorrow.

For a small classic collection—each car compellingly interesting itself, created by men of taste and talent and individuality, certain to increase in value year after year—I would

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA



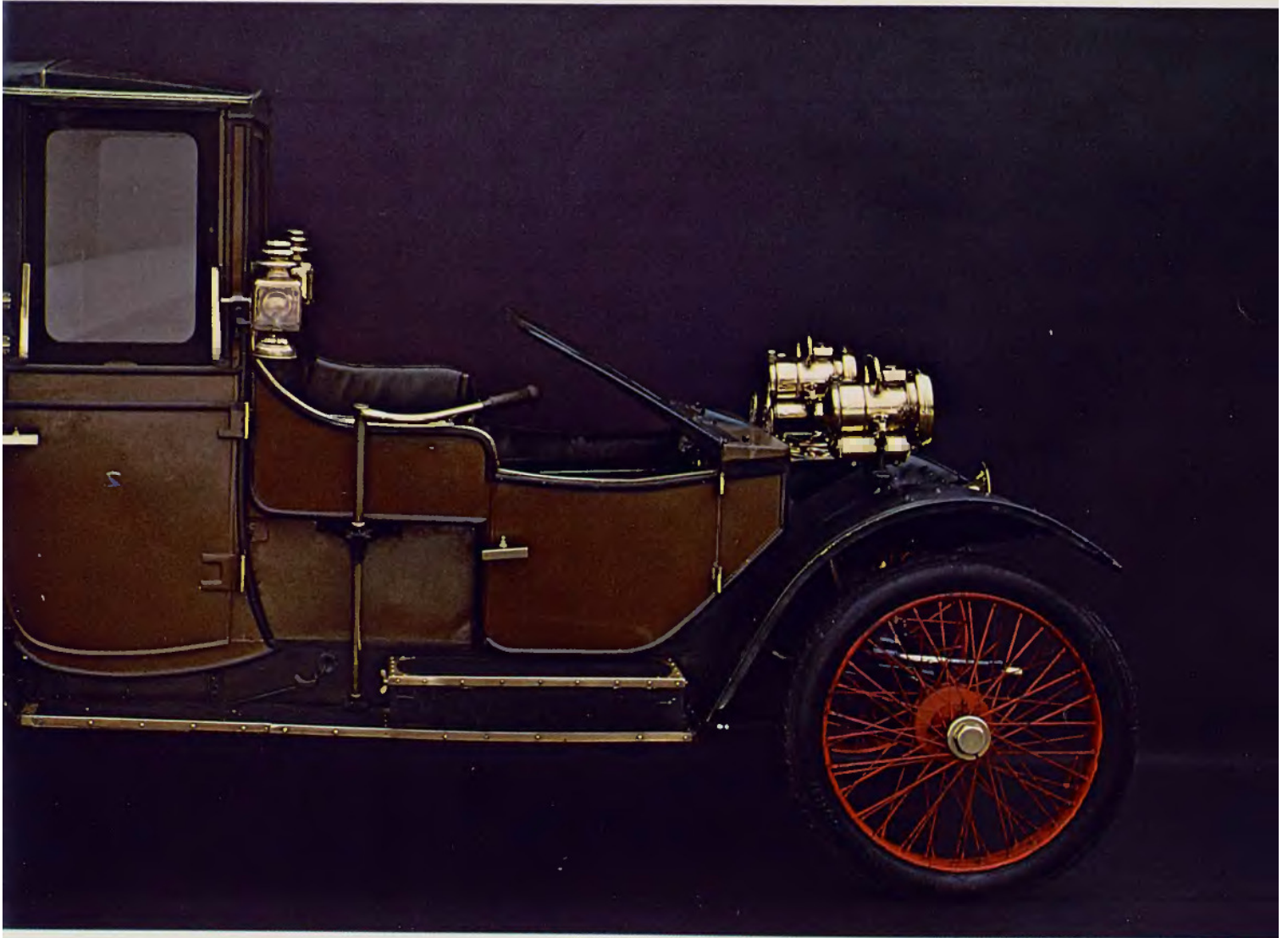




HARRAH'S AUTOMOBILE COLLECTION



Doble 1925 Series E. This best of all steamers would move in 22 seconds or ten below zero; it ran silently, would go 95-plus mph. At left is Abner Doble's own car.

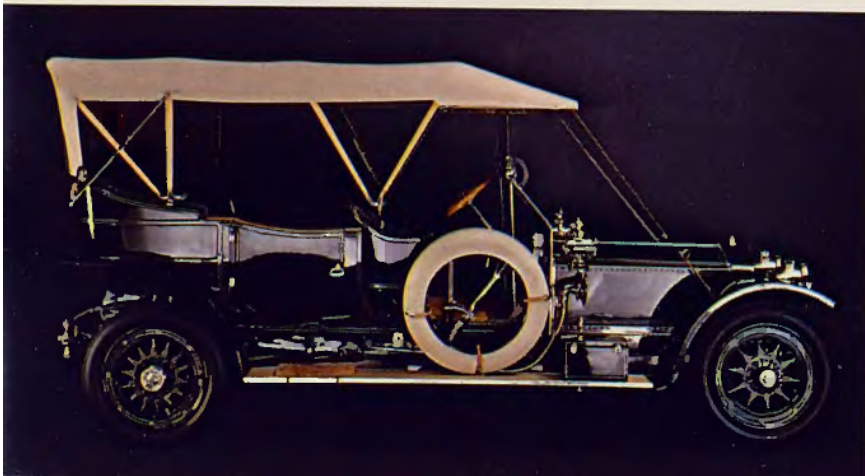


HARRAH'S AUTOMOBILE COLLECTION

MONTAGU MOTOR MUSEUM

## LANCHESTER

Lanchester 1908. A benchmark design reflecting the intelligence and remarkable originality of British engineer Frederick Lanchester, it had vibration-free engine, independent wheel suspension—and disk brakes.

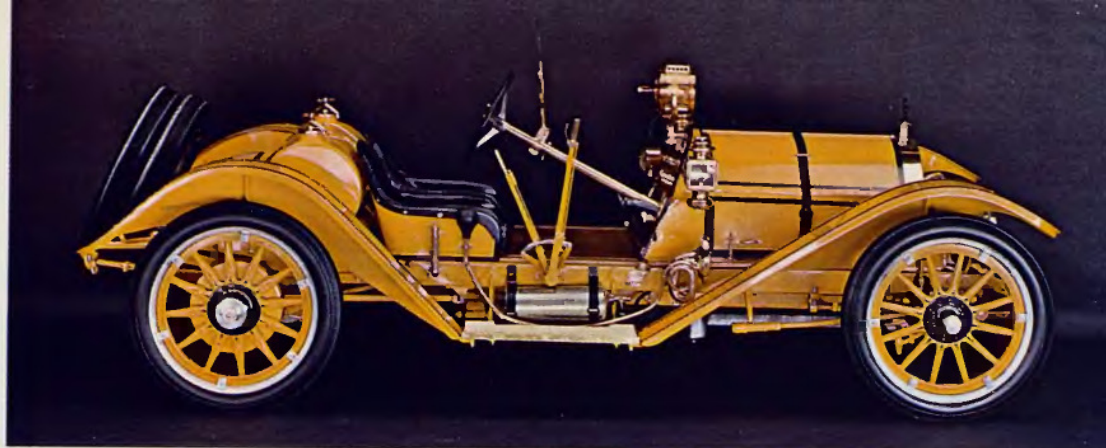


Rolls-Royce 1910 Silver Ghost. For elegance, silence, longevity, materials and workmanship, the Silver Ghost R-R models have probably not been equaled by any automobile built since.

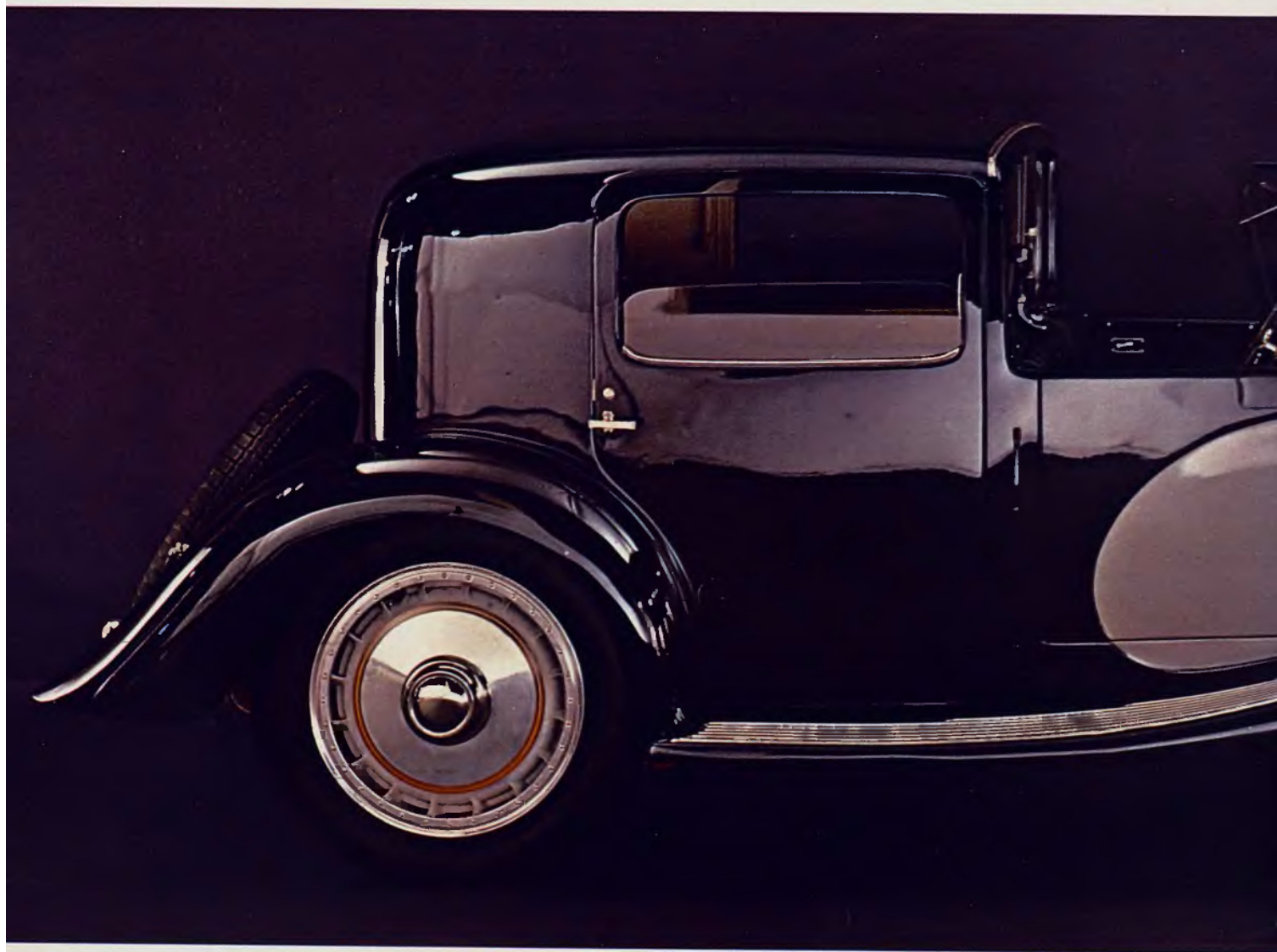




Mercer Raceabout 1913. There are 33 of these rugged four-cylinder New Jersey-built cars still in existence. Original cost was \$2500; the present valuation can run upwards of \$45,000.



HARRAH'S AUTOMOBILE COLLECTION

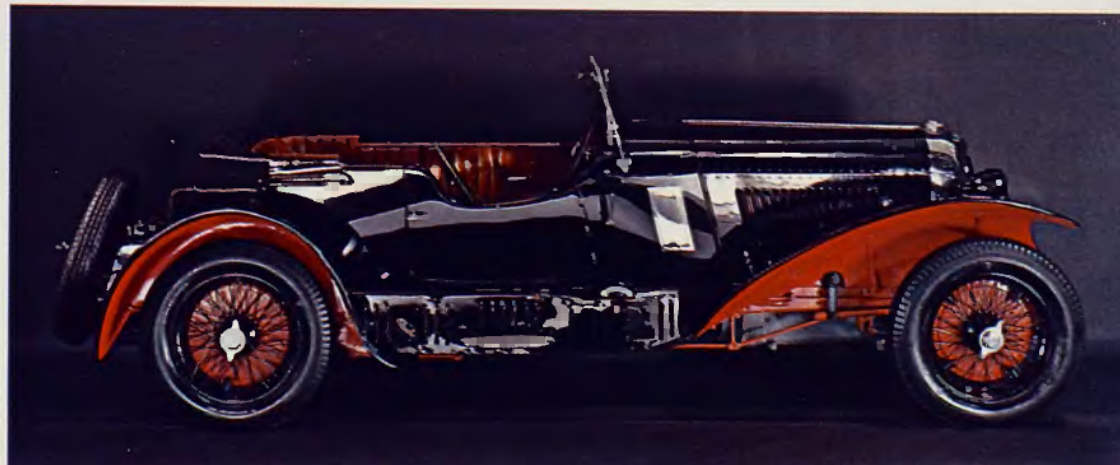


BRIGGS CUNNINGHAM AUTOMOTIVE MUSEUM

HARRAH'S AUTOMOBILE COLLECTION



Bentley 1931, 4 1/2 liter. The Bentley, a most revered British sports car, was five times a winner at Le Mans. This, the "blower Bentley" (supercharged), is a notable rarity.



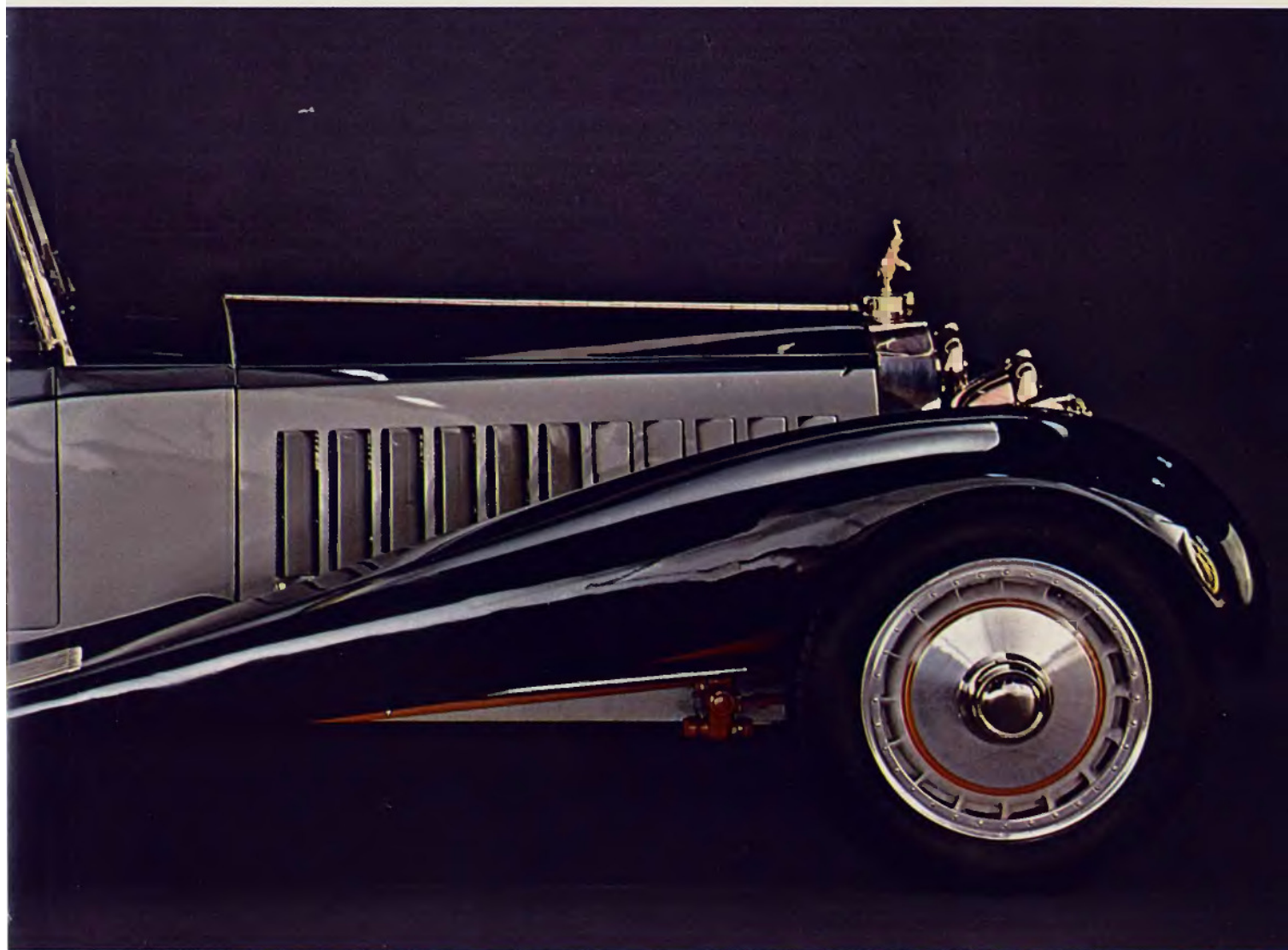


choose ten cars. Incidentally, but importantly, each would be thoroughly enjoyable to drive. This condition would exclude many historically notable vehicles, simply because they're slow or unwieldy or unreliable. I think everything should run, and reasonably quickly, too. In this, if not in all else, I am a partisan of the British discipline in collecting, which holds it offensive to keep an old motorcar, even a valuable one, squirreled away and not run it. British sportsmen run racing cars of the 1920s, 1930s and earlier in earnest competitions, accepting the risk of wiping out an uninsured \$15,000 antique in a race for a five-dollar silver mug. A leader of this short-fused pack is a charming mad Welshman, Hamish Moffatt, who runs a 1926 Grand Prix Bugatti in flat-out races on *original*, narrow-section, hard-rubber tires, and in the rain. He wins, too.

To begin arbitrarily with a pair of two-seater sports cars: a Frazer Nash and a Morgan. These also have in



Bugatti 1931 Type 41. The king-emperor of production motorcars, it was usually called The Golden Bug or The Bugatti Royale. It is huge: 4½ feet longer than a Cadillac Eldorado, for example, and a foot longer from nose to windshield than a Pontiac Grand Prix. The bare chassis price alone was \$20,000. This sedan de ville is the most elegant of the 41s.



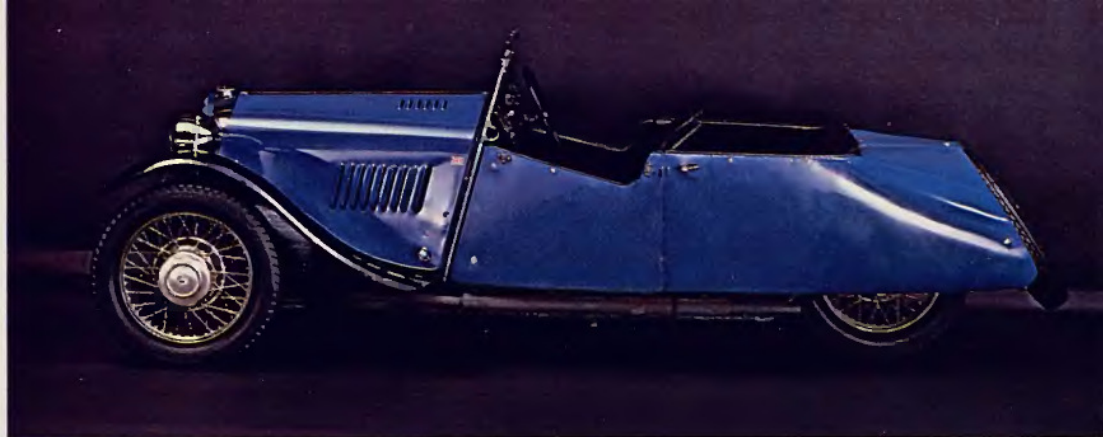
common that they are chain-driven, British, distinguished in competition history, delightful to drive and cult objects. The Frazer Nash was designed by Captain Archibald Frazer-Nash initially and built from 1924 to 1938. Not many were made: probably 348. I have seen only three in this country. The British regard the surviving 'Nash cars—there are about 150 of them—on the level of national treasure, and the Frazer Nash section of the Vintage Sports Car Club effectively controls their disposition. Perhaps half-a-dozen chain-driven Frazer Nashes appear on the British market in a given year, and it's usual to find their sale conditional on a promise not to export, although this can sometimes be overcome. I think the Frazer Nash is heavily underpriced in the current market at around \$5000 and I expect to see it pulling \$10,000 or so within the next few years.

A good 'Nash is recognizable as a thing worth owning at first sight: Like the TC MG, which it somewhat resembles, it's a fortunate design, a happy one, everything falling properly together. The front axle is bare, well out ahead of the stone-guarded radiator, with its quick-release cam-type cap; hood length is right, body length

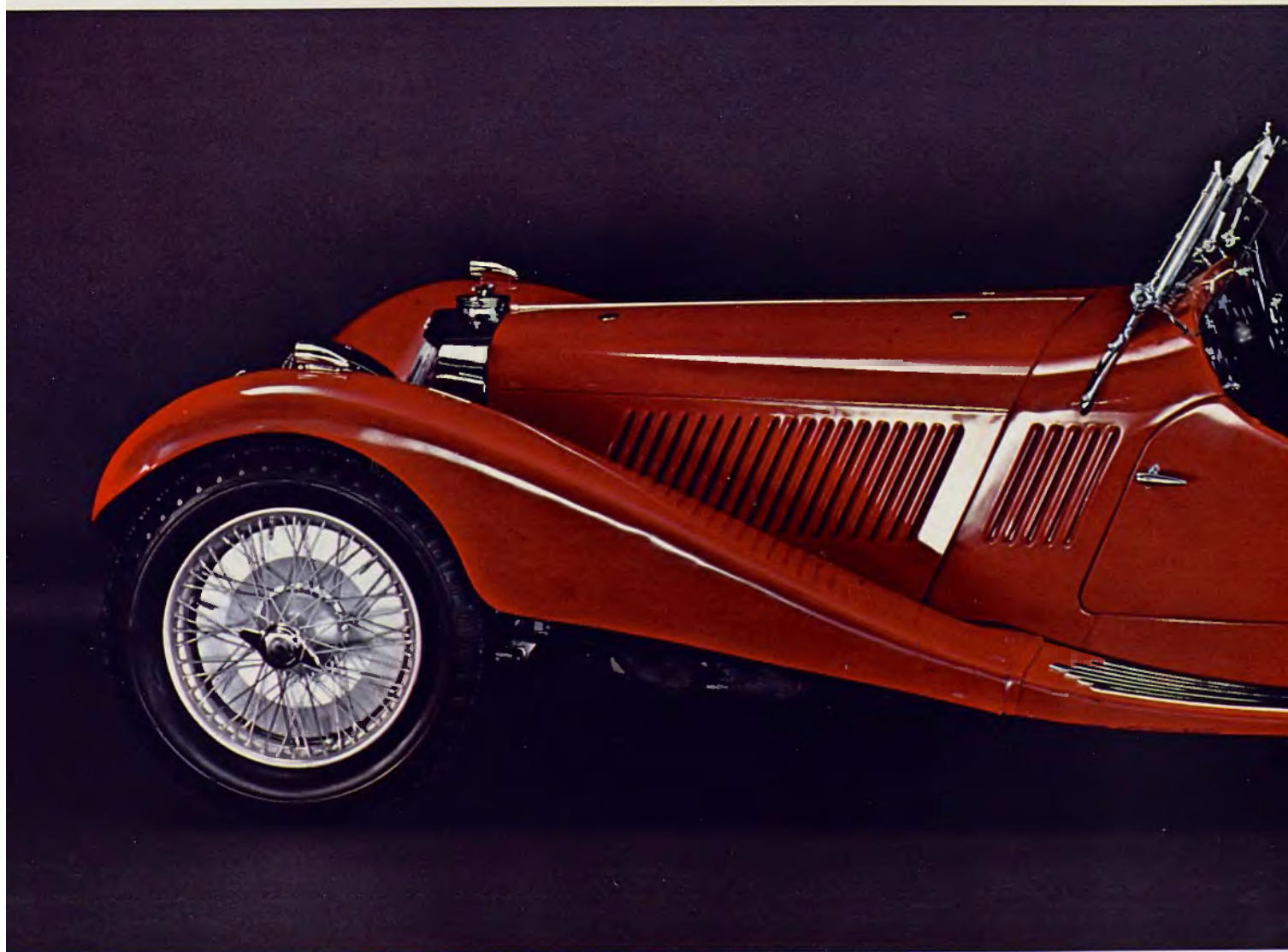




Morgan Three-Wheeler F-4. The only success among the many attempts at a three-wheel car. Some 40,000 were built, mostly two-seaters, from 1911 to 1952.



HARRAH'S AUTOMOBILE COLLECTION



HARRAH'S AUTOMOBILE COLLECTION

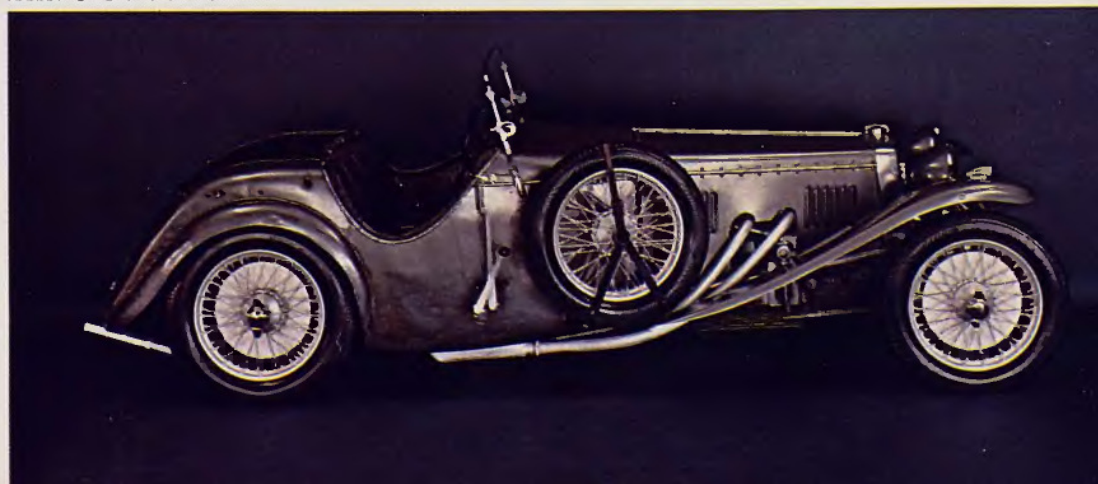


Frazer Nash 1935 Shelsley. A legendary sports-touring car driven by a unique four-chain system. This model (right) was supercharged.



Duesenberg 1933 SJ (far right). The costliest American production cars ever, at \$14,750-\$25,000, were the Indianapolis-made SJs.

HARRAH'S AUTOMOBILE COLLECTION



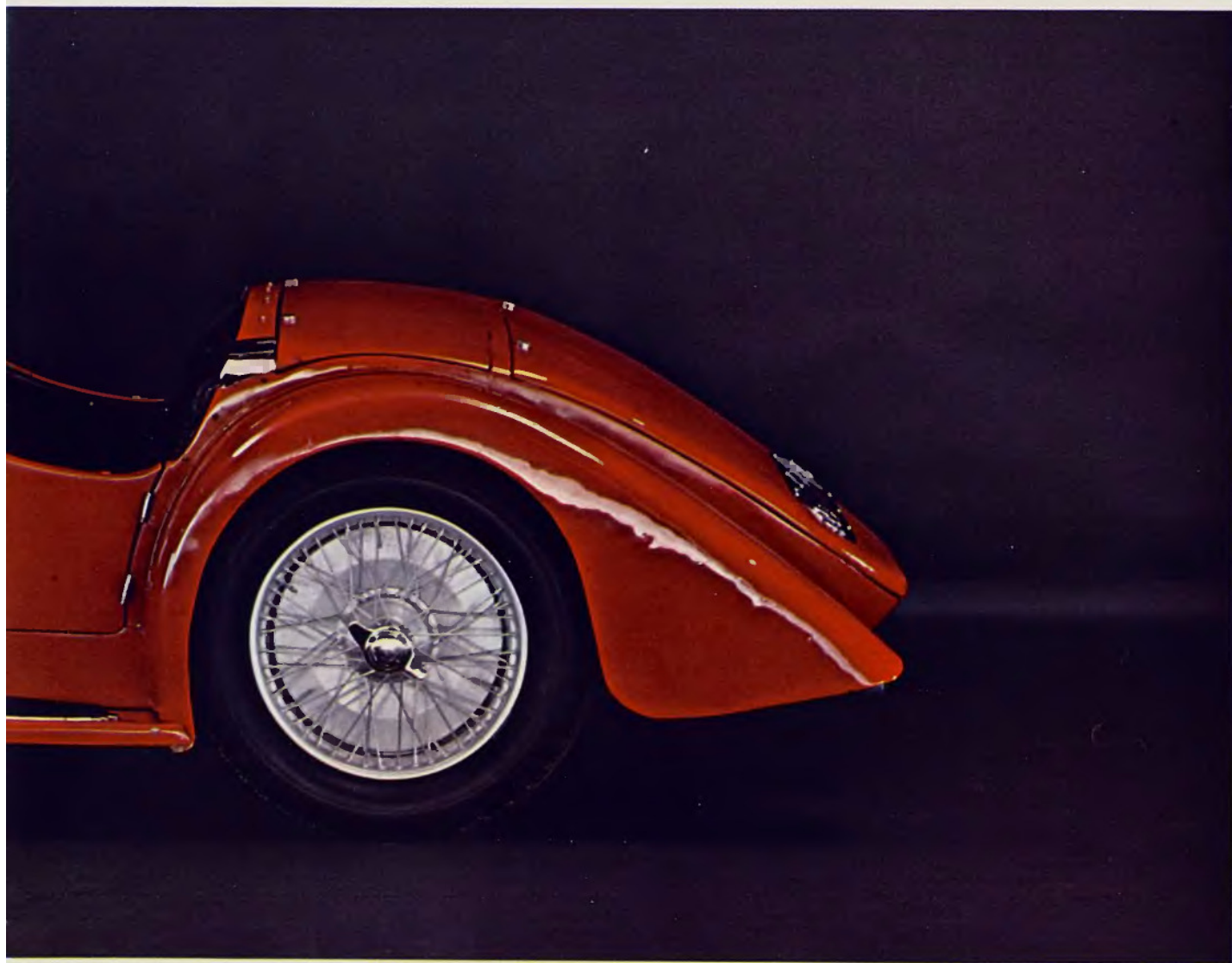


right, nothing out in back but a saddlebag gas tank; leather hold-down strap on the hood, outside exhaust pipes, strap-held spare, outside gearshift, brake and spark lever, fold-down windshield, double aeroscreens behind it, walnut and leather—nothing extra, nothing missing.

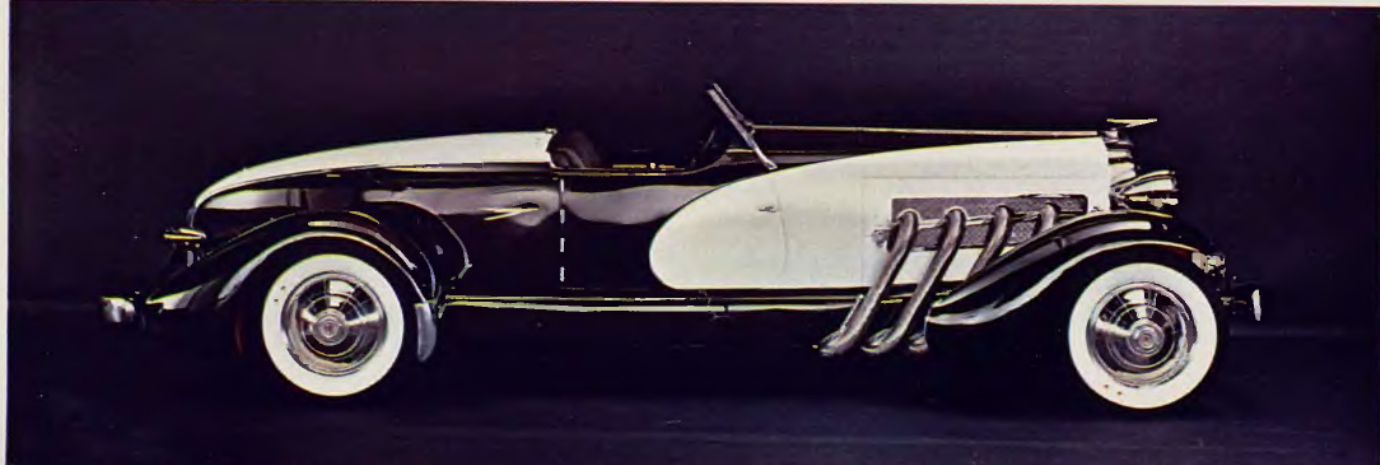
The Frazer Nash is absolutely unique and therefore most rare in one particular: Its chain-drive system was used on no other automobile ever built, save its own immediate ancestor, the Godfrey-Nash cyclecar. Strange, because it's a good system; and in the usage for which it was designed—competition/everyday normal—it had marked advantages. It's simple: The drive shaft runs straight from the clutch to a right-angle gearbox that sprouts two half-shafts; these carry four sprocket wheels and from each of them a chain runs to a corresponding wheel on the



Squire 1935. A two-seater by Vonden Plas, an eminent coachbuilder of the 1930s. Its young British designer, Adrian Squire, was attempting to establish a cost-no-object sports-car manufactory. The lofty price tag (\$7500) defeated him.



HARRAH'S AUTOMOBILE COLLECTION





solid back axle. All the sprocket wheels run all the time, and gear selection is by dog clutches on the half-shafts: easy, instantaneous, silent. This system delivered two dividends: Changing gear ratios to fit varying circuits was only a matter of switching one sprocket per change, and the solid rear axle gave superior acceleration. (Absence of a differential also meant that in cornering, with the right and left rear wheels traveling different arcs and so different distances, a certain amount of slippage on the road was inevitable; this is one of the factors in the markedly individual and endearing way the Frazer Nash handles.)

Most numerous of Frazer Nashes are Tourist Trophy Replicas, named after a now-defunct road race on the Isle of Man. There are many other model designations: Byfleet, Nürburg, Colmore, Exeter, Shelsley, Falcon, Ulster, Boulogne. The Colmore is the only four-passenger the company made; the Shelsley is supercharged—by *two* superchargers. Four proprietary engines were used—Anzani, Blackburne, Gough and Meadows. Almost every Nash was built to order, and the customer was free to specify instrument-panel layout, the kind of steering wheel he liked, and so on.

After World War Two, the Aldington brothers of London, who'd bought the company from Captain Frazer-Nash in 1928, put on the market a shaft-driven Frazer Nash running a BMW (Bayerische Motoren Werke) engine, a good-looking car and a successful competitor on the long-distance circuits. It hadn't the panache of the chain cars, and few serious autophiles are passionate about it.

The Morgan Three-Wheeler, often called a Mog, or a Morgan Trike, is chain-driven, but in a simpler fashion: It has one wheel in the rear, and a single fat chain drives it. The Trike and the four-wheeler that is still being made were the creations of one H. F. S. Morgan, an Englishman of notable eccentricity and purpose. A whimsy of British tax law that fell with most force on the poor man encouraged the Three-Wheeler: Tricycles, described as chain-driven vehicles of 896 pounds running on three wheels were taxed a straight rate annually, whereas automobiles paid a much higher rate, figured on horsepower. This law, pre-Morgan, restricted the working classes pretty much to bikes, until H. F. S. thought to make a three-wheel chain-driven car, in 1911. From then until 1952, 40,000 came out of the tiny Morgan works in Malvern Link.

The desirable Mogs are those of the pre-War period, particularly Super Sports and Aeros powered by big two-cylinder motorcycle engines by Matchless, J. A. Prestwich, Anzani and Blackburne, which hung out in front of the radiator. They were brisk on getaway. A good sports-model Mog would do 85

as it came from the store; they were peculiarly susceptible to tuning and magic wasn't needed to work them up to 100 mph or better. They were brutes to drive; but once tamed, the characteristics that made them difficult changed them to challenging. The steering was heavy but very quick, the suspension rock hard, the brakes negligible; yet, Trike experts could make them go very fast in what looked to be comparative safety. An Englishwoman, Gwenda Stewart, drove one at 72 mph for 12 consecutive hours, and took the three-wheel world speed record at 116 and a fraction, a figure that stood for many years. It took a hot factory-run BMW motorcycle sidecar rig to lift it, finally.

The Morgan had its little eccentricities: No doors were cut into the stark, open body, but it did carry a hood and side curtains, so that in a fall of rain or snow, the inhabitants were sealed up like a tank crew. This was acceptable, and even pleasant, unless the engine stalled, as high-output two-cylinder engines sometimes do, because it had to be cranked, which meant unbuttoning everything in order to get out, an annoyance if ten cars behind were blowing their horns. It was for a long time held to be gospel that a starter wouldn't work on a two-cylinder Morgan: The engine would kick back and tear things up. This isn't true, although the starter does need to be a sturdy one. Another Morgan oddity is the accelerator, a lever working off one of the steering-wheel spokes. It has no return spring; if the driver shoves it to wide open, it stays there until it is pulled back; and when the wheel is turned, it is important to remember, since the gas lever turns with it, that down is now on and up is now off, instead of the other way around. There are two other levers on the wheel, one for spark, one for mixture control.

An early Morgan looks decidedly flimsy, and when, at around 70 mph, running on anything but plate glass, it begins to buck and leap about, lifting the inside front wheel in the corners, it feels hazardous. A sense of some security comes in time, bred of the high power-to-weight ratio and the very quick steering, but it's true that the Morgan is nothing for crashing. The chassis is basically a couple of pieces of pipe, the floor is wood and the gasoline tank is hung in the scuttle over your knees. To exit on the driver's side is something of an exercise, even when the car is standing still, and hot exhaust pipes run along both sides of the body, just under elbow height. Tire failure in the rear single wheel usually means at least a spin-out.

In the 1930s, Morgan began propelling the tricycles with softer and more civilized engines, four-cylinder British Fords, tucked out of sight in the standard fashion, as an alternative to the big

motorcycle twins; and after the War, they were standard. Cutoff date for the Ford Three-Wheelers is usually stated as 1951, but a few were made in 1952, and perhaps later, as favors for friends. The Morgan factory, a complex of seven small buildings, was run on an informal basis when the founder was in charge, and still is under his son, Peter. It is strictly a limited-production operation. A legend that is apparently immortal holds that one man paints all Morgans, with a brush. Not true; but there have been times when one man would have sufficed, periods when a production rate of one car a day or so was held to be ample. In 1965, for example, the 94 people on the Morgan payroll were turning out nine cars a week, all sold long in advance, of course. The rule is the same today: everything presold.

Ford-engined Mogs can be found occasionally in England for \$750 and up and for around \$1200 here. The twins run higher and a fine one in original shape, or restored, can go to \$2500. They are good buys now at any reasonable figure. A Morgan is easily broken up; their engines were always in demand. Two World Wars and a serious depression junked many of them in England. Morgan Trikes will always be in short supply and their prices can go upward only.

I mentioned earlier that the last purchase of a T-head Mercer Raceabout had been at the Parke-Bernet sale in Brookline, at \$45,000. It reflects the rarity of this model of Mercer (there are fewer than 30 known to be in existence) and its undisputed place at the top of the list of desirable American-built cars. The last "new" Mercer was found 20 years ago. It turned up in a tiny Canadian village as a result of an article I had written, and I bought it, completely unrestored, for \$1250, a reasonable price at the time. It's now in the Josiah K. Lilly collection in Massachusetts.

There are cars much sought after today that didn't amount to a great deal in their own time, but the Mercer was exciting from the beginning. It was nearly unique in its triple-use capability: a good passenger, sports and racing car. The Mercer Raceabout was sturdy, reliable and unfussy; on the road, it would outperform almost anything else of its time, 1911-1914, and you could buy one, take it straight to a race track and win with it. It was a lot of automobile for \$2500.

The Roebling family (the same people who built the Brooklyn Bridge) was behind the Mercer and the factory was in Trenton (Mercer County), New Jersey. Finley Robertson Porter designed the T-head (so called because of the configuration of the cylinder head) and his was the rare satisfaction of living long enough to see his car selling for ten times its first price. Like the Frazer

(continued on page 108)





*"He said he wanted to make love to me in the worst way, and he did."*







AS I SAT in front of my television set watching the second invasion of Czechoslovakia, this time by the Communist storm troopers, resentment and despair, shame, indignation and the frustrated awareness of my total impotence were racing wildly through the corridors of my mind, like the "hounds of heaven" in the famous Housman poem. I was trying to control my breathing and to clear my throat; my whole body was tense, and in my hands there was a kind of physical longing for the controls of the bomber I had flown against the other Nazis during the War. Then, out of some even darker corner of my psyche, there suddenly arose a monstrous thought: This, if ever, was a case for the use of the atom bomb. Under the impact of intolerable provocation, faced with this cynical baiting of my helplessness and weakness through a combination of total frustration and powerless sense of injustice, I was crossing the border of sanity and falling prey to the obscure forces within a Lee Harvey Oswald, a Hitler or a Sirhan Sirhan.

My own reaction is the answer to all those who wonder how violence has become our daily companion, why students are running amuck in every city of the world. Our consciousness and conscience, our inbred belief in the existence of some kind of honor among men are mercilessly teased, baited, provoked day by day, hour by hour, through the instant audio-visual contact with the world we live in. This world may be no more ugly than it was 50 years ago, but its

beastliness was then ignored or unknown to a colossal degree, and this ignorance protected our psyche. But two generations of mass media and communications have exposed both the world to us and us to the world in such a brutal way that our conscience has become an exposed nerve. An adjustment to such a situation becomes not only impossible but immoral; that is why Freud and psychoanalysis are more and more rejected by the young, as Miss Anna Freud herself so courageously pointed out some time ago. In the world of Prague, Biafra, Vietnam and Harlem, can anyone tell me what could possibly be meant by an adjusted man? Brainwashed at best; more likely, a passive accomplice. For the youth of today, to be ill adjusted is a term of praise, a first necessity in terms of dignity, of moral and psychological survival, as well as the first prerequisite to a radical change of the total environment.

Not long ago, I heard an 18-year-old boy say ironically, looking at his father with an unbelievable expression of scorn:

## THE BAITING SOCIETY opinion by ROMAIN GARY

YOUNG PEOPLE,  
FEELING TRAPPED BY A  
SEDUCTIVE WORLD  
THEY NEVER MADE, ARE  
APPROACHING THE EXPLOSIVE  
CRITICAL MASS—BUT  
RUN THE RISK  
THAT THEIR IDEALS  
OF CHANGE MAY DEGENERATE  
INTO POWER-STRUGGLE  
CONFRONTATIONS

"Yeah, he's always been well adjusted."

One of the most absurd arguments advanced against the 16,000 rioting students in Paris last May ran as follows: "We are feeding them, clothing them, we are giving them all the opportunities to learn and to occupy a place in society, then they go and throw stones at us." It is true that 90 percent of the rioters were *filis à papa*. It is, however, the most stupidly selfish argument ever employed by the French *bourgeoisie* in blind self-defense. For the so-called French revolution of 1968 had its roots precisely in the fact that the young intellectuals of Nanterre and Paris could no longer stand to be well fed, well clothed, well educated and settled in jobs in a world where 700,000,000 people are suffering from malnutrition. It was said that the rioting students had no purpose in sight. True enough, they were merely vomiting the world.

Being a violent person myself, I am no less aware than other observers of the pathological character of all violence and I would be the last to defend it or to sing its praise. But, on the other hand, we cannot drive people mad and then condemn them for being insane. I am also aware that violence derives either from our own self-righteous conviction that we are absolutely right or from our reaction to others who feel and behave as if they are absolutely right. Such an attitude excludes all margin of tolerance. The belief in one's cause becomes so strong that all other moral considerations are swept aside, usually together



with some butchered or burned bodies of men, women and children. My moral convictions become so overwhelming that I no longer let ordinary morality stand in my way. For the holder of absolute truth, everything else ceases to matter. During the last War, I spent five years more or less continuously at the controls of a bomber in England, Abyssinia, Libya, Syria, France and Germany. In 1943, I dive-bombed and missed an enemy submarine. I have often heard of bomber pilots who, years later, experience a recurrent nightmare: They see the victims of their bombing. I suffer from an even more terrible recurrent nightmare: Twenty-six years later, I still dream that I miss that submarine. I wake up screaming in a cold sweat because I have *not* killed. My anti-Nazi convictions and my belief in what I was fighting for were so absolute that I had become a highly decorated killing machine. Even today, my painfully abstract remorse stems from the fact that I feel no remorse.

Albert Camus has written what to me is one of the two key sentences of our or, for that matter, any other time: "I am against all those who think they are absolutely right." And I may as well quote the other key sentence in the same context: "You condemn to the death penalty a guilty man, but you always carry out the sentence on an innocent one." I know of no greater truth; and yet, as I was watching the rape of Czechoslovakia, I felt so absolutely right in my indignation that I caught myself longing for the absolute weapon.

I do not believe that this is a time when one can have a conscience and be entirely sane. Brutality is merely the opposite pole of this escape from reality; the oversensitive individual always dreams of toughness, of virility, and can become a pathological killer merely to escape from his own feeling of impotence.

My contention is that we are in the midst of the greatest psychological, moral and spiritual crisis that our civilization has ever known. Ideology has become associated with mass murder. Materialistic society finds nowhere to go, except to more of the same, and there is neither God nor man in sight any longer. Humanism is dead and Man, with a capital M, died with it. I myself believe in an extraordinary spiritual revolution and renaissance in the next century, and it probably will be of a scientific origin or, if you prefer, a revelation. Man cannot live by man alone. The new civilization will have to find outside help. I do, however, feel that our traditional religions are all deeply associated with our fiasco and that our spiritual rebirth will have very little to do with them.

One of the most obvious reasons for our angst is, of course, the fact that we are truly opening our eyes for the first time. For thousands of years, civilizations prospered on a happy mixture of limited knowledge and unlimited ignorance. The most frightening, shocking single event in Voltaire's life and time was the Calcutta earthquake. Today, an earthquake is a reassuring thing: At least there is one horror for which we are not responsible. We are living in a state of instant and constant awareness. Let me give you an example of the power of the mass media. Last May, in Paris, a few hundred students occupied the Sorbonne. It so happened that while Dean Roche, Chief of Police Grimaud and Sauvageot—the handsome Ché Guevara of the students' revolt—were negotiating inside the building, unknown to them, Radio Luxembourg had its mikes there and every word of the angry discussion was on the air. Within a matter of hours, the 400 students were 16,000 and the May revolution began.

It would, of course, be absurd and totally unacceptable that the realities of the world we live in should be deliberately hidden from us. But it is no less true that we are overexposed. By its very nature, television dwells on dramatic events. There is no show element in peace. Nondrama, the nonhappening, is not something upon which movies, radio and television can feed and prosper. Our conscience and consciousness are therefore constantly bombarded with the worst: The very nature of showmanship, of the spectacular, of the arresting, of the dramatic, is shock. Overemphasis sets in with the necessity to conquer new audiences and to fight the competition of other media. All those who listened to the hysterical radio report on the assassination of Senator Robert Kennedy soon found themselves reacting hysterically to the tragedy. Superevents provoke overreactions. Even the voices of the majority of news commentators in the United States are almost constantly keyed up; they tend to overplay the drama already emphatic enough in itself. The accent is always on tragedy, and the more peaceful and happy aspects of life are largely ignored. There is an old saying in France: "Happy people have no history." There is no story in the absence of drama. We are, therefore, being served day-by-day overdoses of tragedy and we like, through mass media, a permanent show, with the consequence that a lack of entertainment, which was our normal way of life for thousands of years, leaves us in a vacuum. It is not so much the violence on the television screen or in the movies, as is too often said, that leads to crime and violence; it is a craving

for a constant happening, the conditioning by the constant dramatic vibration on the screen, which, in the end, equates nondrama with a feeling of nonexistence. As often as not, violence in the streets is a form of self-provided entertainment.

I understand that after the assassination of Robert Kennedy, many Hollywood personalities took an oath to renounce violence in the movies in which they star. It may be a valid personal reaction against our gun society, but it has no relevance to the murder of Robert Kennedy. The young Senator was assassinated—probably as was his brother—because his glamorous personality, wealth, power, good looks and unlimited prospects had been overdramatized by mass media to the point that they were beginning to act as provocation on a paranoid personality with an inherent feeling of inferiority and frustration, always on the lookout for dramatic self-assertion. In such a situation, the assassin feels that he has avenged himself and has achieved greatness by his act, and that he has risen above the status of his victim.

As for violence in films, its influence is probably highly overestimated. And can anyone tell me what effect *Bonnie and Clyde* had on the sadistic behavior of the Chicago police during the convention?

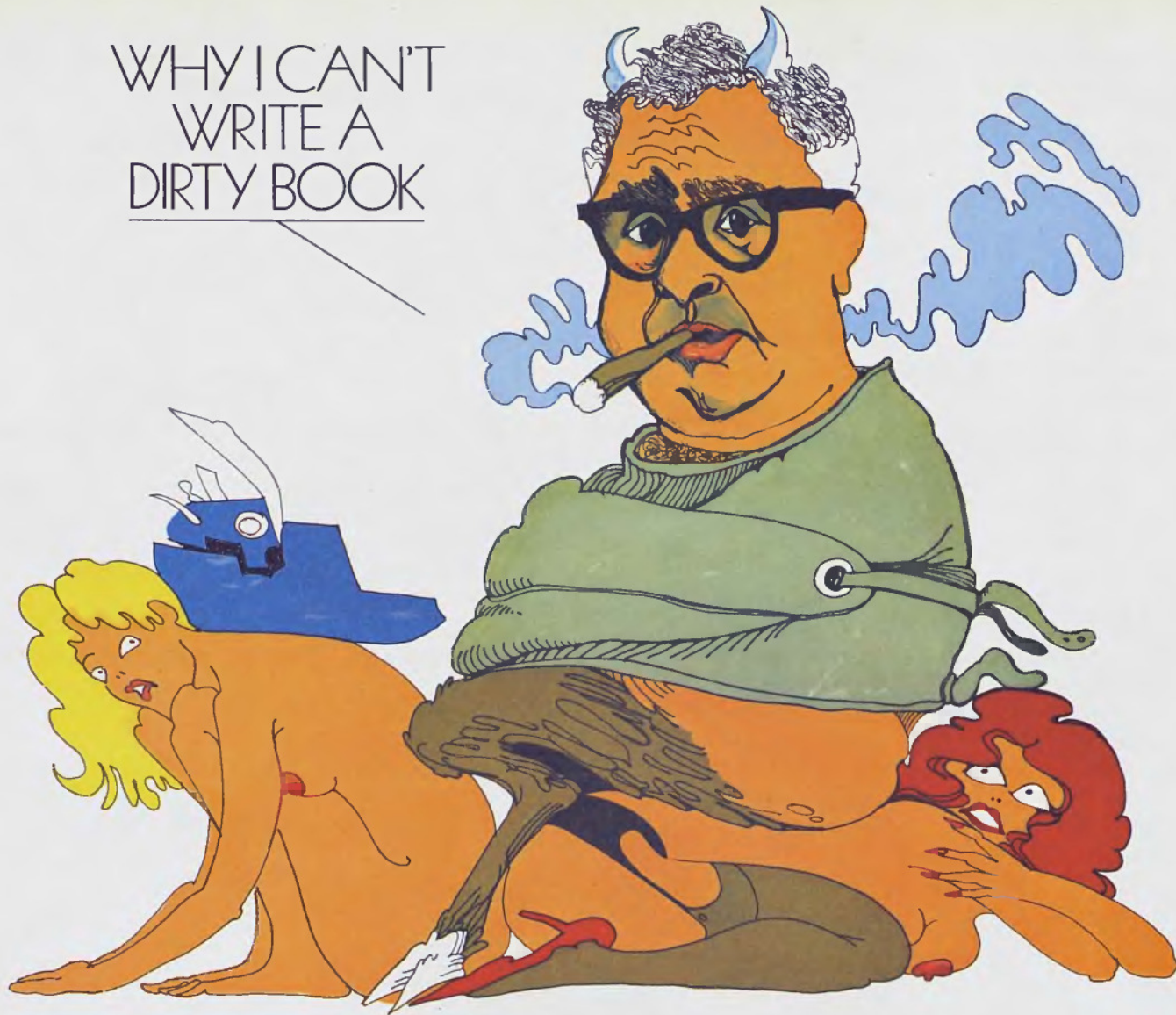
During last spring's riots in Washington, I was fortunate enough to be able to witness an example of a truly curious rapport between the television addicts and the magical box. Several houses were burning around 14th Street. A few blocks from the nearest and clearly visible fire, I saw a crowd in front of a store. The crowd was watching a television set in the window, and do you know what they were looking at? They were looking at a house burning in the neighborhood. They had only to turn their heads to see the fire live, but they obviously preferred to watch it on TV. Maybe they were confident that the network had picked the *best* fire for them. Or maybe they wanted to see the commercial that would follow. I do not pretend to be able to explain this phenomenon. At one moment, I even began to suspect that the crowd was not watching the fire on the screen but the TV set itself. Or perhaps they were just waiting for someone to break the window, so that they could take the set and the fire home with them.

The power of the transistor radio in the underdeveloped countries is fantastic. It can be argued that Egypt and the whole Arab Middle East are held together only by transistor radio. A few words can throw millions of people into the streets, as happened in Cairo during Nasser's "abdication" speech, and in Paris, in

(continued on page 114)



# WHY I CAN'T WRITE A DIRTY BOOK



*humor* By ART BUCHWALD *there's gold in them thar thrills,  
but even an author with the best of venal intentions may find it just doesn't pan out*

IT IS ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL that anyone today who claims to be a writer must produce a pornographic book. It is a status symbol comparable with that of the Hemingway era, when, in order to be a writer, you had to bag a lion.

You would think writing a pornographic book would be one of the easiest things in the world. Well, it isn't. I know, because I've been trying to write one for two years.

I think one of my problems is that I've been doing too much research. I like to be well versed in any subject I attack, so I spend hours upon hours reading other pornographic books; and by the time I get my reading done, I'm so excited I can't write myself.

Another thing that seems to have me stymied is that I don't know what kind of pornography to specialize in. I'm not sure whether I want to appeal to the flagellation-sadomasochistic school of writing, which has a limited but devoted audience:

*"You're not going to whip me with that?" she cried hopefully.*

*"That's not all I'm going to do with you, you bitch," he chortled.*

Or go commercial and write a wife-swapping novel:

*"I've never done it with anyone but Fred," she cried, as she took off her slip.*

*"I've never done it with anyone but Sue," he said nervously, as he hung up his pants on a chair.*

*She gasped as she gazed at his power, and suddenly Fred was the furthest thing from her mind.*

But then I say to myself, "Everyone is writing wife-swapping books these days and I'm not going to sell out for a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, no matter how much money there is in it."

So the thought occurs that maybe I should write a story of a woman who, because of a gang rape or some other beastly act, turns to another woman or women for consolation and love:

*She sat in the chair, her skirt raised above her thighs, and looked into my face. My heart leaped as I saw*



her wet lips open and heard her voice say, "You know why I'm here." I fought back the impulse to drop to my knees and kiss those long beautiful white legs, but suddenly she rose from her chair, took my hand and placed it on her breast. The room started spinning. . . .

I guess there's a need for this type of book and I should be fulfilling it, but I've always believed that if you're going to write a novel, it should have social significance. And I keep thinking I could strike a blow for civil liberties if I could just find some way of dealing with a racial situation in a pornographic way:

*She stared at the ebony face of her giant chauffeur and snarled, "Don't ever put your nigger hands on me, or my husband will kill you." The chauffeur tried to back out of the room in fear, but she blocked his way. Her negligee fell open and her snow-white breasts popped out. "Rape me," she cried, as she tore at his shirt. "Hurry, Hurry, Hurry."*

I keep saying to myself, "If I do write a book like that, will I change anybody's mind about race relations, or will it just be another hopeless exercise in the white man patronizing the black?"

Besides, perhaps it is more important to write about big business and expose the brutal methods used to achieve power and wealth:

*"Mrs. McCarthy, you realize, of course, that if you don't take off your clothes, your husband will lose his job and I will see that he never works in the advertising business again."*

*"But, Mr. Ryerson," she pleaded, knowing it was futile, "don't make me do this. There must be some other way of saving George for losing the Soft-As-Sheep Carpet account."*

Ryerson laughed, his beady eyes glinted. Then he got up from behind his desk and walked over to her. "Do you want to start unbuttoning your blouse, or do you want me to call Personnel?"

*"No," she said, as she unzipped her skirt, trembling. "I have to do it for George."*

As you can see, there are so many directions to go in these days when you want to write a pornographic book that it's almost impossible to stick with one theme. I imagine I could combine the themes, as many writers do, but the question I then have to ask myself is, "Is it literature?"

I keep struggling with the problem every day; and the more pornographic books I read, the more I realize how inadequate I am to write something that will last.

At the same time, I know that if I ever hope to be taken seriously as a writer; I must get down to work on my book. But my problem is that every time I start a paragraph:

*Harry looked at the two girls in his bed and shook his head. How could he ever satisfy both of them and still make the 7:10 for Scarsdale?*

I say to myself, "Is this something the Supreme Court would want to read?" ▼







*Buck Brown*

"Could you put your clothes on, ma'am? You're scaring the horses!"



## CLASSIC-CAR COLLECTING

(continued from page 100)

Nash, the Mercer is excellently proportioned; and although there's nothing much to it—hood, gas tank, fenders, two little seats and a steering post sticking up out of a bare floor—it looks light, lithe and lively. Its famous rival, the original Stutz Bearcat, seems pushy and out of balance beside it.

A factory guarantee of 75 mph came with the Mercer, and a modest amount of tuning would take it well over that. Mercers ran up a big racing record: In 1913, a good year, 15 first places, 12 seconds and 6 thirds. In ordinary use, the car is fun to drive, the big four-cylinder engine always running slowly (2000 rpm at 75 mph!), the steering fast, if very heavy, and the suspension taut. Beginning in 1915, the company built a somewhat more conventional car designed by Erik Delling around a softer engine. These, also designated Raceabouts, are called L-heads. There were touring cars, too.

Any Mercer, dated 1911 to the year the company gave up, 1925, is valuable; but, of course, the T-head is the prize, and Mr. Harry Reznick, who took the \$45,000 car, was probably well advised. Barring catastrophe, I see no reason not to believe his car will be worth, in 2000, twice its present value. It's a rule of collecting that really sound merchandise appreciates steadily up through the years, come hell or high water, war or deflation.

Certainly as rock-solid in value as the Mercer is the Silver Ghost Rolls-Royce. The Ghost was the first long-run production car of the Derby-based firm; indeed, it had one of the longest model runs of all time—19 years, from 1906 to 1925—and, consequently, is on a lower rarity level than the Mercer. It was a better and a costlier car to begin with, however, and is now under such stringent demand that a totally unrestored 1911 brought \$20,800 in a recent British auction, even though it was wearing a fussy and ungainly looking landaulet body. To extrapolate from that figure, a fine, pre-Kaiser War Silver Ghost touring car would have made \$35,000 at the same sale, or ten times its worth 20 years ago. The highest known price for a Rolls-Royce is the \$65,000 paid a few months ago for a four-cylinder of 1905 vintage.

Frederick Henry Royce made his first car in 1903 and ran the company with an iron hand until his death three decades later. His partnership with C. S. Rolls began in 1904 and ended with Rolls' death in an airplane accident in 1910. Originally, the car was called the Royce-Rolls and probably should have been always, but Rolls wanted to see his name first and he was putting up the money. The usage "Rolls" has always been held a vulgarism, but to call the car a "Royce" is permitted, although it presumes a close acquaintance. (Factory

people have from the beginning said they were working at Royce's.) It was Royce, a born mechanic and a man obsessed with unattainable perfection, who created the car; and the British Empire, gratefully, made him a baronet for it. The combination of elegance, silence, speed and longevity achieved in the Silver Ghost Rolls-Royce has probably never been equaled. From the beginning, the car was guaranteed for three years unconditionally: parts and labor free. In some particulars, its design was less than genius-struck, but the quality of the material that went into it and the care its builders lavished upon it had not been seen before and probably have been equaled since only in the Mercedes-Benz shops. For example, for years, Rolls-Royce procedure in assembling the chassis frame called for tapered bolts fitted into hand-reamed holes and tightened to a precise torque figure; the radiator shell was then and is now hand-soldered, the main plates infinitesimally curved so as to appear perfectly flat—a trick borrowed from the Parthenon.

If you can't find a Ghost within the extreme range of your bank account, there are valuable successor models. The Phantom I is a splendid car and the only Rolls-Royce besides the Silver Ghost made in the United States (in Springfield, Massachusetts, briefly) as well as in England. The P-II Continental, a rarity—fewer than 325 were made—and commensurately costly, is one of the dozen most capable fast touring motor-cars that ever ran. The smaller Royces, the 20-hp, the 20-25 and 25-30, low on most autophiles' want lists up to the present, have been good buys for some time as the available stock of the bigger cars was drained away into permanent possession in collections and museums. A *coupe de ville* on a 20-hp chassis makes a lovely miniature. Coupe bodies were often mounted on the light Royces, the ensemble meant to appeal to doctors, and these are useful and pretty still.

In the 1930s, the New York carriage maker Brewster bought up limousines and hearses and mounted more desirable bodies on them; notably, a stylish roadster. A British firm is currently planning to make replica Phantom I touring cars in the same way. To prevent deception (could there be anything lower than a larcenous used-car salesman specializing in Rolls-Royces?), they will be discreetly and permanently marked as nonoriginals, but otherwise indistinguishable from the real thing. They will be excellent long-term investments; I certainly intend to buy one.

England has known automobiles of reputation so puissant that one would be justified in thinking they'd been built in thousands. The Marendaz comes to mind, and the Leyland Eight and the

Invicta, all cars famous in the connoisseur's memory and all made in very short runs. The most extraordinary of the lot may be the Squire, a potent sports car first dated 1934. Every reference book on high-performance cars lists the Squire, and many who've known all about the car for years have been staggered to learn, finally, that the total production was seven units. True, though. Only a dozen cars had been planned, and when the company, out of money, closed down in 1936, it had built twelve chassis and seven complete cars. The extra chassis and parts were bought up by the owner of one of the original eight, a Val Zethrin, and in the next three years, he slowly built three units, properly called Squire-Zethrin types.

Gregor Grant's *British Sports Cars* says of the Squire, "The late A. M. Squire was by way of being a genius, and there is no doubt that the 1½-liter Squire was one of the most attractive sports cars ever built . . . one of the most talked-about cars of the time. It bristled with interesting features developed from racing practice. . . ."

Adrian Squire, designer and builder, was a short, intense-looking man, dapper, wearing a big R. A. F. mustache. He was a draftsman and engineer at the MG factory, and long remembered as a good one. His purpose in the Squire was straightforward: He wanted to build the best possible sports car, cost no object. He consequently had to price the vehicle at \$7500, a stiff figure at any time and seriously high in a period of economic spin like the 1930s. In two years, he did push the price down to \$4000, still a lot, when MGs were going for less than \$1000. Of course, the Squire offered a firmer base for the mechanical one-upmanship that has always marked sports-car people: a supercharged double-overhead-cam Anzani engine with a finned oil cooler out in front of the radiator, a Wilson pre-selector gearbox—and a signed statement that the car had lapped the Brooklands track at 100-plus mph.

When he saw he couldn't keep the company afloat any longer, Adrian Squire went back to the drafting table, this time for an aircraft firm. He was killed in a 1940 air raid. I know of three Squires in this country. Although it is very rare, indeed, the Squire has almost none of the glamorous history—competition or civilian—that attends some other low-production makes, and the car's worth is accordingly lower. I would think \$10,000 a fair figure for a Squire in good to fine condition. Fair is one thing, though, and persuading a reluctant owner to give one up is something else. Still, one ought never to go over the market. A collector I know who has almost unlimited resources abides rigorously by a self-fixed rule never to go over the market, by which he means his

(continued on page 201)



*pictorial*

# **AUTO EROTICA**

*with our own highway-beautification program, you  
don't have to be a roads scholar to get the message  
from these travelers' aides to happier motoring*

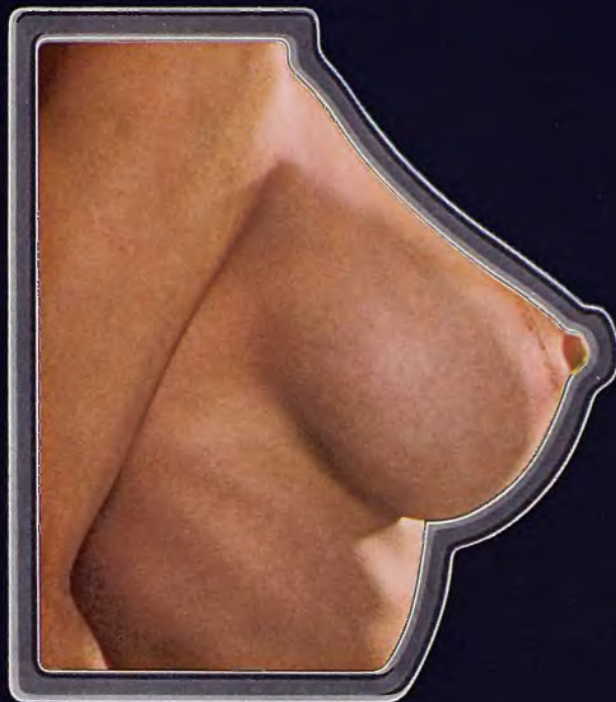
**CURVES AHEAD**







LEFT TURN



RIGHT TURN



SLIPPERY WHEN WET

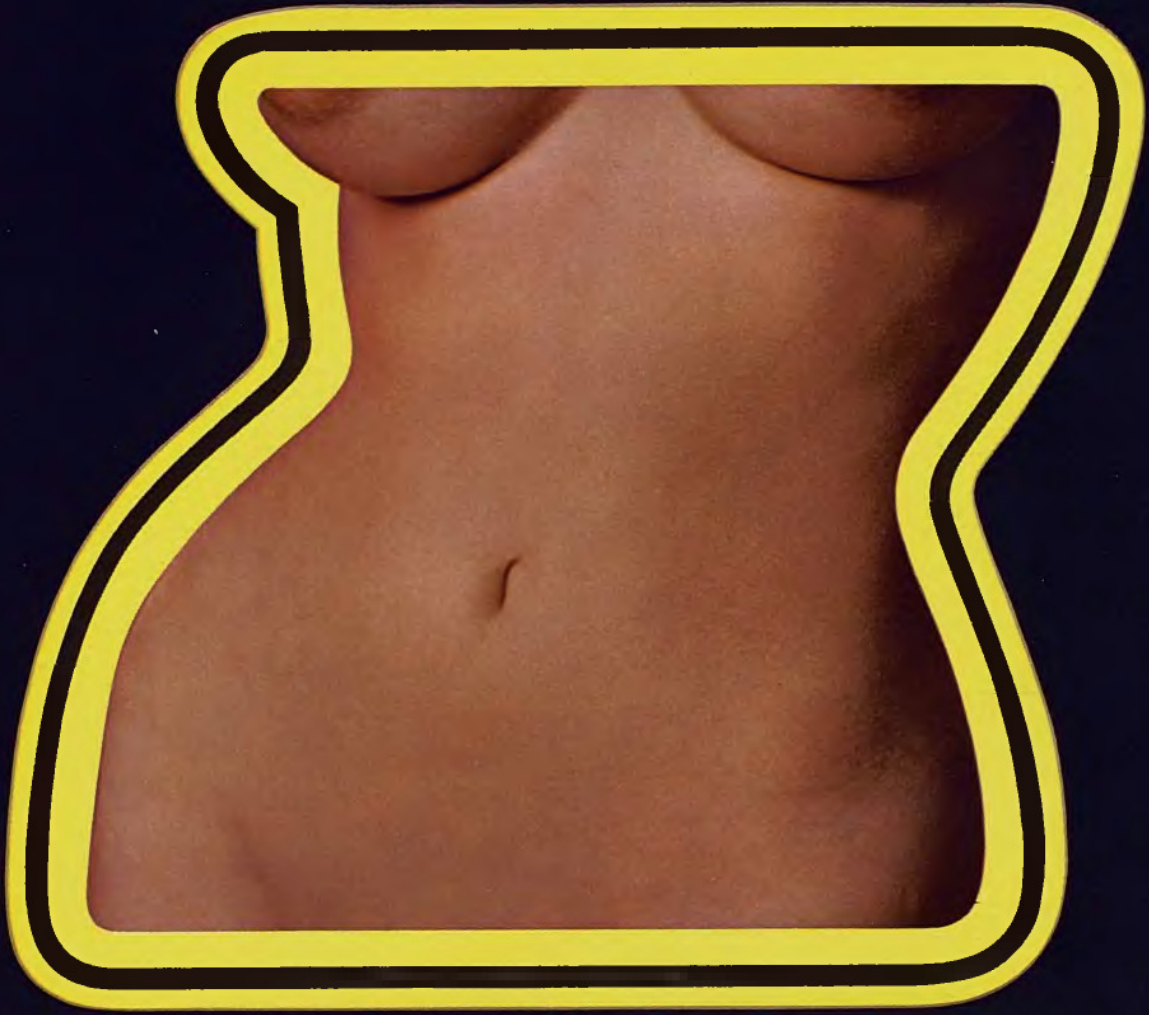


YIELD



HOSPITAL ZONE





ROAD NARROWS



MERGING TRAFFIC





TWO-WAY TRAFFIC

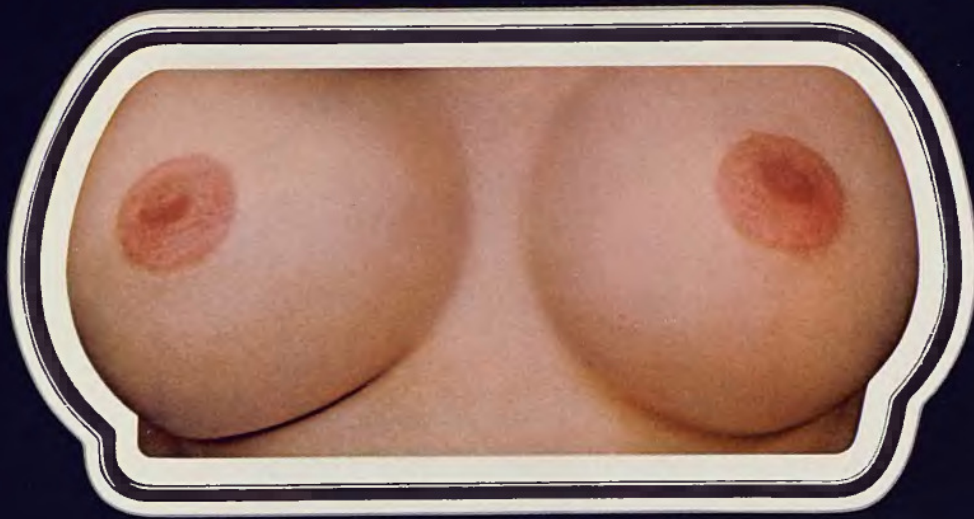


DIVIDED PAVEMENT ENDS

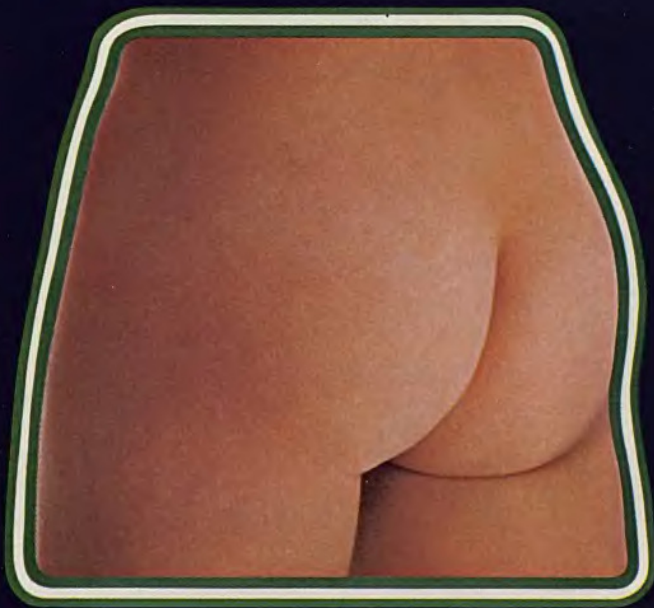


BUMP AHEAD





TURN ON HEADLIGHTS



WRONG WAY



ROAD CLOSED



STOP



# BAITING SOCIETY

(continued from page 104)

the Champs Elysées, during De Gaulle's challenging speech against the Communist Party.

The power of the mass media is snowballing through the democratic explosion and coincides with the appearance on the social scene of a completely new and extremely receptive class—youth, with its own economic power and leadership, its own mechanized transport, vocabulary, heroes and tribal organizations, with its more sensitive and militant elements refusing any form of integration. Youth power is in the process of radically changing the patterns of behavior in our society; and the adults are simply unable to meet the challenge of the young and to compete with them, if only because they are almost physiologically incapable of the same reflexes, vitality, eagerness and freshness of outlook. All they seem able to do is to call the police. In such a situation, mass reactions are bound to become endemic and explosive, unpredictable and beyond the grasp of traditional reason. In France, the average age at a mass meeting 35 years ago was 42. Today, it is 24. A huge turnout 40 years ago meant 100,000 people; today, it means nearly 1,000,000. A large minority of this new class, youth, seeks a deliberate alienation from the rest of society, develops new codes of behavior and reinvents something akin to tribalism. The recourse to tribalism—hippies, black angels, psychedelic clans, gangs, sects, each with its own way of living, of dressing, each with its own customs, language, signs and symbols—is a reaction of the individual against the sucking-in pressures of a homogenized society endowed with unlimited power and authority over him. The individual regroups himself within the tribe and tries to create a world of his own. This form of retreat will be prevalent as long as a prosperous society permits such marginal living, which is feeding essentially on surplus and offal: The same forces will become revolutionary when marginal forms of escape living become economically impossible. Add to this the demographic congestion in urban areas and the evidence that our unreconstructed society is largely incapable of coping with the growth of its own birth rate, and it becomes apparent that we will either have to reconstruct the society entirely or establish a police state. Our civilization remains static and clings to sameness, while all its components, from technology to communications media, are in constant change, which can only mean an explosion, a breakdown or rapid, deliberate progress. The whole refuses to follow the changes of its components.

Within the U. S. A., the combined psychological pressures of advertising and of the constant show of wealth surrounding the poor are so strong that they amount to an invitation to looting or to robbery. The baiting never stops. Buy! Consume! You cannot do without this; this is the newest and the best and you must have it! Come on, it's waiting for you! How can we act indignant after that when the ghetto kid, submitted to such a teasing, at the first opportunity goes on a looting spree? America has laid out the rule for the successful consumers' society: Get rich. Yet it refuses both within its national boundaries and throughout the world to play its own game. Willing or not, it finds itself, therefore, constantly baiting, taunting and provoking millions of its own economically abandoned nonconsumers, as well as all the underdeveloped countries. The attitude of the destitute masses of South America, Asia and Africa toward the U. S. A. is that of the average looter toward a Fifth Avenue store.

The alternative to crime would be revolutionary, it would consist of an attempt to overthrow a society that at the same time baits you with its riches and denies you economic access to them. Crime is a form of adjustment to society. It's a pathological way of accepting this society and of answering to its pressures. Crime is not, as is often said, the left hand of idealism: It is the right hand of ignorance.

Each of us can compose his own list of overwhelming forces active as a tease within our baiting society. Authority, for instance, has become a dirty word because of the sheer exhibitionistic, overactive and ever-present aspects of it. For young people everywhere, revolutionary and nonrevolutionary alike, from Moscow to Belgrade, from Prague to Paris, from Chicago to Montreal, authority is the number-one enemy. No wonder: Living has become an exercise in bureaucracy. Individual freedom has all the scope of a pedestrian crossing: Walk, Don't Walk. During the students' May revolt, when spring in Paris was blossoming with slogans on all walls in the flickering light of burning cars, one of the graffiti I read was: "Down with the bureaucracy of living!" It was impossible to find out what the students were fighting for, in terms of actual politically constructive changes. They were merely reacting to the daily baiting of our civilization, reaching for an overexposed and unacceptable reality; and they reminded me once more of Kafka's most moving prophecy, those few words that have been my greatest inspiration as a writer and

whose echo can be heard in all my books: "The power of the human scream is so great that it will smash all the iron laws decreed against man."

"*La puissance, voilà l'ennemi!*" ("Power, that's the enemy!") ran another bit of writing on the wall. The individual is surrounded by the evidence of too much implacable power around him—nuclear, economic, military, industrial, mechanized, organized, anonymous, impudent power. The individual either capitulates to the power machine and becomes a kind of "insert one" coin in its entrails or tries to destroy the machine itself, with nothing in mind to replace it. Violence, then, becomes a kind of groping for self-respect, a self-assertion, a proclamation of independence. Victory becomes irrelevant; what counts is the old-fashioned, seldom-heard-today word "honor." The rebellious Jews of the Warsaw ghetto could not hope for any victory over the German war machine. But they attained dignity and honor.

Each of us is exposed day by day to increasing doses of historical fallout. After all, there is no reason a French student should feel guilty and responsible for what happens, let us say, in Biafra. But when a mass-circulation magazine prints on its cover the picture of a tiny skeleton still stirring and staring at you under the caption, "Within two hours this child will be dead," unless you have become completely amorphous, with your sensitivity killed by overexposure and you no longer care or react (which is the first step toward a police state), any human being, and particularly the young, feels like smashing something, a typical reaction of frustration and impotence.

I vividly remember other slogans scribbled on the dirty old walls of Paris: "The word is a born liar," which is an approximate translation of "*Le mot ment comme il respire*." "The word comes with police protection and tear gas." "Truth cannot be expressed in words without lying." "Unlearn the words: Go back to before ABC." "Stop the word before it makes another million dead." As I write this, I wonder how the politicians and the warmakers everywhere would feel about this. The disillusionment of the young is entirely justified, and the indisputable fact is that the Communists and the capitalists, all the democrats and nondemocrats, all the revolutionaries and conservatives alike have betrayed their beautiful words and promises. Remember "Freedom from fear, freedom from want"? I wonder what happened to them.

To many people, this verbal aggression  
(concluded on page 200)





## BERRY-SMASHING DAY AT THE C&L

*so what can you do when a fire bomb comes through the front window?*

*fiction* **By STEPHEN DIXON** SUDDENLY, one of the front windows broke and a fire started at number-three cash register and I knew right away what had happened. Someone had thrown a Molotov cocktail through the window; because just before the smell of fire and smoke had covered over every single smell in the store, there was this smell of kerosene that had flashed in and out of my nose. "Hey, I'm burning, I'm burning up," Nelson Forman said, first very surprised to see his own clothes on fire, then running away from his post at number three with flames coming out of his back. "Get a blanket," a woman customer said; and when I yelled, "Where in hell 'm I going to get a blanket in a supermarket?" she said, "Get a coat, then, something to wrap around him, at least"; but this was a hot, sticky August day and not a person in the store had even a jacket on, not even the register clerks, though it was compulsory. Nelson ran up aisle A and disappeared for a second before I saw him rounding the imported-cheese section and coming down aisle B, flames still sticking out of his back. Everyone, including a dozen or so customers and the delivery boys and all the clerks except the two who were using the store's only working fire extinguisher to put out the small blaze at number three, just sort of looked dumfounded and helpless at Nelson running up and around and down the aisles, wailing his head off, till I tackled him from in front, a perfect tackle (continued on page 156)



"The 'problem' derives from  
a single cause—that we grow old and die."



# THE IMMORTALIST

**article** By ALAN HARRINGTON *Death is an imposition on the human race, and no longer acceptable.* Man has all but lost his ability to accommodate himself to personal extinction; he must now proceed physically to overcome it. In short, to kill death: to put an end to his own mortality as a certain consequence of being born. ¶ Our survival without the God we once knew comes down now to a race against time. The suspicion or conviction that God is dead has lately struck home not merely to a few hundred thousand freethinkers but to masses of the unprepared. Ancient orthodoxies may linger, but the content of worship has begun to collapse. This is what makes our situation urgent: Around the world, people are becoming



*"Today, if you can buy 50 years,  
you may have a fair chance to buy eternity."*

*"After each life cycle and period  
of sleep, look forward to beginning again."*



increasingly less inclined to pray to a force that kills them. ¶ The most imaginative philosophical and religious answers to the "problem" of death have become irrelevant to the fact that we die. Humanity's powers of self-deception seem to be running out. Modern theological word games may be pleasing to seminarians. Let jazz be permitted in the old spiritual gathering places. Such developments must be understood as gallant but altogether pathetic holding operations. ¶ Emotionally, growing millions of us are in crisis. "Men are so necessarily mad," wrote Pascal, "that not to be mad would amount to another form of madness." Three hundred years later, with the mass communication of anxiety, and new weaponry and drugs in our possession, we need



only open the morning paper or sit down to television, or look into our own lives, to observe signs of a growing spiritual insurrection. Life as it used to be seems in the process of slowly exploding. We wonder at the bursts of "senseless" violence that seem likely at any moment to invade our days and nights. Yet is this sort of behavior necessarily irrational? If sanity now calls upon us to accept death without hope, perhaps such recent ceremonials as smashing pianos and guitars on stage may be viewed as expressions of mad-dened realism.

We ought to say immediately that these outbreaks of distress, for the most part, afflict those who have time to think beyond the problem of barely staying alive. When economic misery exhausts the psyche, horizons draw in. The meaning of existence? God, as Gandhi pointed out, must reveal Himself to the destitute in the form of food.

Nor will oppressed people who have yet to win or regain their dignity suffer overly much from thoughts of death and meaninglessness, since for them death *lives*, remains present everywhere; and, therefore, speculation about it is redundant. In particular, the revolutionaries of today or any time, while the revolution is in prospect or actually going on, rise above this condition.

Who, then, has come to live "in fear and trembling"? I am talking about the great bulk of the rest not actively at war, within the reach of print and television; people of city, town and suburb getting along reasonably well, who, except during vacations, walk on pavement. Among this currently decisive majority, an unmistakable phenomenon may be observed taking place.

Civilized humanity is signaling. It seems to be both an SOS and a warning. In many languages and forms, the coded sign repeats: "Change this scene or we will!" The message has by no means gone unnoticed. Governments, the professions, universities, the clergy and social agencies of every description have paid close attention to the semaphore. (When they don't, their sanctums are frequently invaded by large crowds carrying signs and shouting obscenities.)

What does this violent mood portend? A revolution of some kind would seem already to be under way. Young people carry most of the signs. "The new majority," they seem to be taking over everything. They appear determined to seize the day, and possibly the world. But there is something desperate as well as knowing in the way they are going about it, for theirs has really been a revolt against *meaninglessness*—which, at the present time, they are attempting to

cover up by mass action, but which they covertly fear will outlast that action. And this mood is not confined to the young. Mature, wearying, old—so many of us are conducting our affairs in a peculiarly nervous fashion, as though time were short.

Quite evidently, the people of our time are reporting an emotional displacement; a condition not new but, some say, "aggravated by the complexities of modern life." The diagnosis, roughly speaking: angst, alienation. The treatment? Any public-library catalog offers an assortment of prescriptions. Also a host of new preachers and messiahs. Their life plans usually involve one or a combination of these choices: spiritual uplift; psychiatric consultation; group action; drunkenness; embracing the outdoors; making love as often as possible to the very edge of consciousness and forgetting about anything else; burying oneself in work, games or large families; trying to follow the complicated religio-philosophical excuses for what Reinhold Niebuhr described as man's "natural contingency"; and, in more recent years, the skillful employment of narcotics, blowing your mind and seeking rebirth in the psychedelic voyage.

Unfortunately, these panaceas have a single fault in common: They are all varieties of *self-hypnosis*. Without exception, they aim to cover up our condition, rather than change it. Tiptoeing around like the old man with a young bride, they dare not come to grips—because the bride is death.

The "problem," expressed in whatever form—feelings of isolation, aggressive behavior toward one another, massive paranoia and the common inability to believe, commit or care—derives from a single cause, which must be identified, simply and without sham, as the fact that we grow old and die. The fear of aging and death, and in the long run *nothing else*, is at the heart of our distress. All else is peripheral and finally unimportant. Hence, no therapeutic treatment, however inspirational, can do more than apply a coating of salve to our concern. The problem is neither social nor philosophical, not religious nor even psychiatric. Rather, it is based solidly on an intolerable recognition only now emerging to general consciousness: not merely the knowledge but the gut realization that the void is waiting for everybody and that each of us is going to vanish into it.

This is not to deny that life can be sunny and lusty, packed with fascinating hours; that everybody has the chance to turn his span into an adventure filled with achievement and lovemaking; and that we dance, sky-dive, float in space, build marvelous computers and climb mountains under the sea. Admit, too, that we have never had such music, and

proliferating excitement, and varieties of challenge. Yet. . .

After the exuberance of being young, as young men and women grow only a little older, there begins to intrude on all our lives a faint disquiet. At first, it visits intermittently. The occasional feeling of a shadow seems not too important, perhaps an illusion. Then it reappears. In the beginning, the shadow may be mistaken for doubt about certain values, such as justice; about the prosperity of brutes; a child with leukemia; death to the volunteer, safety for the malingerer. But then the uneasiness grows into something more important than doubt.

An old Marxist cartoon showed languid dancers at a ball. A great worker fist had rammed up through the dance floor. Death to the aristocrats! But there has always been this larger fist bringing death to all classes. The great fist of death appears sooner or later to everyone, at first in dim outline, not necessarily brandished in our direction, often in repose, but still there.

We do our best to put the vision off somewhere, make it remote. Or close it off with black jokes. Any new religion is eagerly grasped for a little while. We must *kick* the vision by whatever means. The members of our species have never been reconciled to the brutal circumstance that we must die. Through the centuries, we have invented an incredible number of explanations to account for our individual forms decomposing in agony and returning to the earth. Hope of setting things right with the gods has driven us to lunacies of self-denial, cruelties, persecutions, elaborate ceremonies with incense and smoke, dancing around totem poles, the thumbscrewing of heretics; from Mexico to India, the casting of shrieking innocents into pits, and all kinds of psychotic, shameful and ludicrous practices such as would make whatever gods might be watching hide their eyes.

In the East, we have been more subtle, attempting to placate destiny by an elaborate pretense of not wanting to survive, or preferring nirvana to the eternal return. But elsewhere, listen to the wails, songs, shouts, hymns and chants. The voices of Islam, Judaism, Christianity and atheism join as one. Massed units in Red Square as well as Vatican City combine their energies in a single mighty appeal: *Save us*. For the beauty and the cruelty in the world; the kindness and the murder; our art trying to illuminate this wilderness; speculations of philosophers; the descent into drugs and drunkenness; today's wildly emotional crowds rushing around the world's streets—all are organized around death and designed to protect each of us from annihilation here or elsewhere.

Dostoevsky penetrates our situation  
(continued on page 220)





*"Like hell I imagined it. She pinched my ass."*



# BLUE- RIBBON BEAUTY

*gifted playmate sally sheffield  
proves that looks and brains can mix*



Before starting a fully scheduled day, sloe-eyed May Playmate Sally Sheffield lounges appealingly in the buff, then settles down to some serious piano practice. Sally sees double as she indulges in a quick manicure, and after jumping into her riding breeches and boots, she adjusts her tie for a trip to see Eddie Time, her own registered American quarter horse.







WHEN ASKED why she wanted to be a Playmate, brown-haired Sally Sheffield candidly replied: "It would be a monetarily rewarding way to build up my ego." But even a cursory examination of Sally's variegated *curriculum vitae* shows that this talented New Yorker hardly requires such psychic therapy. A dedicated horsewoman since childhood, she has won an array of awards for her equestrian ability—including being judged one of the top ten riders in Manhattan's prestigious National Horse Show at a precocious 16. Sally, who is as accomplished on the piano as she is in the show ring, minored in music at Massachusetts' Wellesley College (where she took her bachelor's degree in psychology), then went on to Boston's New England Conservatory of Music, earning both a master's degree in musicology and a teaching fellowship in English literature. "Though I love books," she says, "I love music even more. The piano is my serious instrument; but for fun, and to learn folk songs, I also play the guitar and the autoharp." (For our less musicologically oriented readers, the latter is a zitherlike instrument that produces chords rather than individual notes.) Her musical inclinations helped prepare her for a part-time career as a folk singer in Boston coffeehouses and landed her a leading role in an NBC television series for children titled *The First Look*, for which she also co-authored the music. "Although I'm a dropout from the Ph.D. program at the conservatory," Sally says, "I'll probably wind up teaching music history at some point." Her goals for the immediate future are far from professorial, however: "I suppose my ambitions are not really unique—to enjoy good health, happiness, a solid marriage and a career to keep me from stagnating. I try hard to guard against mental laziness, because I'm convinced my mind will wither if I don't keep it exercised." Sally wishes she had more spare time to globe-trot ("I did spend eight months working in an Israeli kibbutz—artificially





inseminating hens, of all things—but next time, I'd like to be a camera-toting tourist"); to learn another language (she's already fluent in French and Hebrew); and to consume more books. Her literary tastes range from Joseph Conrad and T. S. Eliot to her all-time favorite story, *The Wizard of Oz*. "But as fond as I am of fictional wizards," she says, "I want my real-life hero to be flexible and fun-loving, though he should be stronger willed than I am—to keep me in line. What I look for most in a man is personal integrity; Moshe Dayan and Adlai Stevenson earned my admiration because of their courage and their honesty." When not daydreaming about her ideal man and free-lancing as an actress-folk singer, Miss May divides her time between the riding academy and her West Side pad—writing music, catching up on her reading and sharpening her culinary skills. Her idea of a perfect evening at home is an elegant French dinner *à deux* (from *escargots bourguignon* through *crepes suzette*) followed by lazing cozily before an open fire. With Sally Sheffield as a companion, that would approximate our idea of a perfect evening, too.

On her way to Ryan's School of Equitation in Brooklyn for its annual horse show, Sally plans her strategy for the upcoming competition; on reaching the stable, she breaks into a confident grin. "I suppose my mad love of riding just comes naturally from my mother's having been a riding instructress," Sally says. Putting Eddie through his paces, our equestrienne *extraordinaire* takes him easily over a hurdle—ultimately winning a trophy and a blue ribbon for first place in the pleasure-horse class. To celebrate her victory, a small group of Sally's friends gathers afterward in her Central Park West apartment for a demonstration of her equally prizeworthy culinary arts.











MISS MAY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Attending an exhibition of vintage American furniture at Madison Avenue's Parke-Bernet Galleries, Sally fingers the keyboard of an antique harpsichord. After testing it, she's soon so thoroughly engrossed in her playing that she doesn't notice the crowd she has attracted until her audience shows its appreciation by spontaneously applauding after she's completed a Bach fugue. A weekend theater date leads to a postcurtain promenade down the Great White Way and an animated discussion of the show's merits; later, Miss May happily accepts some monly support as she watches the bright lights of Manhattan from the vantage point of Times Square.





# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

I have a friend who thinks he may have a venereal disease," said the embarrassed young man to his doctor.

"Well," replied the physician, "take him out and let's have a look at him."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *music lover* as a girl who'll do it for a song.

A muscle-bound beach bum was showing off by lifting two bikini'd beauties high in the air, one on each arm. "Wow," said a nearby girl watcher to his crony, "look at the dolls on that boob!"



The bartender presented the conventioneer with the bill, and the customer was outraged. "New York is the most expensive place in the world," he complained. "Why, back in Sioux City, you can drink as much as you want without paying, sleep in a fancy hotel for free and wake up and find fifty dollars on your pillow."

"Come on, now," questioned the bartender. "Has that ever happened to you?"

"No," the man admitted. "But it happens to my wife all the time."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bigotry* as an Italian redwood.

Lecturing a class of coeds on the anatomical intricacies of the male reproductive organ, the exasperated professor finally declared: "I don't know why you girls can't grasp this subject. You've had it pounded into you all semester."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Mother's Day* as nine months after Father's Day.

The wealthy financier was sitting in his study when his eldest son came to him. "Dad," the boy stammered, "I got a girl in trouble and she wants two thousand dollars to keep quiet about it."

The father reluctantly wrote a check for the amount; but just as he finished signing it, his second son burst in with the same bad news, only this time the amount requested was \$3000. While he was writing the second check, his youngest daughter appeared at the door of the study, weeping.

"Daddy," she sobbed uncontrollably, "I think I'm pregnant."

"Aha," the financier exclaimed gleefully. "Now we collect."

In the darkness of the all-but-empty theater balcony, the couple embraced so passionately that the man's toupee slid from his head. Groping to find it in the darkness, he reached under his date's skirt.

"That's it, that's it," she gasped.

"It can't be," the fellow retorted. "I part mine on the side."

Then there was the secretary who was so dumb she thought a penal colony was an all-male nudist camp.

Do you really think I can be a star?" cooed the young actress, snuggling closer to the famous producer.

"I certainly do," replied the showman. "You're already starting to make it big."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *wife swapping* as a type of sexual fourplay.

The devastating blonde was arrested for prostitution and taken to court. "Have you anything to offer the gentlemen of the jury on your own behalf?" asked the judge.

"Oh, no, your Honor," she answered. "I've learned my lesson."

According to a middle-aged soothsayer we know, anyone who can still do at 60 what he did at 20 probably wasn't doing much at 20.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *mistress* as halfway between a mister and a mattress.

The father was distressed by his 13-year-old son's preoccupation with breasts. The boy would repeatedly point to attractive girls and whisper: "Hey, Dad, look at the knockers on that one!"

The father finally took the boy to a psychiatrist, who assured him that just one day's intensive therapy could cure the boy. When the session was over, father and son walked several blocks to a bus stop. The boy remained silent as they passed a number of pretty girls. As they boarded the bus, the father was inwardly complimenting the psychiatrist. Then his son tugged at his sleeve and whispered: "Hey, Dad, look at the ass on that bus driver!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.





*"I don't feel like it now that you're up here—I've got a headache."*





## GOD'S RIGHT HAND the views and vita of william f. buckley, jr., asp-tongued scourge

personality By **GEORGE F. GILDER** THAT KID over there, creeping up to Mrs. Jones' hammock with a jar of water, is William F. Buckley, Jr. Watch him. He will be a legend in his own time. He lives with his family in Sharon, Connecticut, and is very conservative. He is about to pour the water on Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Jones will shortly realize—in the idiom to be popularized by Bob Dylan some 35 years later—that something is happening; but she won't know what it is. She will not appreciate, as she feels the water run through her hair and down her back, that it is *holy* water and good for her atheist soul. She will not recognize the Roman Catholic ritual of Asperges, being performed, on an emergency basis in the absence of a priest, by the little catechumen from the

mansion next door. She will not immediately grasp her role in Bill Buckley's novitiate in conservative evangelism. Like writer-critic Dwight MacDonald, she will think Bill is a spoiled brat; and when—as a result of the brat's ministrations—she goes to heaven, she will be very surprised.

Some three and a half decades later, Buckley still suffers from such hasty misjudgments. From time to time, for example, he urges that the United States contemplate dropping bombs on such threats to the free world as Communist China, Castro Cuba and the editorial room of *The New York Times*. But it is a mistake to call him a war-monger. Buckley would emphasize they are *holy* bombs, issuing from a righteous power, the United States, at a time of desperate emergency for the cause of freedom. He





of the left and the liberal establishment, author, editor and debater who drives his adversaries to distraction and the dictionary

might suggest that the bombs would be good for the people, if not the leaders, of the recipient states, and that the survivors would be gratefully surprised when, as a result of our aerial ministrations, they found themselves free. Since he has been mellowing in recent years, he would also point out his use of the word "contemplate"; Buckley is prone to bombadocio, but he is not sure we should actually *drop* unwarranted bombs. All we should do is publicly think about it.

Buckley is also thought in some circles—such as Gore Vidal's mind—to be a racist or a Nazi. Vidal made the charge of Nazism on national television during convention week last summer. Moreover, when Buckley's magazine, *National Review*, titled a story on Adam Clayton

Powell *The Jig Is Up, Baby*, a great many observers overlooked the fact that Buckley was raised as a gentleman and attended private schools where "jig" would refer only to song and dance, but never to race. Buckley detests racism. He resigned indignantly from the *American Mercury* magazine when it began to take an anti-Semitic course; and in 1968, he bitterly opposed George Wallace.

So our subject is nothing so dreary as a racist or a war-monger, though his enemies wish he were so vulnerably predictable. Buckley is not easy to anticipate. Follow him as he drives his car through New York. He is turning the wrong way down a one-way street. Is he a nut? No, he is a distinguished citizen of this town and a few years back he ran for mayor. It figures—one-way streets, mayoralty



campaigns—a suicidal nut. But before you dismiss him, you should hear what he has to say, for he is a marvel with words. The traffic piles up in the other direction, the drivers tooting their horns, yelling obscenities and waving their hands in protest—behaving, in fact, like a crowd of average New Yorkers at a Buckley speech. (Watch: The black militants are rising to leave, the Students for a Democratic Society are booing, the Young Americans for Freedom are on their feet waving flags, students from Bronx High School of Science are bronx-cheering.) Coolly viewing the scene, Buckley turns to his companion and says, "Look—all the cars are going the wrong way."

Buckley long has been prone to assume that other people are going the wrong way, particularly if they are New Yorkers blowing horns. He is founder and editor of *National Review*, a magazine pledged to "stand athwart history yelling stop." He is married to an elegant brunette, Patricia, whose loftily cool assurance rivals that of Sky Pilot Mountain, the snow-capped peak that overlooks her home town of Vancouver, British Columbia. He is an honors graduate of Yale, where he was anointed by its most snow-capped club, the Fence, and was editor of the college newspaper, during Buckley's tenure regarded by the faculty as the *Yale Daily Nuisance*.

Excluding the nuclear threats, the holy water and a hypothetical punch in the nose for Gore Vidal, the chief weapons of the Buckley rebellion have always been words, preferably of polysyllables unknown to his auditors. At 43, he is author of eight books full of them, ranging from a defense of Senator Joseph McCarthy to *The Unmaking of a Mayor*, his charming account of his own mayoralty caper. His latest effort, a collection of columns and articles titled *The Jeweler's Eye*, has gone through seven printings and has sold over 40,000 copies. Last year, reluctantly contemplating a political campaign against liberal Republican Senator Jacob Javits, he wondered "if it would be legitimate to win the primary and then resign" (presumably—since Buckley is becoming the George Plimpton of the political scene—to write another book, perhaps to be called *Paper Politician*).

Finally, Buckley deferred in the Senate race to his brother James, who declined to enter the Republican primary but ran in the election as a Conservative in order to help the Democrats unseat Javits. Javits did better than ever, as James Buckley, like William before him, was trampled in the one-way traffic of New York establishment politics. Meanwhile, the Buckylys continue to consider themselves Republicans, and William often uses his newspaper column to lecture New York Republicans on party loyalty. His column does not seem to suffer any read-

ership loss from such inconsistencies. It is carried by over 280 papers, second only to Drew Pearson's column, despite its elevated style, elaborate ironies and cantankerous views. Buckley's success has almost always come without pandering (i.e., making himself consistently intelligible or conceptually ingratiating) to the larger public. As he told a student interviewer, "From the time I was in school, I have always tried to avoid being one of the boys. And I have succeeded, don't you think?"

His rebellion presumably began with a congenital cry, and he has been continuing it ever since. At the age of six, he wrote an unavailing letter to King George VI, demanding immediate repayment of the British war debt. Following the premiere of the movie *The Taming of the Shrew*, Buckley recalled that he had enjoyed acting a part in the play as a child because "I got the chance to sling my governess over my shoulder." While a student at an English prep school, he asserted the chauvinism that has become a theme of his career by replacing his bedspread with a giant American flag.

Other institutions that evoked Buckley's displeasure soon after he joined them were Millbrook School, Yale University and the United States Army. He entered the Army toward the end of World War Two. Having just graduated from prep school, Buckley had an idea or two about military organization, and his Army base just didn't measure up. So he wrote the commanding officer a respectful but firm memorandum pointing out his mistakes. Unfortunately, however, the advice was intercepted and the Army never got the benefit of Buckley's criticisms.

This setback taught Bill the futility of going through a chain of command and it is not recorded that he ever made the mistake again. To voice his dissatisfaction with what he felt was a faculty bias at Yale in favor of atheism and socialism, he used every available forum, from the college newspaper to an alumni-day speech. After graduation, he even wrote a best-selling book on the subject, *God and Man at Yale*. "The duel between Christianity and atheism," he wrote, "is the most important in the world . . . the struggle between individualism and collectivism is the same struggle reproduced on another level." Yale, he insisted, could not evade the struggle under what he regarded as the specious pretext of "academic freedom." Continuing his concern for his alma mater, Buckley last year ran for the university board of trustees. He lost to Cyrus Vance, Deputy Secretary of Defense under Lyndon Johnson.

Although Buckley has not been institutionalized again since his eruption from the Army (he was a first lieutenant when he was discharged in 1946), he feels similarly oppressed by the informal-

ly organized but everywhere influential "American liberal establishment." This authority prevails, rather like a university faculty, one gathers from Buckley, in the intellectual world where he lives much of his life. His subsequent publications, speeches and campaigns thus can be seen as a continuation—on another level—of his earlier struggles against educational and military authorities.

Like George VI, the American liberal establishment in general has managed to retain its sovereign composure. In fact, many of Buckley's opponents are becoming increasingly appreciative of his charms. His Pied-Piping rhetoric and wit have assembled a considerable following among moderates and liberals, particularly on campus. But a great many of Buckley's most ardent admirers would never dream of voting for him. They regard him, according to one of his Yale associates, as "the perfect cocktail-party intellectual." Although his television program, *Firing Line*, his column, magazine articles and political campaign all attest that he has transcended the cocktail-party medium, it is still true that Buckley's message is sometimes more appealing if one has had a drink: for example, his notion that the United States should stop treating low-level nuclear explosives as if they were something special.

Provocation is an essential instrument of Buckley's wit and of his attraction. He is the man who manages to summon up on the spot the crushing retort or mordant jape that occurs to the rest of us on the way home—or occurs to the rest of us and is tactfully repressed. And he accompanies his wit with any of a huge repertory of facial expressions and vocal inflections. "He could make a fortune on Broadway," reporter Robert J. Donovan has observed.

Buckley's instant reaction last year to an explosion in the street was, "Uh-oh, someone must have shown Lyndon another portrait." Moderate Republicans fare no better than Democrats. George Romney, Buckley said, must learn to speak "in a way which does not require a battery of scholars to situate him. But perhaps he is just receiving ambiguous signals from the other world." He calls John Lindsay an oxymoron (the prefix "oxy-" means "bright"—so, presumably, Buckley regards Lindsay as a walking self-contradiction).

W. F. B.'s charms are not entirely intellectual. Tall and athletic, casual in dress, graceful in movement, he conveys to a large number of his youthful admirers the impression that he is, secretly, a swinger. Although Buckley does not flaunt his private life, it is clearly not austere. He is an active skier, sailor and socializer. Asked what kind of people he likes, he answers, "I like my friends." These are not named, though he does

(continued on page 236)





*drink* **By THOMAS MARIO**  
**CAPTIVATINGLY CLEAR**

*from a rich harvest of raspberries, cherries, plums and pears come those distillates of pure delight: the "white" fruit brandies*

hosts faced with the question of what drinks to pour before and after their dinner parties should never forget the noted English food-and-drink luminary Winston Churchill. At a sumptuous polit-

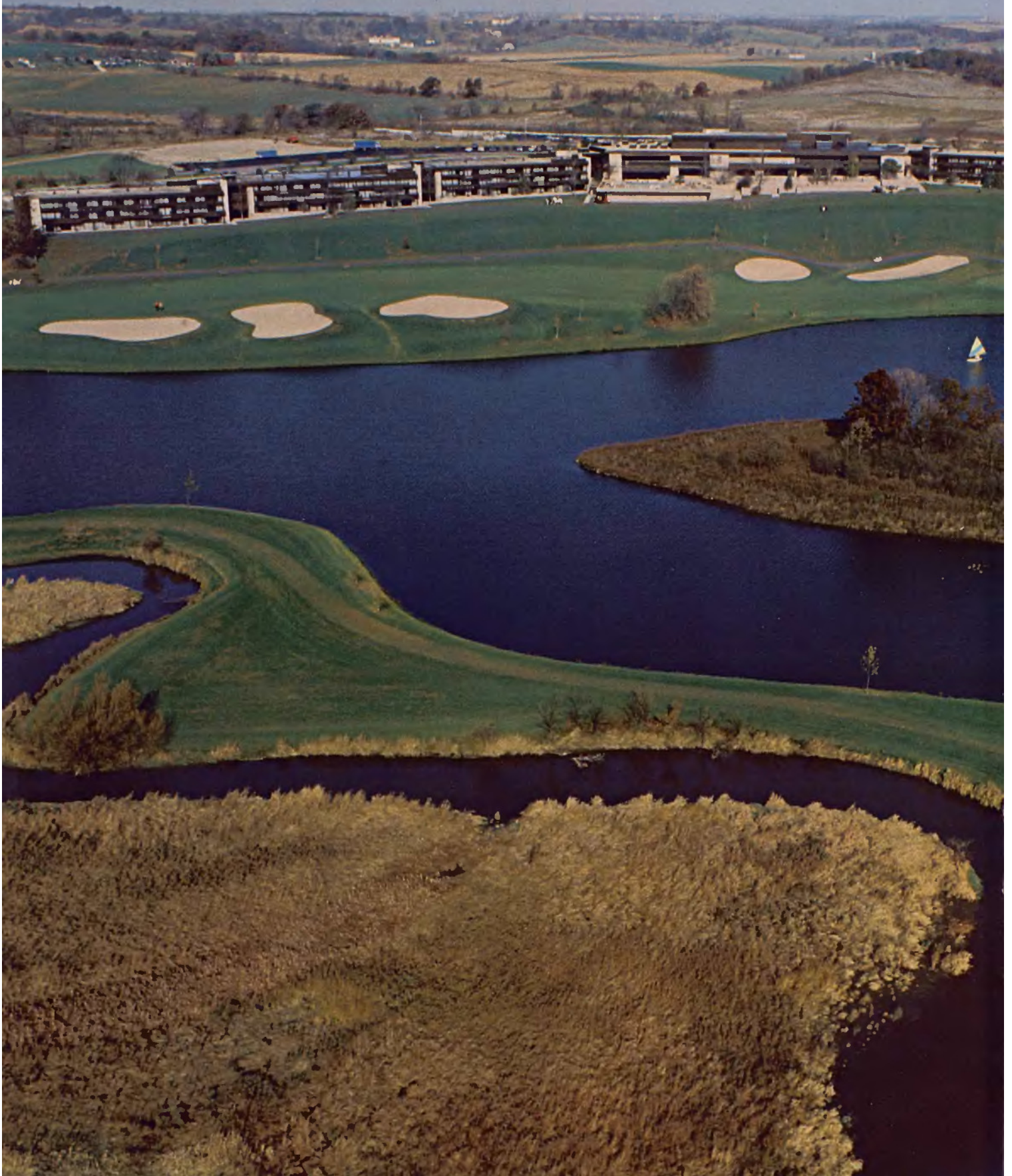
ical luncheon, he once bowled over both top-echelon guests and stunned staff by suddenly commanding, "Take away this pudding; it has no theme."

The great European white fruit brand-

ies *do* have a theme, replete with exciting prospects for both getting a party going and concluding it. The theme is Blakelike in its liquid simplicity: Certain fruits, when (continued on page 247)



# THE LAKE GENEVA playboy club-HOTEL





*manifold pleasures abound  
at our wisconsin resort complex,  
an inn for all seasons*



WHAT IS IT about the Playboy Club-Hotel in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, that launches normally levelheaded people on flights of poetic fancy? Henry Kisor, reporting in the *Chicago Daily News* on a weekend spent at the luxury resort, wrote: "When all the reviewers called this place 'Xanadu' after that pleasure dome Coleridge built in his mind, they weren't doing it justice. Old Sam, on his wildest hashish trip, could never have imagined the Playboy Club-Hotel." The editors of *Institutions*, the restaurant-industry magazine, headlined a 16-page feature on Playboy's Lake Geneva operation "EVERYMAN'S EDEN." And syndicated columnist Irv Kupcinet said, in the *Chicago Sun-Times*: "It's enough to boggle the mind."

Arnold J. Morton, Executive Vice-President of Playboy Clubs International and the man who masterminded the development of this 1000-acre pleasure preserve—an area that could contain the principality of Monaco almost three times over—explains its otherworldly appeal: "We've created a total environment here. You have the feeling that even if you're from Chicago or Milwaukee or right down the road, you're very, very far from home the moment you drive through the gates." The opportunity to feel luxuriously at home away from home has drawn to Lake Geneva thousands of golfers, armchair sportsmen, equestrians, night people, day people, skeet shooters, gourmets, boaters, *bons vivants*, swimmers, skiers (snow and water). (text continued on page 144)

Playboy's 1000-acre wonderland, the sumptuous new Club-Hotel at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, as seen from the air. This approach is becoming increasingly popular since Playboy's private airport added facilities to handle everything from Piper Cubs to executive jets. 135





The good life, as it's lived at Playboy's Loke Geneva Club-Hotel, begins as you enter the lush lobby (left) of the Main Lodge. The tropical plantings, pebbled surfaces and rough-hewn redwood beams seem to draw the outdoors within the walls of the building. Warm colors, nubby-textured fabrics and polished metals create an air of masculine comfort in the suites (top left), several of which feature round beds, bars and fireplaces. The recreational facilities available outside are no less lavish. Lovers of relaxation may choose to reconnoiter the grounds in a horse-drawn sloop or do a bit of girl watching on the sun deck by the terrace pool—where bikini-clad Bunnies stand by to provide thirst quenchers on request. Energetic types may elect to improve their diving form or to try their luck on one of Playboy's two championship golf courses, both of which will be open for play late this summer. The resort's first 18-hole layout, designed by golf architect Robert Bruce Harris, debuted last year and has thus far defeated most attempts—both professional and amateur—at breaking its par of 72. The second course was blueprinted by Jock Nicklaus and architect Pete Dye to resemble the rolling links of venerable Scottish courses.



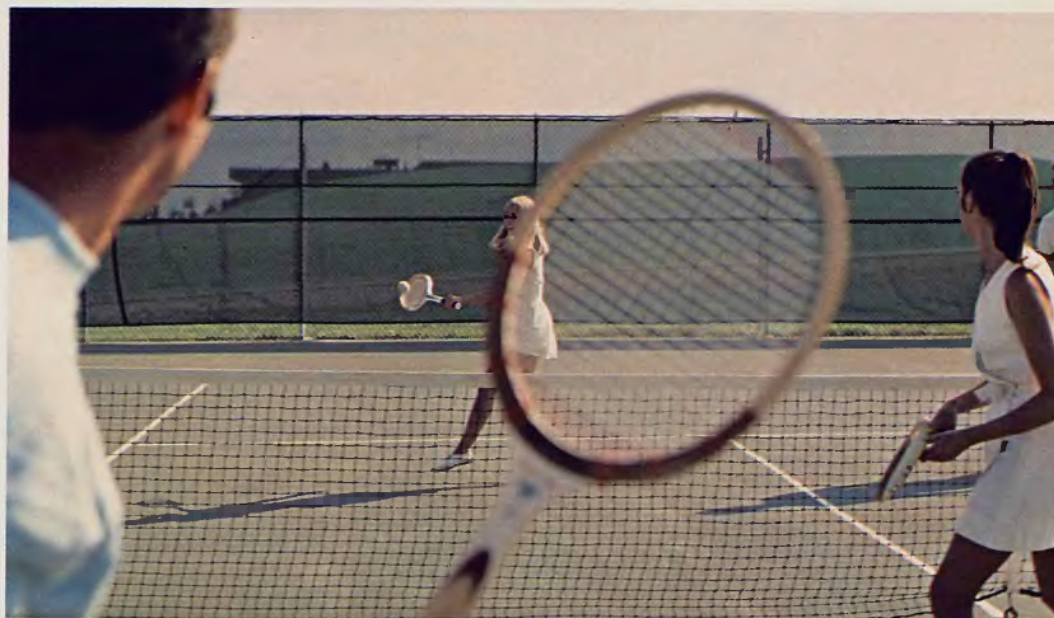












Cocktails and dinner at dusk on the terrace outside the Playmate Bar (apposite page), with its view of Playboy's 25-acre lake, provide a prelude to an eventful evening at the Lake Geneva Club-Hotel. The next day's fun could include a turn at such popular pastimes as shooting on an elaborately equipped trap and skeet range; pool in the Cartoon Corner game room of the Main Lodge; tennis on one of four courts adjoining the golf driving range; or riding through the "back country," deliberately left in its pastoral state by the planners of Playboy's inn for all seasons. Lessons in horsemanship—English or Western style—are available to Club-Hotel guests; instruction is also offered in a wide range of activities, from golf to flying. The hearty appetites induced by this sporting life can be assuaged (below) at the Lucullan buffet in the Living Room. Seen in the background is LeRay Neiman's panoramic 72-foot mural, *The Hunt of the Unicorn*, which was commissioned especially for this room.







Winter offers an exhilarating array of sports at the Lake Geneva Club-Hotel. Swimmers (above) move to the lavishly landscaped indoor pool. Skiers take to the hills beside the picturesque Ski Lodge, designed in the shape of joined snowflakes by Alexander McIlvaine, the architect who created the Squaw Valley complex for the 1960 Winter Olympics. At the foot of the slopes, ski-suited Snow Bunnies ply schussers with mugs of hot wossoil. Meanwhile, back at the Main Lodge, a quintet of toboggoners races down the run to the lake-side. The frozen surface of the lake is cleared for skating; and snowmobiling enthusiasts stage impromptu gymkhonas. The après-ski crowd congregates in the Jug of Wine bar for hot buttered rum, while playful couples head out for an old-fashioned sleigh ride.



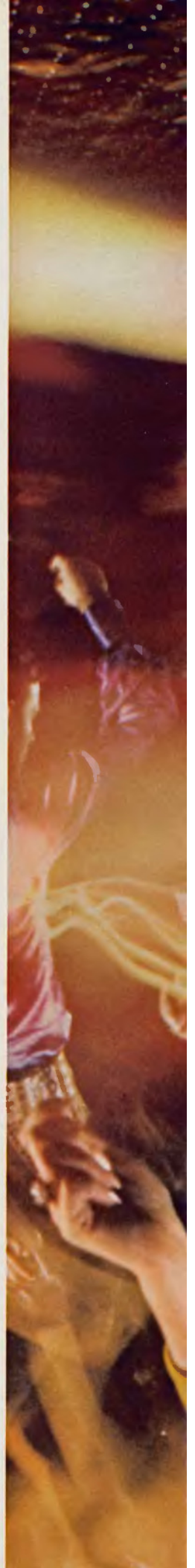








After-dark entertainment at Lake Geneva is diversified to suit every mood. The VIP Room (above) offers gourmet repasts in an atmosphere of quiet elegance. Liza Minnelli (right) typifies the star performers who headline shows in the luxurious Penthouse. The Bunny Hutch *disco* (opposite page) combines a spaced-out light show and hard-rock beat, and such groovy cambas as The New Zealand Trading Company (below) swing in the Playmate Bar.









billiard players, fishermen, showbiz buffs, business tycoons, girl watchers, girls to watch, cyclists, lovers and other worshippers of the good life in all of its manifestations. Toward that end, Playboy has called its second Club-Hotel (the first is the lush tropical resort at Ocho Rios, Jamaica) the inn for all seasons: There's something going for you, whatever your bag may be, around the clock and throughout the year. If you haven't yet savored the Lake Geneva experience, journey along with PLAYBOY on a vicarious visit to our unique Wisconsin resort.

That faraway feeling begins to assert itself as you near the area, whether you're driving through the rolling Wisconsin countryside or flying over it on your approach to Playboy's private airport on the grounds (the field, with its 4100-foot landing strip, is large enough to accommodate executive jet planes). The gently contoured landscape could have been lifted from a European travel poster. If you can imagine the Swiss foothills without the sharp pinnacles of the Alps for background, you have southeastern Wisconsin and the environs of the Playboy Club-Hotel.

As you approach, and set back from the highway, is the entrance to the Playboy Club-Hotel grounds, on Cottontail Trail. Fluttering colorfully from tall flagstaffs are Playboy's Rabbit banner and the flags of the United States, Canada, Jamaica and Great Britain—countries in which Playboy Clubs flourish. If you're arriving by car, you're welcomed by the gatehouse guard, to whom you present your Playboy Key-Card. Beyond, the drive winds up- and downhill through lanes of trees, illuminated at night by wrought-iron gas lanterns. This time of year, you may be surrounded by pink clouds of flowering crab-apple trees. In summer, you'll see the delicate green and white of slender birches; in fall, flaming crimson maples; and in winter, bushy Christmas-tree Douglas firs. The landscaping, like everything else at Playboy's Lake Geneva resort, is designed to call attention to the Club-Hotel's four-season attractions.

Ranged along the crest of a hill overlooking the 25-acre Playboy lake are seven interconnected buildings that make up the central complex of the Club-Hotel. Spreading over the length of five football fields, the structures give the impression of rugged strength wedded to luxurious comfort. Searching for architectural comparisons, many observers have come up with the name of Frank Lloyd Wright in his Taliesin period. Powerful horizontal lines are created by great beams of dark-stained, rough-sawn redwood, which set off the paler, variegated hues of the pebble-textured concrete-aggregate walls. Wide expanses of bronze-tinted solar glass expand the vistas of those inside, enhancing the vis-

ual effect of unity with the surroundings. As you approach the Main Lodge, which is flanked by three residential wings, you pass beneath a canopy hewn from giant redwoods. There, a bellman takes your bags and ushers you into the lobby.

On your left is the registration desk; to your right, the sunken entrance lounge, with its enormous open-hearth fireplace, in which low gas flames create the illusion of a bed of stones on fire. The fireplace is glass-backed; and if you've arrived at night, you can look through it into the action scene at the psychedelic Bunny Hutch *discothèque*—about which, more later. Directly ahead as you enter the Club-Hotel are multi-leveled vistas—glimpses of shops and massive stone stairs that appear to be rising out of a wall of greenery. Daylight filters down from unseen skylights; at night, hidden spotlights outline the tracery of leaves. These are living trees, vines, shrubs—part of a \$20,000 annual investment in rare plants—growing in terraces of the same rough-textured concrete and stone that makes up the outside walls of the Club-Hotel.

A temperature differential tells you you're indoors; your eyes aren't so sure. The architecture of the Lake Geneva Club-Hotel represents a blending of the talents of Playboy's interior-design staff with those of architects Robert L. Taage and Paul Magierek of Taage's firm, who developed the total design concept.

"People who go to a resort want to feel that they're part of the countryside, not enclosed in a glass ball," says Magierek. "These buildings are not a statement of man's superiority over nature but of man's ability to enjoy nature by becoming part of it."

Here's what some observers have said about it:

*Institutions* magazine: "Like something you never saw before . . . what might be called distinctive rustic opulence."

Actor Tony Randall, appearing on Jack Eigen's radio show broadcast from the resort: "Breath-taking. Conceivably the handsomest hotel I've ever seen."

Eigen himself: "Fabulous—a tremendous place. I've been around for many years, in Las Vegas, California, Europe—but I don't think I've seen anything that can compare with this."

*Chicago's American* columnist Maggie Daly: "Incredibly beautiful. It just lifts you out in space, like a dream."

And reporter Bill Porterfield, in a page-one article in *Chicago's Daily News*, described Playboy's year-round playground as "a paradise."

Playboy's Lake Geneva Club-Hotel is so conveniently located (a 90-minute drive from Chicago, 45 minutes from Milwaukee) that many fun lovers drop in just for a day's golfing or an evening's night-clubbing. The best way to get in the swing, however, is to check into one

of its 300 rooms for a luxurious and relaxing stay. You'll have your choice of wooded or lake-view room; celebrity suite with den, game table and wet bar; executive suite with fireplace and color television; VIP suite with parlor and connecting bedroom; hospitality suite suitable for parties or small business gatherings; or, if you really want to splurge, reserve the superopulent, soon-to-be-completed Hugh M. Hefner Penthouse, where you'll be able to entertain as many as 200 guests at cocktails and buffet in the 50-by-40-foot living room.

The living accommodations were designed by Richard Himmel, a noted Chicago decorator, whose previous work has included the remodeling of the Ambassador East and West hotels in Chicago and the Georgetown Inn in Washington, D.C. There are three basic color schemes—red, blue and gold—and the feeling is thoroughly masculine, with rough and casual fabrics contrasting with leathery vinyls and polished metals. "Design a room for a man," says Himmel, "and the girls will be crazy about it, too. They love the feeling of being in the environment of a man's world."

Once you've settled into your room and checked the view from your balcony, you'll be ready for a Playboy-sized drink and possibly a bite to eat. Your problem? Which one of ten strategically located watering spots shall you try first? Or do you wish prompt room service? It all depends on your mood, the hour and your plans for the rest of the day or evening. Chances are you'll want to start out in the Playmate Bar on the main level; it's probably the best spot for getting into the spirit of things, with beautiful Bunnies (live) to serve you and beautiful Playmates (on film) to delight the eye. The view through a panoramic expanse of bronze-tinted glass affords, in daytime, a view of lake and golf course; at night, a fantastic *trompe l'oeil*, in which likenesses of lush nudes appear to be suspended from invisible wires strung between the birch trees. Pure serendipity, according to the architects; nobody realized what would happen when the illuminated Playmate transparencies behind the bar were reflected off the mirrorlike sheen of the windows.

After enjoying a giant-size cocktail or two, you may want to stay right there in the Playmate Bar for dinner. The menu is lettered on a breadboard—which is appropriate, since an outstanding feature of this room is the loaf of home-baked bread that's served with your dinner. Petite ladies have been known to make a meal of the generous pink shrimp cocktail, but you'll probably want to order a steak. The sirloin strip is first-chair.

Those with truly ravenous appetites would do well to head for the buffet in the Living Room. There, the talents of designer Himmel and artist LeRoy Neiman

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*a plot by legendary beasts  
to take over the world?  
the patient was obviously out of his mind*

# THE CHIMERAS

*fiction* BY ARTHUR KOESTLER

"RELAX," said Dr. Grob.

"How can a man relax when the chimeras are after him?" complained Anderson, fidgeting on the couch.

"Relax, relax," said Dr. Grob. "Close your eyes. Tell me the first word that comes into your head."

"Chimera," said Anderson.

"You are not properly relaxed," said Dr. Grob with a patient, hardly audible yawn. "Try again."

"Chimeras," said Anderson. "They are after me. They are after you, too. Only you don't realize it, because you yourself suffer from a low-grade chimeric infection—grade three, I should say, or maybe grade four. The infection produces a blind spot, so you cannot see them."

"Look," said Dr. Grob. "Who is the patient here, and who is the doctor?"

"That is what I don't know," Anderson said doubtfully.

"Then why do you come to me and pay me a hundred dollars an hour?"

"To talk about chimeras," said Anderson. He thought for a while, then nodded. "Yes, that is the purpose."

"All right, then," said Dr. Grob. He stopped taking notes, put his pen away and leaned back in his chair. "What is a chimera? Animal, vegetable or mineral?"

"It is difficult to decide," said Anderson. "Everybody knows that the Greek chimeras had lions' heads, goats' bodies and serpents' tails. But they are also in the brain."

"In whose brain?"

"In yours, for instance. I believe it is only a low-grade infection, but if you don't take care, it will spread and eventually you will turn into a full-blown chimera yourself. Anyway, you need a haircut."

Dr. Grob looked furtively into the mirror concealed in the top drawer of his desk and for a moment tried to visualize himself with a lion's head. The idea was not unpleasant; whatever people say, a lion is a noble animal. As for the goat and the serpent's tail, they were obviously products of his patient's sick imagination.

"Can't you think of anything (continued on page 235)







## playboy club-hotel (continued from page 144)

have combined to create the atmosphere of a modernized medieval hunting lodge. Guests seated at trestled tables may view Neiman's impressive mural, *The Hunt of the Unicorn*, which covers two walls of the large room. The buffet itself is spread out on a giant burnished-copper table, which you're expected to visit at least three times—for appetizers, hot dishes and desserts. The selection is near stupefying and offerings vary daily, but don't miss the broiled tomatoes, the artichoke hearts, the pickled fish, the cannelloni, the blueberry tarts, the cheese-cake, the . . . Enough. Just go to the Living Room hungry. (The same advice applies for breakfast and lunch in this room.) If your taste for the moment runs more to a beer and a hamburger, drop in at the Sidewalk Café, where you can watch passing Bunnies, as well as bathers en route to the indoor and outdoor pools. It's also a prime location for window-shopping, since it's situated at one end of the indoor avenue of shops lining the main level of the Lodge.

Perhaps what you have in mind is a multicourse gourmet repast, or dinner and a show. Make your way up the grand staircase to the upper level. To your right is the VIP Room, one of the country's outstanding restaurants; to your left is the luxurious Penthouse show-room, headquarters for top talent. The VIP Room's epicurean cuisine is matched only by its elegant atmosphere (gentle cascades of water in reflecting pools, gleaming silverware, brilliant crystal, elegant blue decor, soft candlelight, and impeccable service from a full staff of Bunnies, liveried butlers and attentive *maitres d'hôtel*). *Spécialités de la maison* include oysters Rockefeller as prepared by Chef Michel Cipolla (who came to Lake Geneva from the London Playboy Club and the Hôtel de Paris in Monte Carlo); *entrecôte marchand de vin*; Maine lobster thermidor; *savarin aux fruits*—and vintage wines from the VIP Room's distinguished cellar.

The green-and-gold, 400-seat Penthouse is the home of star-studded showtime. You'll want to reserve a table for the night's entertainment—either following your VIP Room feast or after dinner right there in the Penthouse. The show-room menu's offerings come from the same kitchen as those of the VIP Room and its quality meets those lofty standards. On stage, there are name stars every night. Featured to date have been such headliners as Bill Cosby, Julie London, Gordon MacRae, Sarah Vaughan, Woody Woodbury, Louis Nye, Sid Caesar, Jack Jones, Della Reese, Sheeky Greene, Vic Damone, Red Buttons, Phil Ford and Mimi Hines, Tony Martin, Diahann Carroll and Liza Minnelli. Among those immediately upcoming: The Checkmates, Flip Wilson, Barbara McNair and Lainie

Kazan. Wherever you sit, you'll enjoy the artistry of these and other performers from a ringside seat. *Chicago Daily News* critic Sam Lesner called the Penthouse "masterfully arranged . . . superb lighting and perfect visibility. A 12-piece orchestra, under the direction of pianist George Gaffney, is one of the best in this part of the country. . . . The Lake Geneva Playboy Club's Penthouse will become a great magnet for Chicago-area entertainment seekers." *Institutions* commented that the Penthouse provides "a considered elegance—like extra space between the tables—just to avoid being what even the most popular night clubs are: hectic. The excellence of the Penthouse sound system plays a role, too, in creating this excitement."

As you leave the showroom, you'll see several other rooms on the upper level. The Milwaukee, Madison, Lake Geneva and Chicago Rooms are only four of the ten meeting rooms, seating from 40 to 480 persons, available at the Playboy Club-Hotel in Lake Geneva. These have proved particularly popular for organizational gatherings. Also on the upper level is the Playboy Forum, an electronically equipped 80-seat theater equally in demand by business groups. This doubles on occasion as a moviehouse; there have been bad-weather showings of feature films, a summer series of comedy classics starring W. C. Fields and Laurel and Hardy, and Saturday-afternoon cartoon shows for the small fry.

Entertainment holds forth nightly, too, in the Playmate Bar, which you might like to revisit after dinner to catch the musical combo. It's a groovy scene. But the really late show at Lake Geneva is in the Bunny Hutch *discothèque*, where the lights flash, the images burst on screen, the drinks flow and the hard rock rocks till two A.M., Wisconsin's summer closing hour. The Bunny Hutch shines as the watering spot for the younger set, and the scene is strictly from psychedelia. Dancers on the polished-steel floor are bathed in wildly colored rainbows, as Bunnies in psychedelic costumes synchronize the projection of far-out slides with the musical beat. Flames from the see-through fireplace are reflected from hundreds of mirrored disks on the ceiling.

Even the most stalwart fun-and-games-man must retire sometime, and at Lake Geneva, Playboy sees to it that you rest well when the last light goes out. All the furnishings in your room are man-sized, chosen with an eye for sumptuous comfort. In several of the suites, you can even make like Hugh Hefner in a round bed (not, however, motorized, like the famous original in the Playboy Mansion).

Morning finds you refreshed and ready for more extensive explorations of Playboy's superspa. If you prefer a light breakfast, stop at the Sidewalk Café for

a Continental repast of juice, rolls and coffee. Heartier appetite? Stoke up in the Living Room, where you can either breakfast from the buffet or order your favorite specialties—perhaps buttermilk pancakes or eggs Benedict—à la carte.

Before going out, you may want to take a closer look at the shops whose windows you found so intriguing last night. You can find anything from cigars and paperbacks at Thingsville to Wisconsin cheeses and sausages at L'Epicure, to the latest in men's apparel at the Country Gentlemen; or pick up a present for your companion, ranging from a bagatelle to a once-in-a-lifetime gift, at The Clothes Horse *boutique* (everything from beach bags to Dior originals), Harrier's Imperial Furs (kicky lapel pins, jasmine mink bikinis and full-length evening wraps) or the House of Dominic, Ltd. (exclusive imports, from paperweights to works of art). The Man at His Leisure Shop offers barware, crystal and cutlery of the patterns used in the VIP Room and elsewhere, and other accessories for the well-appointed pad. There are toys at Thingsville Jr., and the popular Rabbit-branded items are on sale at the Playboy Gift Shop. Take note of the fact that downstairs are a barbershop, where you can get the latest in masculine hairstyling, and a men-only health club, where you can work out on exercise equipment or relax in a sauna. For your lady, there's a smart beauty salon next door.

Also on the avenue are a haven for card and billiard buffs—the Cartoon Corner game room, adjacent to the Playmate Bar—and the two swimming pools, next to the Living Room, at the other end of the building. On the terrace by the outdoor pool, bikini'd Bunnies stand ready to take the orders of guests relaxing on deeply cushioned lounges as they soak up the sunshine. Through a glass door is the lavishly landscaped indoor pool, with a waterfall cascading down a silver sheet on the west wall of the building. The sound of rushing water provides a muted musical background for patrons seated at the nearby Sidewalk Café.

You now have a pretty good idea of what's inside the Main Lodge. That leaves 900-plus acres to explore. Some 320 of them are devoted to golf—and if you're a real links enthusiast, that may be as far as you get in your peregrinations. Last summer saw the opening of the Club-Hotel's first 18-hole championship course, designed by Robert Bruce Harris. Every golfer who's played this course has praised it; some have damned it as well, depending on the altitude of their scores. After the Pro-Am Invitational inaugurating the course, in which participating pros averaged a horrendous 79 strokes, *Golf Digest* editor Howard R. Gill, Jr., said: "I think the word that

*(continued on page 208)*



ffolkes



"OK, Hercules, for your next labor we've thought  
up a really tough one. . . ."



# CAMILLE TURNS ON

*set in the year 2000, this updated classic  
portrays the doomed heroine as a fun-loving speed freak who's fond of avant amusements*

HISTORIANS have long claimed that each age rewrites history to suit its own needs; *Camille 2000*—a fleshy, futuristic updating of Alexandre Dumas' much-revived melodrama—is the application of that assertion to the screen. In former incarnations, Marguerite Gautier, called Camille because of her penchant for camellias, was a Parisian courtesan whose headlong rush toward death was interrupted only by a brief but all-consuming love affair. *Camille 2000* shifts the action to Rome, hypes the timeworn plot with an overdose of *la dolce vita*, Hollywood style, and revamps the traditional tubercular finale into an amphetamine fadeout. As the star-crossed symbol of the fast, empty life, Danièle Gaubert (at right, with Nino Castelnuovo)—who at 25 already has 15 films and a stormy marriage to dictator Trujillo's son behind her—moves through a lavish world inhabited by professional partygoers, homosexuals and sated sylphs of every stripe. For her, life is a spiritual vacuum filled only partially by lover Armand Duval; but for audiences, *Camille 2000* is intended as an exotic comment on the decadent trend of contemporary high society.

A jeune fille created by Dumas fils in his 1848 novel, Camille has since been portrayed repeatedly in plays and movies by each generation's leading actresses. Among her interpreters (below, left to right): Sarah Bernhardt, who brought her to the States on stage in 1880; Eleonora Duse, in an 1893 production; Ethel Barrymore, in a 1917 play; Theda Bara (with Albert Roscoe), in a wide-eyed 1917 silent-movie version; Nazimova, playing her as a vamp opposite Valentino in a 1921 tear-jerker; Norma Talmadge in the 1927 remake that introduced Gilbert Roland to the screen; Eva Le Gallienne (with Richard Waring), portraying her in a Thirties' play; Greta Garbo (with Robert Taylor), who turned her into a movie legend in the 1936 classic; and Susan Strasberg (in 1963) as a demure-looking lady of the flowers.











PHOTOGRAPHY BY MAYNARD FRANK WOLFE



"Camille 2000's" carnival of concupiscence becomes bizarrely gala when the heroine's friend Olympe (Silvana Venturolli, below) redecorates her villa in a surrealistic jail motif and stages an undraped prison party of orgy proportions (left). Camille's short but stormy affair with Armand (Nino Castelnuovo) has already blown over when both of them show up—separately—at Olympe's bash, and he is in the mood for revenge. Bottom, left to right: After observing such diversions as the courting games of two lesbians and a pilloried centerpiece au naturel, Armand repairs with Olympe to a cell, where they provide spectator sport for the assembled guests—including Camille. A couple in another cell tries to whip up enthusiasm of a different stripe among the S. & M. set, but Olympe and Armand steal the show. Next morning, however, as he wanders among the debris, Armand realizes that his revenge was bitter, not sweet.







Ever the avant courtesan, Camille boasts a bedroom equipped with such sci-fi accouterments as a transparent plastic bed and a network of mirrors that permits bedmates to quadruple their pleasure—as voyeurs as well as participants.



"I like life better loud," says Camille, when Armand offers home and hearth in exchange for her life of self-destructive sensuality. "It's only the pace at which I live that keeps me alive." And, as Armand discovers, that pace is frenetic.









## BERRY-SMASHING DAY

(continued from page 115)

right below the knees, so his whole body would buckle and fall backward and lose an extra yard and maybe even loosen the ball from his hands, and rolled him on the floor on his back till most of the flames went out. Then I flipped open five quart bottles of cranberry juice, the nearest liquid I could reach, and poured them over Nelson till the fire was doused, and relaxed from the ordeal, with my breath coming on hard, while all three delivery boys uncapped quart and half-quart bottles of tomato and pineapple and apricot-orange juice and spilled the contents over Nelson, even after his body had stopped smoking.

"Anyone call the police for an ambulance?" I said to the manager, and he repeated the question to the customers and staff surrounding Nelson and me and they just looked at one another; some shook their heads, one man speaking for his wife, and he said, "We didn't, nobody said anything."

"Well, someone call the police for an ambulance," the manager said.

"Want me to do it, boss?" Richard, the food bagger, said.

"Dial nine one one, Richie."

"Nine eleven, right, that new police emergency number, right away. Which phone should I use—the one in the office or the pay one in back?"

"The office, and quick, now, Nelson's hurt."

"What I do, what I do for this?" Nelson asked, his eyelids and nostrils fluttering, and just my trying to blow away the ashes on his chest that were the remains of his short-sleeve white shirt caused him great pain. He seemed to be going crazy and his hair smelled singed like burned chicken feathers and we were both getting more soaked by the moment from being in this large puddle of juice. Nobody seemed to want to get near us or even get their shoes wet.

"How do I keep him from going into shock?" I asked the manager.

"Put his legs up on that olive-oil can there and keep his head straight down."

"No," a woman said, "you put his head up on something soft and his legs down."

"Which do I do?" I asked the manager.

"Let's keep him flat, then. The police will be here in a sec."

A combination of different sirens was heard in a few minutes and then the police came into the market and the fire department with axes and gas masks and portable extinguishers and a few men in white from the local city hospital. Nelson was given oxygen and treated briefly for his burns and was being carried out of the market on a stretcher when he yelled, "Boom, damn bomb went boom, and I saw the man who threw it, saw the bum who went boom."

"Hold him there for a moment," a police officer yelled to the bearers, but the intern said that he'd have to insist that Nelson not be detained.

"Just one quick question, please." And to Nelson: "Who'd you see throw the bomb, son? I'm saying," when Nelson looked up at him blankly, "the person who threw it, I mean. You know him? Could give me a description of him?"

"The person was a man," Nelson said. "Threw it right through it, right at me, right through the window at the Heinz beans I was ringing up, the catsup, right at me, went boom, that man went boom, and the boom went off like a bomb and burned my back, the bum, my back."

"Is that what happened? Well, you'll be fine and dandy in a few days, son, and take care."

"Good luck to you, Nelly," one of the other register clerks said. "Safe recovery."

"Now, what happened?" the police officer said to me. "And please say it nice and slow and straight. Shorthand's not my profession."

• • •

My wife asked if anything had happened at work that day, as she asked just about every night when I first got home and immediately went to the john to wash my face and hands and sometimes take a shower; and I said, "No, nothing much."

She said, "Oh, well, it's because you look more tired, that's why. Like a beer?"

"Yeah, a beer—no, an ale, I'm dying for one ice-cold."

"You bring home any from work?"

"No. I didn't even bring home a beer. I didn't even bring any groceries. There was a fire at work, that's the reason."

"A fire? Well, that's going to do great for supper. I was counting on a chicken from you, Kev. Why didn't you stop in another market or, better yet, phone me so I could shop somewhere near here? I would've, even though we don't get the discount like at your C & L."

"Someone threw a Molotov cocktail through the window and Nelson For-man nearly got burned to death." She asked who Nelson was and when I told her, she said, "Was he seriously hurt?"

"I said he was nearly burned to death, that means almost being burned to death; the hospital I phoned said he has second- and third-degree burns on about fifty percent of his body and that he's still critical and probably lucky to be alive."

"Which is worse, second or third?"

"I don't know. I don't even know if first is worse or better than second. All I know is that fifty percent body burns is very bad, very critical."

"You should've phoned me, Kev. You

phoned the hospital; I admit that's more important, but you should've also phoned me. Now we have no food for supper except eggs, 'less you want to go and walk the ten stupid blocks to the market."

"Is that the closest?"

"And the only one. It's seven o'clock and that's it in about a square mile around here that stays open. I think they're worried about robberies and such, but some enterprising chain should open a store nearer the project, stick an armed guard in it and stay open till nine or ten at night and make a fortune. You ought to suggest it to C & L."

The phone rang a few minutes before the time we normally sit down for supper. "Who is it?" I said, angry, as if everyone in this time zone should know that most family people have supper around this hour, but the man said, "Wimer, Kevin Wimer, you're in charge of the C & L produce line at Bainbridge, correct?"

"Sort of assistant in charge. Finerman's head."

"Finerman, that's right. Well, there was a fire in your store today, caused by a particular labor-trouble reason I'll disclose this very minute, if you're not in a rush. There's a movement going on for better wages and working conditions by the ras, black and loganberry pickers of this nation. And your food chain has continued to sell these products, even though we've expressly requested it to boycott all the growers of these products till they've fallen in line with the few smaller growers who've raised pickers' wages to the national minimum and improved the pickers' living and working conditions while they're on the job. Were you aware your store was fire-bombed today?"

"Yes. And one of the clerks got fifty percent of his body burned, both second and third degree."

"I heard. And it's terrible. But if it's only five percent second and forty-five percent third, it wouldn't be that bad, am I right?"

"You are if second is worse than third, but it could be fatal the other way around."

"I'm very sorry about this clerk, but if I related to you some of the living and working conditions these pickers and their families must endure, you'd think they'd be better off dead than alive."

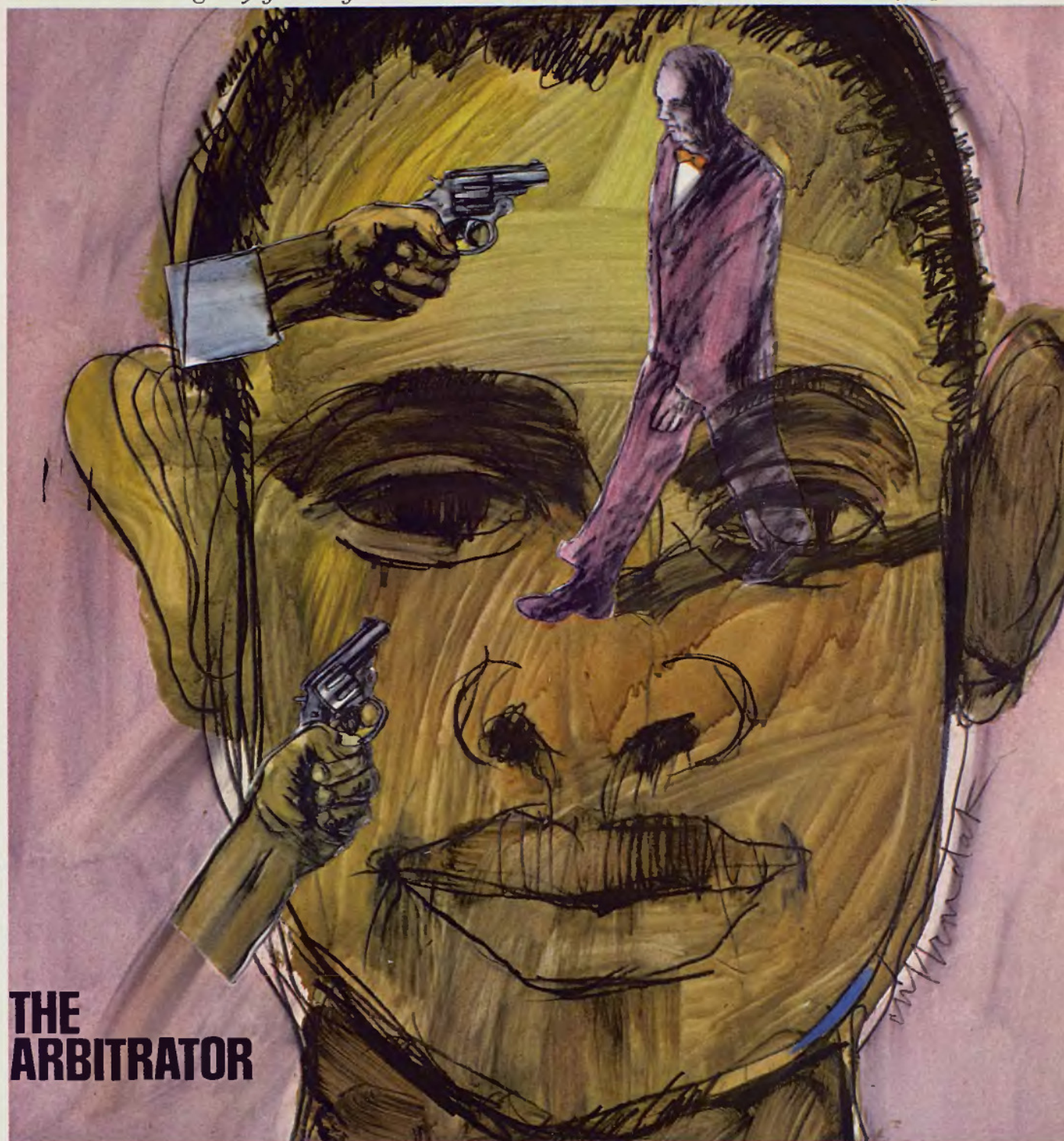
"The pickers can always get other jobs, can't they? I mean, there's no Government law saying they can't."

"Are you a union man, Mr. Wimer, I mean a good one? Then you, of course, know you can't be fired from your present position without an exceptionally good cause, correct? And if you've any complaints that can't be settled by you

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he had come a long way for the final hit—the suicide mission that would tear whitey apart



*fiction* **BY THOMAS LIVINGSTON** WHEN THE ARBITRATOR WAS IN America, he usually slept with her, his lips against her open mouth. When he awoke, he would have a faint taste of solvent on the tip of his tongue, a slight scent of oil in his sinuses. The taste and the scent would stay with him until the third sip of his morning coffee.

But this morning, because he was in Paris, where things weren't tight, because he'd taken a sleeping pill before retiring, he awoke without her. He lay perfectly still, keeping his eyes closed for ten seconds, until all his senses were functioning in the precise manner he desired them to function. Then his left arm shot into the air, flipping sheet and blanket from his body, and he sprang lightly to the floor. Two steps took him to the side of the wardrobe, which stood almost flush against the wall. He cocked his head, peered into the shadows between wardrobe and wall.

She was there, sitting in her holster, the magnetic disk on the back of the holster sticking to the magnetic disk whose three razor-sharp prongs were lodged in the wardrobe's wooden back. (continued on page 160)





*"What I asked you  
was how you  
liked my asp, silly."*

*Vargas*



# the pious matchmaker

from a German story of the 15th Century

Ribald Classic

THERE LIVED IN FLORENCE a lady of high estate who valued her beauty as greatly as her noble blood. Thus, she surprised no one in despising her aging husband, whose immense wealth did not compensate her for his extreme vulgarity and waning vigor. Promise of some solace appeared one day in the form of a young man who, though penniless, was appropriately endowed with lusty manhood and refinement of manner.

The young man had come to the city to see an old friend of his family, a monk of the Dominican order who was a famous scholar of the Holy Scriptures and a man of great piety and justice. The lady noticed that the young man visited the monk almost daily and around this she built her cunning plan.

On the first day of Lent, she went to the monk and asked him to hear her confession. Sighing deeply and affecting tears, she proceeded to tell the monk of her daily thoughts and deeds, revealing little that was not praiseworthy and nothing that might betray her most sinful intentions. The monk asked her whether she had observed the fast, faithfully attended Mass and generously contributed alms; and in none of these could she be faulted. Yet she continued to sigh and still the tears flowed.

"My lady," the monk said, "in all that you have told me, there has been nothing to cause this deep emotion. What is it that still oppresses your heart?"

Composing herself, she responded: "Sir, you have a young friend—at least, I assume he is your friend, since I have often seen the two of you together. On his account, my acquaintances are beginning to gossip about me. They are much annoyed by his irrational behavior toward me. These are the kinds of letters he has tossed onto my balcony in the large house beyond the market place."

With that, she showed the monk three letters she had, in fact, written herself, and added: "See, sir; what does this disgraceful scoundrel take me for? You must talk to him and, for God's sake, stop him writing such things, if you don't want to get into difficulties yourself."

When she had left, the monk sent for the young man at once and berated him. "You shall be cursed! What is to become of you? Tell me where you have learned such things. God will surely punish you before you can sink lower."

The young man, who had heard of the lady but knew nothing of her interest in him, protested vehemently against the accusations. "I only hope," replied the man of God, "that you are not compounding your sins by suggesting that I am lying to you. Can you deny that you threw these letters, filled with words of lust and license, onto the balcony of the large house beyond the market place?"

The exactness of the monk's accusa-



tion struck a chord in the young man's mind. He made no further effort to defend himself, pausing only to beg forgiveness before rushing off to the large house beyond the market place, where he spied the lovely lady sitting on her balcony. She stared down at him, her eyes full of love. He returned her gaze with like fervor. Remembering what she had accused him of, he hastily wrote a letter, emulating in every word her passion for him, and tossed it up to her balcony.

In the course of the next seven days, the lady purchased rings, precious stones and jewelry and a finely sewn purse, into which she put some money. She took everything to her father-confessor at the Dominican monastery and told him: "Look, sir. You were, no doubt, of the opinion that you had taken care of my matter in such a way that I would no longer be troubled by your friend in so lamentable a fashion. But look at these; does he really believe that I have no precious stones and rings of my own that suit me much better than these? My husband does not neglect me when it comes to jewelry. In addition, the young idiot has the effrontery to throw a purse of gold coins through my window. Does he think I am poverty-stricken? Sir, please save me further pain and give back these no-doubt ill-gotten gains of his."

Again, the monk called his friend to him. "You have always been penniless," the monk said, "and I can only believe that you have come by this wealth through gambling or theft. Take back this bounty of sin. The lady will have none of it."

The young man again feigned remorse, took the money and jewels with bowed head and went off to buy himself a horse and fine clothes, presenting an

ever-more-pleasing aspect for his fast-growing hopes of happiness with the generous lady.

Her own hopes were spiced with the gentle but persistent torments of bodily yearning. It was with great difficulty that she waited out another seven days before visiting the monastery a third time. In apparent pain, she addressed the monk: "Hear this, sir, and you will judge if I have cause for grief; I am fast losing my senses over this matter. What cruel person could have told the man that my husband rode out of town early yesterday on a journey of many weeks? Who could have betrayed the fact that there is a secret garden hidden behind my house? I can only wonder with increasing astonishment that someone opened the door at the garden's corner, so that that frightful man was able to creep in at midnight. And who let him know that he must cross a little stream and then turn left until he reaches a lime tree with spreading branches? What is there more to say? He climbed up this tree and crawled onto a branch that reaches over to my window, so that the twigs of this branch blossom in my bedroom in summer. Along this branch he came to reach my bed. Luckily, I had my wits about me and was able to scream before he could attack me. He disappeared just as my servants and dogs arrived on the scene to help me. God save me from another such night. The villain cannot deny a single detail of what I have said."

"In the Lord's name," said the monk, "I shall try again with this most head-strong young man."

When the gallant came once more to the monastery, the monk was beside himself with rage.

"Sir," said the young man gently, "do not let your anger get the better of you. It seems I have been slandered. What is it that I could possibly have done?"

Amazed that the young man could so coolly deny knowledge of his crime, the monk wasted no further time and recounted in minutest detail what the lady had told him. The youth lowered his eyes in humble contrition and said: "I promise you by all that is holy that I shall not commit so great a sin a second time."

The monk was satisfied, as was the young man. He hurried again to the lady's house and examined by daylight the route he must take, the garden, the door, the stream and the branch that sprouted beautiful blossoms in the lady's bedroom in summer. At midnight, he brought her the flower of his love, though it was scarcely spring. Their pleasures were many that night. Forgotten was the vulgar husband, but the lovers spoke with greatest joy of that good and godly man, their pious matchmaker.

—Retold by Jack Altman





# ARBITRATOR (continued from page 157)

In that shadowed space, her black butt reflected no light.

He returned to the bed, flopped back down upon it, his arms outstretched. Then, slowly, he turned his head to read the time, admiring the contrast of his black skin against the white sheet before he admired the contrast of his gold watch against his black skin. It was 10:30. Once, he had wished his arm to be whiter than the sheet, but he had wished that before he had met The Chief, before he'd become The Arbitrator.

He found the room a trifle cool, unlike the room in New York in which he'd stifled for a week before flying to Rome, where, after assuring himself he was not being followed, he'd met his contact, who had briefed him on the drive to Milan, a city less watched by the CIA than Rome, to board the Simphon Orient Express for Paris.

He left the bed again and put on a white terrycloth robe, thinking it ironic that he was to make his last hit in Paris, a city he liked, when, lying on the bed in that airless room on East Tenth Street, he'd been positive that The Chief would confirm the plan to make the hit in New York, a city he hated.

He'd waited a week for a phone call that never came. Instead, there'd been a knock at his door: The Chief, in person.

"You leavin' tonight fo' Rome. Don't check out heah. We gonna keep dis room in youh name till afta de hit been made. Use dis locker key at de airport. Dere's a suitcase packed and ready. Use youh American passport fo' Italian customs. You be given a Togolese one fo' France. Youh contact gonna be in de little café to de left of de Trevi Fountain between two and fough tomorrow aftanoon."

He'd taken the envelope with the ticket and the money The Chief had held out, silently gone to the closet to get a shirt.

The Chief had sat on the bed, watching him dress. "No questions?" The Chief had finally asked.

The Arbitrator had shrugged.

The Chief had smiled. "I gonna miss you. You my man. We has to move everythin' up by two days. Gallup Poll come out show he got de nomination in de bag. Secret Service gonna drop a covuh on him from de minute he come back. Infiltrator got word to us last night. De Senator, he gonna have his last sling wid only two bodyguards in Paris. From den on, dat honkie, he gonna be covuhed like he was already de President. France is ouh place. You can move 'bout dere like you was a honkie."

The Arbitrator had nodded. They'd shaken hands. He'd picked up his briefcase and left the hotel on East Tenth Street.

The thought of that hotel made The Arbitrator tighten the belt of his robe

with a jerk. The corridors had smelled of piss and spilled booze; his room had smelled of dust and cooking oil and pot. The air conditioner hadn't worked, the windows didn't open and the red needle of the thermometer hadn't dropped below 95 during his entire stay. He hadn't even been able to finish his essay on revolutionary assassins for *Black Fist* because his hand had begun to sweat so much every time he'd closed it to hold the pen that he'd smudged ink all over the paper. And because he was The Arbitrator, a professional, he had not been able to leave the room until The Chief had contacted him. No, not quite true. He'd left it once to get a paper, when the quarter had jammed in the pay radio, and he'd been unable to get the news of what the paratroopers were doing uptown. He'd called the desk and told them to hold any calls, he'd be back in seven minutes, and then he'd left his room and strode quickly down the corridor to the elevator. He'd had to wait five minutes. When the door had opened, he'd stepped into the cage to find a black hippie who'd carried a large sketchbook under his left arm and had had his right arm around the shoulders of a little Whitey dropout, a little Miss Whitey Professional Spade Lover.

The Arbitrator, pushing the button M, had rested the back of his head against the wall of the cage, fixing black hippie with an algid stare.

Black hippie had given him a "Look-at-me-man-I-got-me-a-Whitey-chick" wink.

The Arbitrator had not blinked. He'd just continued staring.

Black hippie had shuffled his feet.

Black hippie had dropped his arm from the white chick's shoulders.

The Arbitrator had continued to stare.

Black hippie had nervously turned his eyes to the floor indicator of the elevator's control panel. But the light was out of order.

When, at the ground floor, the elevator door had opened, The Arbitrator had not moved. Black hippie had waited an instant, then put his hand on the small of the white chick's back and propelled her toward the door. The Arbitrator had waited until her left foot had just cleared the two-inch step between elevator and lobby before moving. His wide, heavy shoulders had caught her perfectly, smashing her against the doorframe as he exited. He had whirled quickly, his powerful torso blocking the door. His long index finger had risen and fallen in a measured beat an inch from the black hippie's nose. "You keep making that scene, you gonna smell like sour milk, boy," he'd snarled.

But he hadn't left his room again. He'd been afraid he'd bust someone up,

and he was too valuable to TAR to get into a stupid fight, to get into any fight, for that matter.

The belt of his robe tied, The Arbitrator went to the phone. For this last job, TAR, Inc., was sending him first-class. He was staying at the Georges V.

"Give me coffee and a *Herald Tribune*," he said in English. "And I wants my coffee black!"

Only after he'd hung up did he realize that the French probably wouldn't dig that dig. But they'd dug it in Cleveland. He'd gotten a tiny female gasp, followed by dead silence.

"I wants my coffee," he repeated with a smile. The hardest thing for him to learn had been to use the third-person verb with the first-person pronoun, the first-person verb with the third-person pronoun. After all that nice Stanford education, he'd talked like the White Knight himself. But, as The Chief had said when he'd recruited him, "We might use you, man. But if you gonna think black, you gonna talk black."

The bellboy who brought his breakfast had gray hair, tired eyes. He stood inside the door, waiting to be told where to put the tray.

"You put it on the table, boy."

But the Frenchman only looked at him blankly.

"*La table! La table!*" The Arbitrator shouted. He walked to the wardrobe, took a five-franc piece from the pants hanging there. He flipped it at the bellboy, who juggled it, dropped it. The Arbitrator grinned as the white man went down on his hands and knees to retrieve it from under the bed.

"You look good down there, Whitey," The Arbitrator said.

The bellboy nodded, bowed, shut the door behind him.

He propped the bolster against the headboard, sat on the bed, brought the breakfast tray over onto his lap. As he sipped his coffee, he scanned the first page of the *Trib*. His man was there. Not his picture, but his name:

SENATOR THOMAS STOPS IN PARIS ON WAY BACK FROM INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE IN BONN

Senator George Thomas (R., New York) arrived here last night for a two-day working vacation on his way back to Washington via New York from the Conference on African Problems in Bonn. Senator Thomas, considered by most political experts as certain to gain his party's nomination for President at its convention next month, is expected to confer with President Mendès-France about ways to improve Franco-American economic cooperation, which has ameliorated slowly but

(continued on page 194)



## TRAVEL GEAR TAKES OFF



### *highflying apparel and appurtenances for the man on the move*

Two urbane escape artists make a well-tailored getaway sporting (front): wrinkle-resistant knit jacket, by Clubman, \$70, Dacron, rayon and Orlon slacks, by Coachman, \$11, and sunglasses, by Renauld, \$10; (back): silk and wool suit, \$160, cotton shirt, \$18.50, silk tie, \$12.50, and printed silk scarf, \$10, all by Bill Blass for PBM. They tote a zebraskin two-suiter, \$698, and a matching overnighter, \$598, both from Hunting World. Other gear, counterclockwise from nine: Vectra fiber one-suiter, \$80, and matching overnighter, \$54, both from Abercrombie & Fitch; "The Smasher" aluminum tennis racket, by Spalding, \$45; matched set of suede luggage that includes: "Male Bag," \$30, one-suiter, \$75, and four-suiter, \$125, all by Harrisan Leather Goods. Behind the four-suiter, a Permanite carry-on, by American Tourister, \$30. Near our leading man's leg is a pigskin carry-on, from Gucci, \$130, and a cowhide golf bag, from Brunswick-MacGregor, \$200.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL PAREE





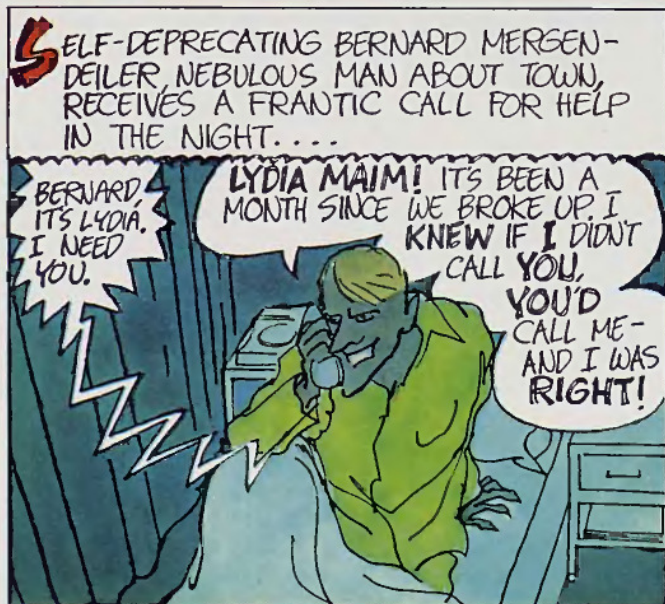
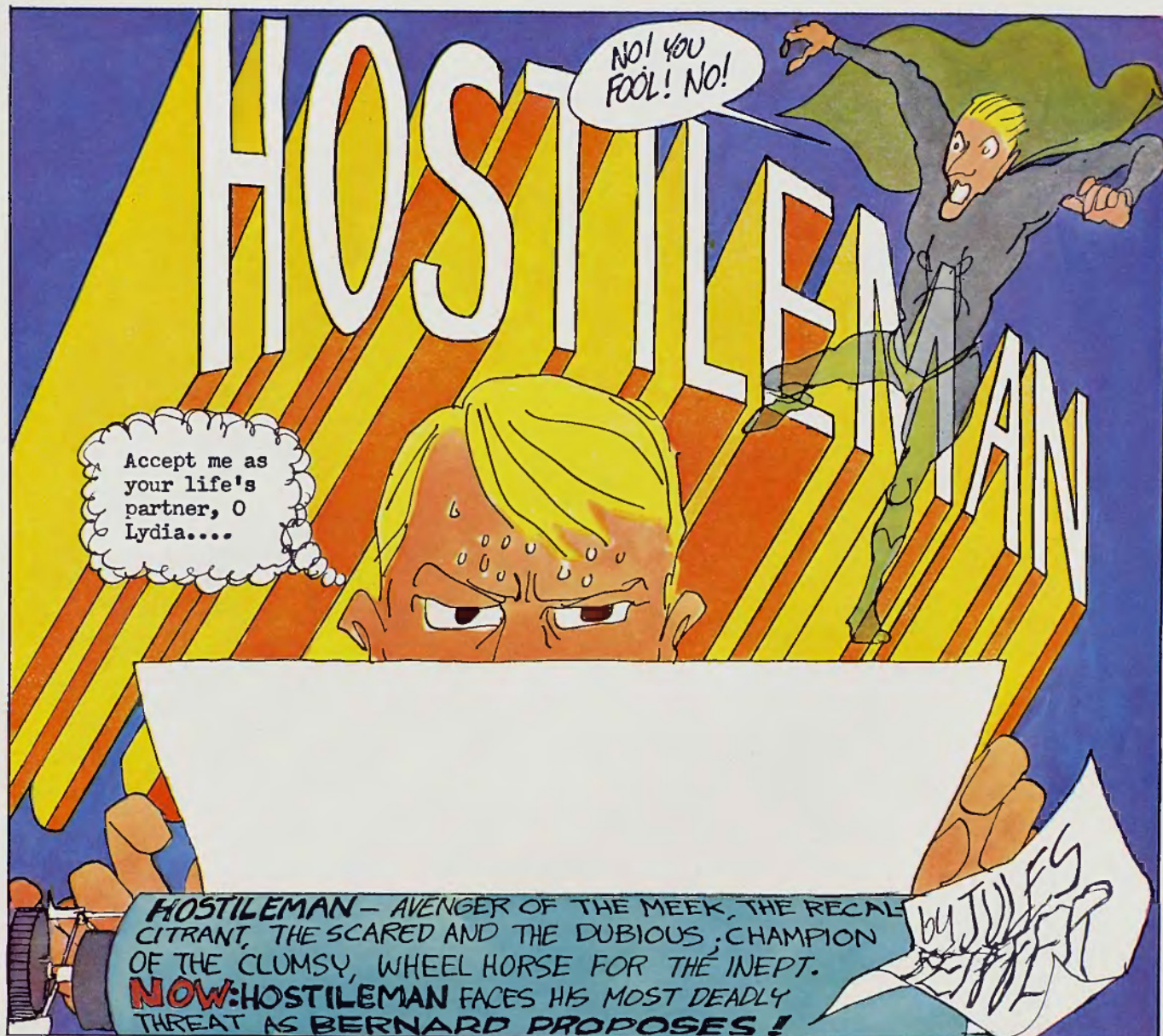
Bottom row, left to right: Portable Executive Telephone housed in leather case features self-contained antenna, quick-recharging power pack and a discreet light and buzzer to signal incoming calls, by Portatronic Systems, \$2260, or by lease. Port-A-Play language course includes battery-powered player, eight records and carrying case, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$12.95. Pipe smoker's Naugahyde travel case, \$5, contains pipe tool, \$3, pipe knife, \$3, and three hand-cut Celius pipes, \$35 each, all from Pipe and Pauch. Ponyskin attaché case with leather lining, from Dinoffer, \$150. Model 550 World-Wide cordless shaver comes with a compact recharging stand that adapts to domestic and foreign current, by Remington, \$30. Battery-powered Foot-Brator massage unit, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$7.50, including batteries and case. Pocket Memo dictating machine operates on minicassettes, by Norelca, \$85. Steam/Press pants creaser, by Westinghouse, \$19.95.



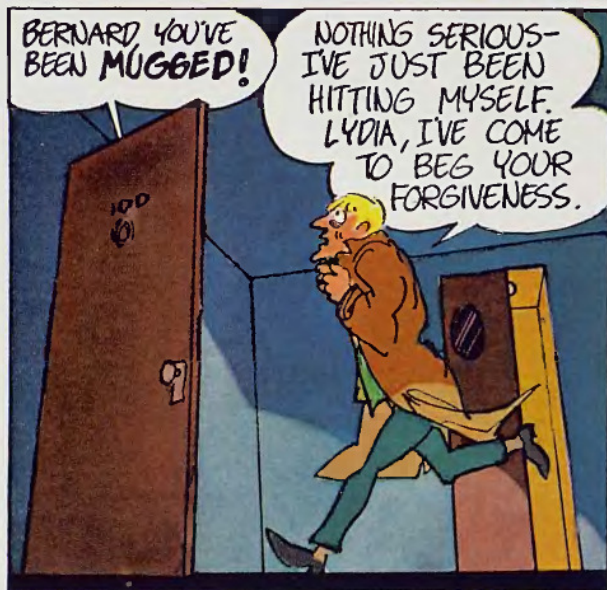
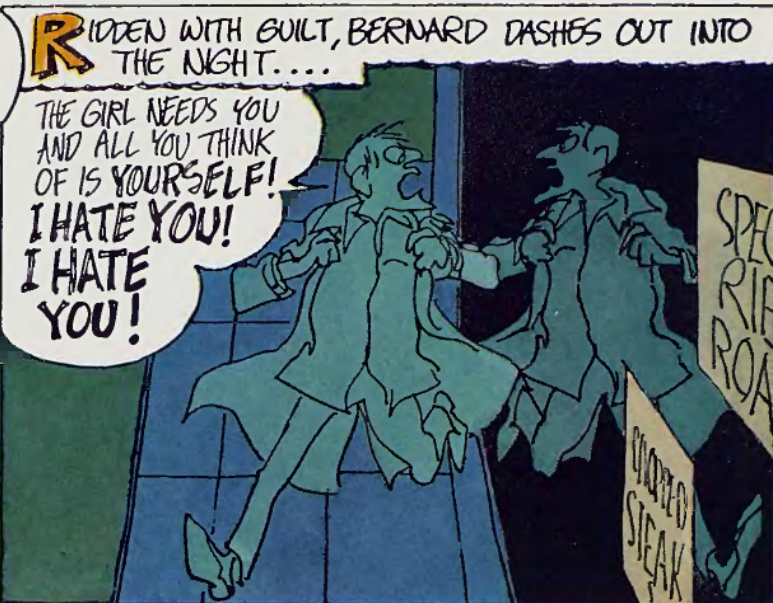
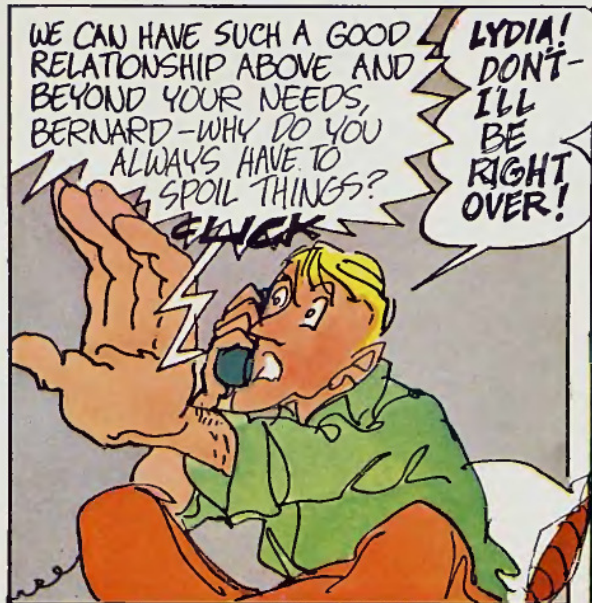


Aluminum camera case with individual shockproof compartments, by Halliburton, \$74.95. Nordmende Glabetraveler 111 15-band portable radio, from Sterling Hi-Fidelity, \$189.95. Fielding's Travel Guide to Europe, \$7.95, and Fielding's Guide to the Caribbean, \$7.50, both by Fielding Publications. Top row, left to right: Aluminum cube trunk contains a luxuriously equipped bar, from Bloomingdale's, \$85 (liquor not included). Battery-powered cassette tape recorder, by Panasonic, \$125. Pigskin duffel bag with "Gucci Stripe," from Gucci, \$105. Nine Flags men's toiletries set, by Colton, \$25. Radiolarm in morocco case, from Mark Cross, \$50. Electra 220 portable electric typewriter with carrying case, by SCM, \$229, is atop a Skymate Jumba Foursome suitcase of natural rawhide, by Hartmann Luggage, \$250. The zebra-skin luggage carried by our peripatetic get-out-of-townsmen on the opening page houses two camely companions who obviously travel well.

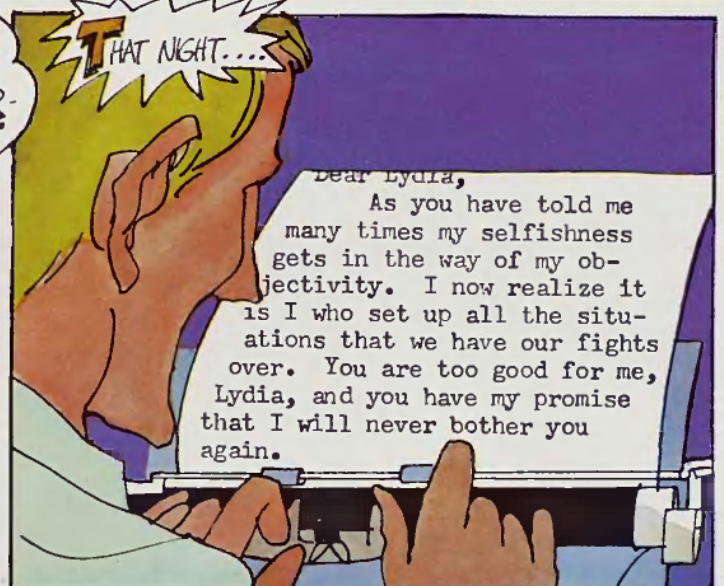
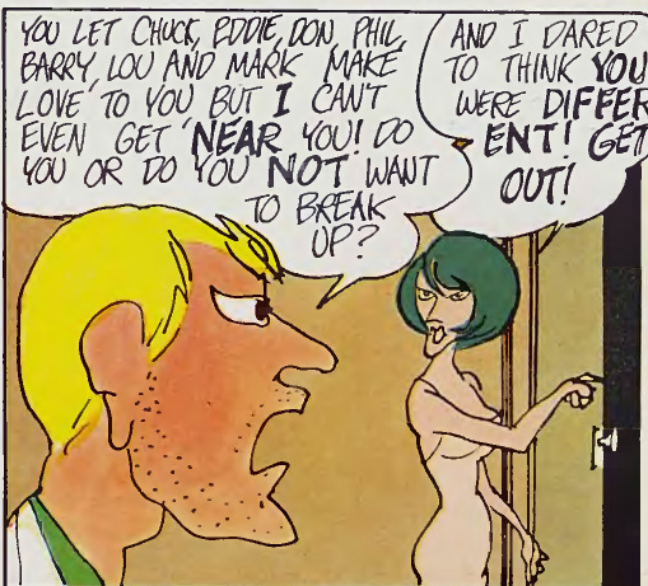




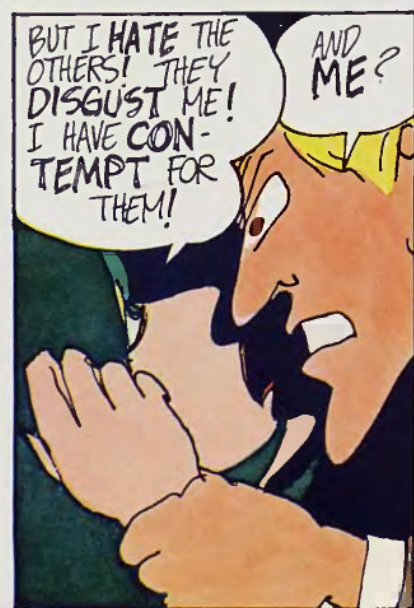




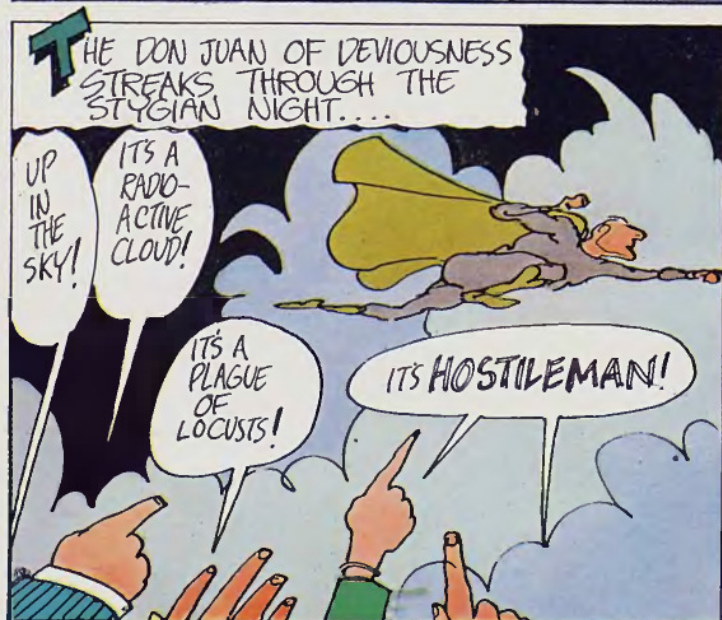
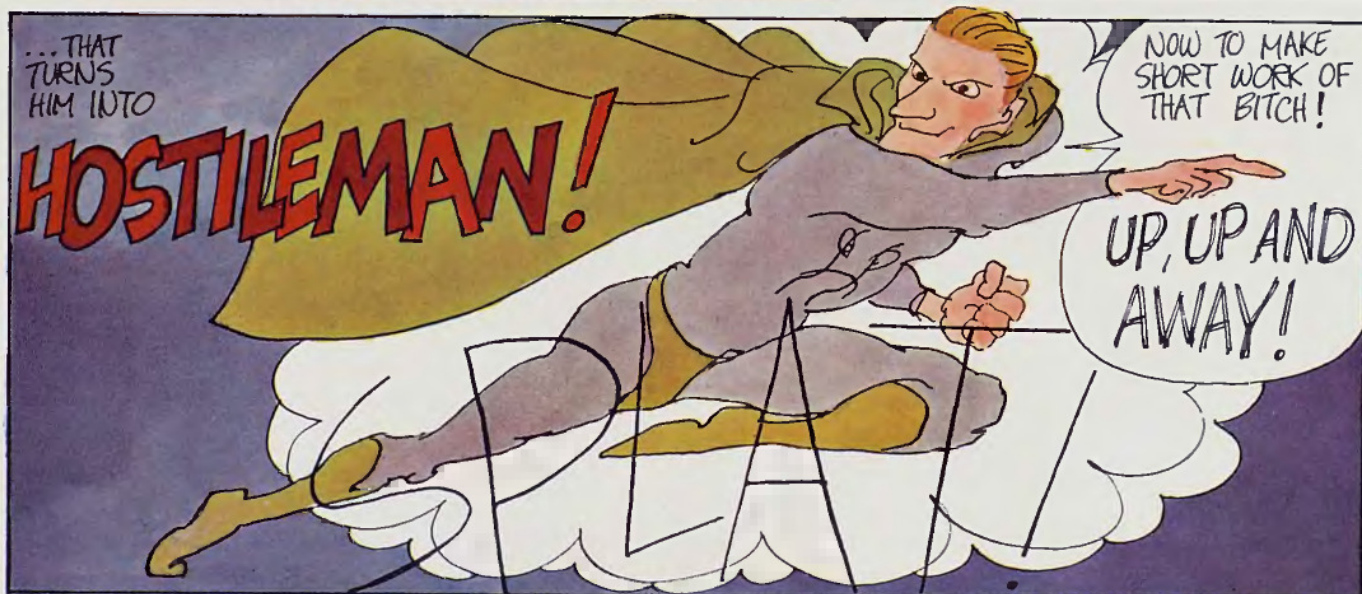
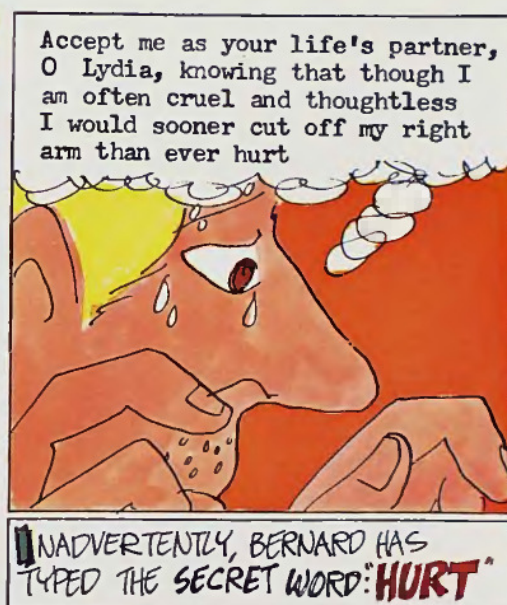
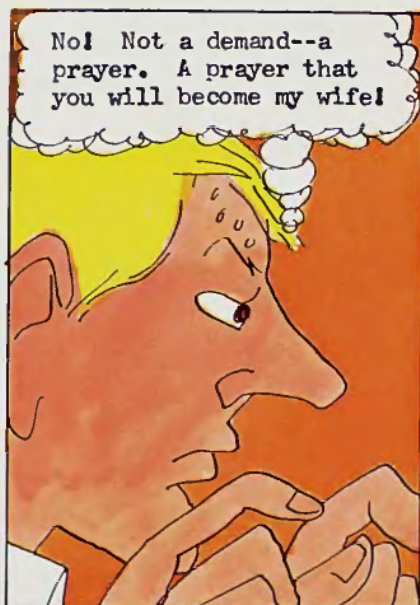
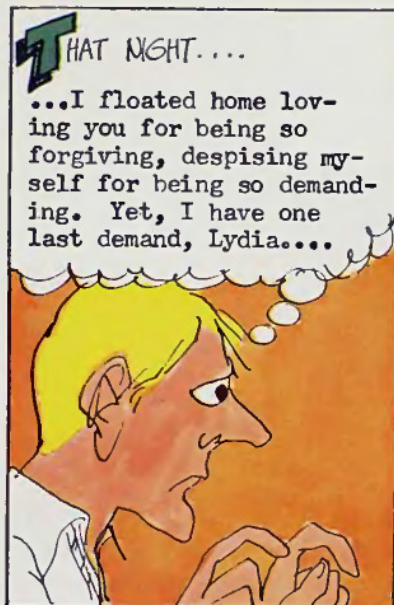




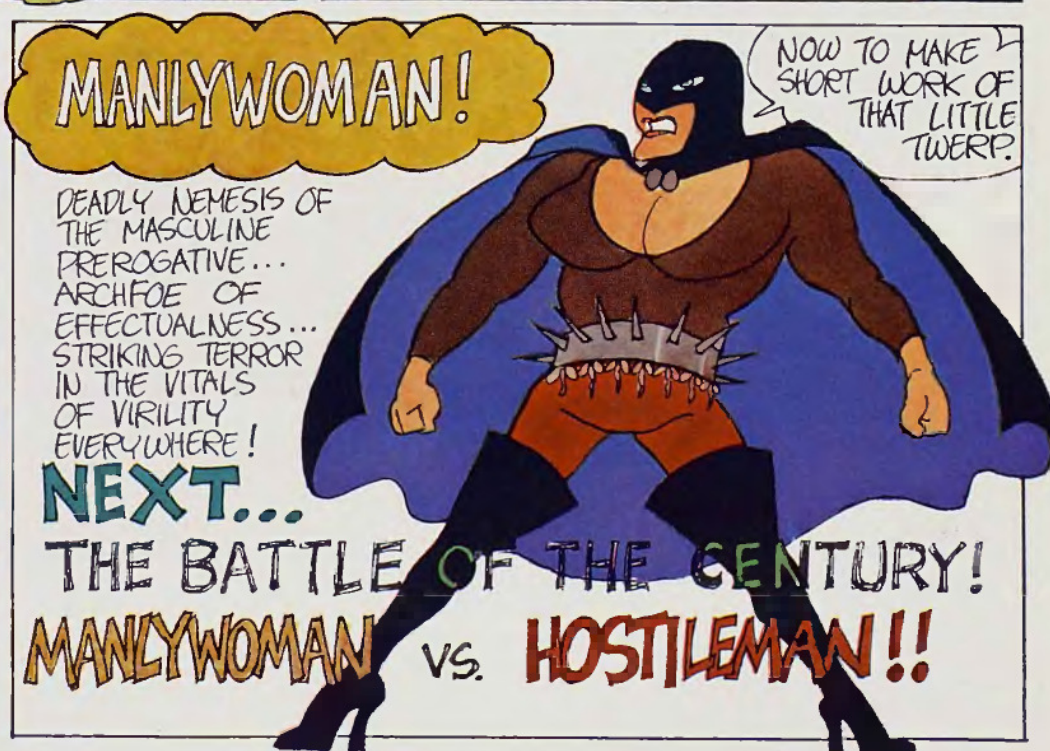
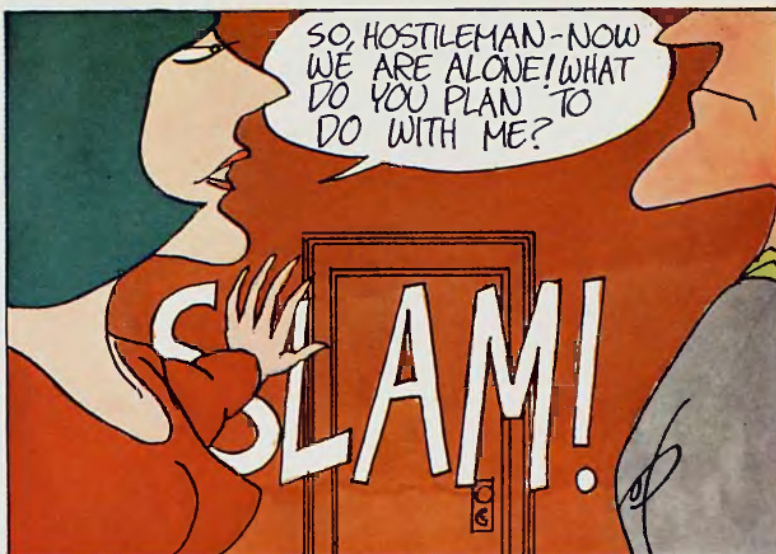














## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 88)

don't have a chance to wipe out the ignorance that's responsible for a lot of prejudice.

**PLAYBOY:** In line with that thought, a recent poll indicated that most white people believe there's no real difference in the way they grow up and the way blacks grow up—and conclude that blacks themselves are totally responsible for all their social and economic problems. Do you think that if whites had more information about actual ghetto conditions, racial harmony would improve?

**COSBY:** It couldn't do any harm, but I find it hard to believe that white people don't know what life is like for the average American black. If a white guy sat down and objectively thought about the situation for a minute, how could he *possibly* think that blacks are growing up the same way he grew up? Did his mother have to pay more than \$200 for a couch that costs white people \$125? A guy in the slums buys a car for \$150 and has to pay \$400 a year insurance on it. The ghetto supermarkets sell food you can't find anywhere else; did you ever eat green meat and green bread? How many winters have white people spent with rats scurrying around their apartments at night, with windows boarded up but not keeping out the cold, and with no heat? Try to get a ghetto slumlord to fix up an apartment and you'll know what frustration and bitterness is.

**PLAYBOY:** Haven't a number of city governments begun cracking down on slumlords?

**COSBY:** Yes, but it doesn't do any good. It's fine to have a law on the books, but what good is it if a slumlord can get around it? If he can pay a city official \$150 or \$500 a year to keep his mouth shut when inspection time comes around, the law is worth nothing. And if the landlord is prosecuted, he'll hand money under the table to someone higher up than the city inspector. Or maybe he won't even bother to bribe anyone; after all, what difference will it make whether he spends \$200 bribing a cat or paying that amount in the form of a fine? Here, again, black people wind up powerless, because they have no capital.

**PLAYBOY:** Then you advocate black capitalism?

**COSBY:** That's right. I think whites should begin to understand how personally destructive poverty is. Drive through Harlem sometime; if a cat's got no bread, he's just not going to look good. He'll look bad enough not having a job and having no money coming in; but if he comes out of a one-room apartment with three or four brothers, and his father has no job, how can he *possibly* look good? And when you're poor, nobody wants to have anything to do with

you. This used to happen to me, even among black people. Before I became "somebody," I had my problems getting dates with girls. I had black girls reject me because I had only a glen-plaid suit and striped shirt and striped tie to wear on a date; that was all I owned in the way of dress-up clothing. That was all I could afford. There's a whole string of chicks in Philadelphia who are bread-conscious and turned me loose because I was hoping to become a schoolteacher, which would have given them a cat who was making \$130 a week—if he made it through college. Chicks would put that down: "Schoolteacher? Nope, you're not in my bracket." There's probably girls today think, "Gee, I could have had him and I let him go. I sold Bill Cosby short at \$12, and now he's \$432 a share. Damn!" The point is: The poorer you are, the uglier you are. And that poverty creeps into every part of black people's lives: poor education, poor housing, poor sanitation, poor medical care and, as a result of all these, poor jobs. When society keeps on showing that it's more interested in property rights than in human rights, the result is looting and riots.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think, as many law-enforcement officials have alleged, that looting and rioting are ever planned, in the same way that a civil rights march is planned, with the intention of forcing whites into remedial concessions?

**COSBY:** Looting and rioting are spontaneous things that happen with a crowd. They're not planned, coordinated actions. It all boils down to the fact that when the opportunity comes to get a free pair of pants or a television set, people go along with the crowd. If you were walking down a street and saw people running in and out of stores, getting away with things you never had—getting away clean, too—why *not* go in there and get that bicycle or sofa yourself? As far as rioting is concerned, let me put it to you this way: If a guy is walking along and all of a sudden a crowd of people comes up and they're shouting, the first thing he'll want to know is what they're yelling about—right? Then he hears what they're yelling about; maybe a cop shot an unarmed black kid or police turned off fire hydrants black kids were using to beat 90-degree heat in the ghetto. Things like that have actually caused riots. The man may get pulled into that mob and listen to their statements and he may well join them. Now, a mob is like a pack of animals, man, and things like sniping and arson are liable to happen when a bunch of people, who are justifiably bitter and frustrated, are set off by an incident that finally exhausts all of their patience. But in riots where there's sniping going on, how come the cats who wind up getting killed are all unarmed black bystanders?

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think looting and rioting will stop as soon as black people acquire a fair share of America's wealth?

**COSBY:** Absolutely. You know, when doctors have to treat a wound, they don't heal it by putting bacteria on it or by applying dirty bandages to it. The powers in this country know how to heal the race situation and they also know that, by doing so, they'd be solving the problems of our cities. When white people move out of the city, they're moving to better homes, better schools. Cities have no attractions to make people change their minds and move back. And even if the people do move back, where do they wind up living? In a lower-class ghetto area or next to one. So let's clean up the city's sores. And to clean them up, we need to make jobs available to the people who live there, who suffer and die there, who, like the middle-class whites who leave, also want to get out and live in better surroundings. If it means that we build factories in ghettos—forget smog and air pollution and all that other crap for the moment—then that's what we'll have to do. We'll have to build more hospitals and schools to improve the quality of ghetto life. That's the only way the city will be able to offer both its blacks and its whites the same things that are available in the suburbs; that's the only way people will stop leaving the city.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think urban-renewal programs can help?

**COSBY:** Urban renewal usually means that buildings are torn down, people are moved to another area and then, for years, all you have are empty lots. That's a fact. And black people ask themselves the same questions whites would ask in the situation: Where are the homes we were promised? Why did you chase us out of there in the first place? How can any neighborhood become stable with this kind of thing going on?

**PLAYBOY:** But some new public housing *does* get built in ghettos. Aren't these suitable places to live?

**COSBY:** Well, a project is a little better than that apartment you've lived in where the landlord won't fix anything. But you can build low-rent housing without having it look and feel like a steel-and-brick concentration camp. You can put more elevators in and make sure the elevators work, so that little kids playing in the street who have to go to the john don't have to wait ten minutes for an elevator and wind up urinating in the lobbies.

**PLAYBOY:** As you know, there are millions of whites who can't understand why a majority of black neighborhoods are so run-down and littered.

**COSBY:** Look, take a simple thing like garbage collection. You may have eight families living in what was once a one-family house—because rents are high and because the jobs available to ghetto





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blacks don't pay well. You're going to get an awful lot of trash from this house, because all these people are living there. Each family goes out, does its shopping and contributes its share of garbage, so you'd expect there'd be at least twice as much collection as there was before. But there's usually *half* as much garbage collection and, at that, those eight families have it good, compared with most of the people who live in black neighborhoods.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think these conditions can be corrected through the poverty program?

**COSBY:** They could be, but they won't; I don't think that the poverty program can mean much when 70 percent of its bread goes into the pockets of the people who get paid to give it away. And now that poverty-program funds are under local supervision, it's become just another piece of political patronage. That's almost criminal.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you think Federal

funds *should* be used to help clean up and eventually eliminate the ghettos?

**COSBY:** The first thing we should do is study the findings and recommendations of the Kerner Commission. I don't think any recent Government study has been more valid—or more ignored by the Government—than that report. The fact is that if certain buildings went up in the ghetto, they would supply jobs for thousands of black men. The second move also has to do with jobs; I think we should discontinue the summer work programs for kids and concentrate on men.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**COSBY:** White legislators think that as long as a kid's energy is spent and his time taken up, he'll be too tired to throw a bomb. But that's bullshit, because a kid's got more energy than a grownup. And I know, man. I used to play basketball from nine in the morning until the sun went down. But the truth of the matter is that no parent can command a

kid's respect if the parent doesn't have a strong game going for himself—if the father doesn't have a job. The kid will hear his mother chewing the old man out because he's not working. Or he'll hear them both moaning and groaning because there's no money coming in.

Listen, summertime should be when a kid can go out and hit that ball and swim and go hiking. Summertime is no books, no sitting in a classroom, and the biggest worry for parents is that their kid doesn't knock up somebody's daughter. I see summer as a time to have a ball, not a season to burn off energy so that you won't burn up the city. If the kid's working and the old man isn't, he's not the father, man; he's just an older guy who can beat you up. He can beat you up because he's bigger and stronger, but he certainly isn't anybody you can use as an example of what you want to be when you grow up.

So I believe all the job emphasis should be directed toward industrial corporations giving job-training programs to fathers who are out in the streets. If you take care of the father, then the kid has somebody to look up to. Black men *don't* need those dumb civic programs that send entertainers to perform in the ghetto every summer. Maybe they expect the cat in the audience to say to himself, "I enjoyed that show so much I'm not going to be militant anymore. As a matter of fact, that was such a good program that I don't care if I'm poor and can't get a job for the rest of my life. I'm gonna come early and get a better seat for next year's show. That is, if I don't starve to death between now and then."

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think a guaranteed annual income might be one answer to the poverty problem?

**COSBY:** I'm in favor of a guaranteed job; no man, black or white, really wants to be given a pay check or handed a loaf of bread or a book of stamps. Men want to work and they want to be paid decent salaries. When I look at myself as a young man who can retire in a few years and receive an income from my investments, I still know that I could no more sit on my ass and let that check come in than I could lie paralyzed in bed for the rest of my life. I've got to do something with my hands, my feet and my brain. To me, it won't make any difference if it's a job as a part-time schoolteacher, paying \$30 a week—because I'll still have that big dividend check coming in every week. But I'll be working. Jobs are what the black man wants. But if I'm washing down hospital wards, or sweeping floors in a restaurant, and if my pay check at the end of the month is smaller than a relief check, why work? When a guy on welfare gets a job, he no longer gets welfare; would you work to lose money? We could set up better plans



"Wow! Has anyone ever told you you're extremely articulate?"





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*"My insomnia got me started. I figured as long as I was lying there in bed awake all night anyway. . . ."*



that would cost a lot less and be more helpful to this country if we really wanted to.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you any in mind?

**COSBY:** Sure. Men on relief should be taught skilled jobs. That's only half of it, though, because it isn't enough just to teach skills. We must also make sure there are jobs available to use the skills. And all of us also have to be grown-up enough and intelligent enough to realize that all people are not the grooviest in the world and that even after you teach a guy a skill, he may not be able to hold a job or really want it. We have our con men and our criminals. No matter how cool your society is, you'll still have people who'll kill and rape and steal, regardless of color.

**PLAYBOY:** While we're still on the subject of color: Perhaps for the first time in America, the awareness of skin color is being used constructively in the "black is beautiful" concept. What does that phrase represent to you?

**COSBY:** With me, it isn't a matter of black is beautiful as much as it is that white is not *all* that's beautiful—which is what black men are taught. We need a self-love to throw off all that bullshit that's been laid on us for the past 300 years. And this is a groovy way to teach our kids to be proud of what they are. We black people have our own culture, which has always been laughed at because it's different from the white man's. I remember when I was in junior high school at Christmastime, and we'd been allowed to bring records in. I never owned any, but a couple of colored girls brought Mahalia Jackson's version of *Silent Night*, while the white kids brought things like the Mormon Tabernacle Choir singing *Hallelujah* and Bing Crosby's *White Christmas*. Well, the black treatment of a Christmas carol was something the white kids snickered at, because of their own ignorance; and, at the same time, we were embarrassed because it wasn't white. Mahalia just didn't sound like the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, and Clara Ward didn't sound like Bing Crosby. But this no longer happens, because of the black-is-beautiful re-education, because of the fact that our culture, our music is something to be proud of. We're into a different style, a different way of doing things, and we're not going to let anybody laugh at it just because his face is white. And we're not going to be ashamed of it. What we are is beautiful—what we are is black.

**PLAYBOY:** After centuries of being told they were inferior, have black people themselves had difficulty in accepting this new self-pride?

**COSBY:** It hasn't been easy to throw out all the brainwashing, but we're doing it. Let me give you a personal example: Black people from the South have a common accent; it's almost a foreign language. I can't speak it, but I under-

stand it, because my 85-year-old grandfather speaks it. I remember hearing him use the word "jimmin" and I had to go up to my grandmother to find out what he was saying. She told me he was saying "gentlemen." That was black; it's the way my grandfather talks, the way my Aunt Min talks, because she was down South picking cotton while I was in Philadelphia picking up white middle-class values and feeling embarrassed about hearing people talk like that and wanting to send them to school to straighten them out. I now accept this as black, the same way I accept an Italian whose father from the old country has a heavy accent. I accept it as black the same way chitlins and crab fingers and corn bread and collard greens and hush puppies and hog jaws and black-eyed peas and grits are black. This is what we were given to eat; this was our diet in the South, and we've done some groovy things with it. Now even white people are talking about Uncle So-and-So's spare-rib place.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think black food and black music have become so fashionable in much of white society today?

**COSBY:** White people are trying to get a little soul—which has to do with sentiment and sorrow, sympathy and guilt. It's like the hippies who go around dressed as if they're poor, although their parents live in big suburban homes. A lot of white people want soul and they think they can get it by eating the food, learning the dances, digging the music. Many white chicks feel they'll get soul if they ball a black man they don't even care about.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think that's a major motivation for interracial sex?

**COSBY:** I can't really say. While soul is the attraction for the white person, I feel that the black goes to the white because of the white's status in this society; the black person is supposed to in some way *gain* from making love to a white. And the white is giving up status to make love to a black. It's almost like a materialistic thing now: If a white chick is with a black guy, she's saying, "Look at me, look what I'm giving up, look how I'm going against society. Man, am I *brave*!" Now, I'm not talking about love, just balling. If he or she wants to have soul, like, go on ahead and ball, but that ain't gonna make you soulful. I've been with white cats who've looked at black chicks I wouldn't be seen with anywhere and heard them say, "Man, she is *fantastic-looking*." And, by the same token, I've seen white girls look at a black man and say, "That guy's really beautiful." But what they mean—and I'm talking about whites who have a desire to make love to a black—is that they dig that African or extra blackness that says this person is 100 percent black. To them, this blackness represents soul.

**PLAYBOY:** Doesn't it represent the same thing to black people?

**COSBY:** Of course not. Ever since America was founded, we've been trying to overcome the dumb idea that skin color, of its own nature, determines the character of the person who's inside it. After all that's happened to the black man in this country, it would be even crazier for us to believe in racism than for whites to. Up until six years ago, black people, because of their identification with white society, didn't want to be black. In cities like Washington, D. C., in fact, there are many Negroes who still feel a great deal of resentment if a dark Negro comes to date a light-skinned girl. The parents of that girl want to keep breeding lighter, so they can finally get rid of that *badge* and walk free. But most black people have finally discovered they've been deluding themselves.

**PLAYBOY:** About what?

**COSBY:** Through the civil rights movement and through Martin Luther King, Jr., America's racism was forced out into the open, so the world could see it. Black people found out that most whites just didn't *want* them to have a growing place in America's future. Once we found that out, we turned to ourselves for help, as we had to. It's like when a cat leaves home to see the world but gets robbed and can't find a job; the only place for him is back home. Well, we need to make a place for ourselves, a place where we can be received and accepted, and this is happening through black identification—realizing that one is black, not white, and being proud of it. But many black people today go to extremes in their rejection of white power, white imperialism and white values.

**PLAYBOY:** Which white values?

**COSBY:** The main white value—greed. Through greed, whites have been fooled into thinking that freedom for black people means they'll lose their jobs, their homes, even the clothes off their backs. Certain ideas have been laid on the white man to exploit his greed, and the windup is that whites, because of greed, think all black men are lazy and shiftless and everything else represented in racist stereotyping. But this has all been the result of lies, and white people now have to listen to the truth: Freedom, for *any* man, is a need like food and water. The black man needs his freedom and he is determined to get it—now. If white America chooses to withhold equality from the black man, the result is going to be disaster for this country. But if whites allow the black man the same civil rights they themselves take for granted, then they're *really* in store for a shock; this country will turn into the coolest and grooviest society the world has ever seen.



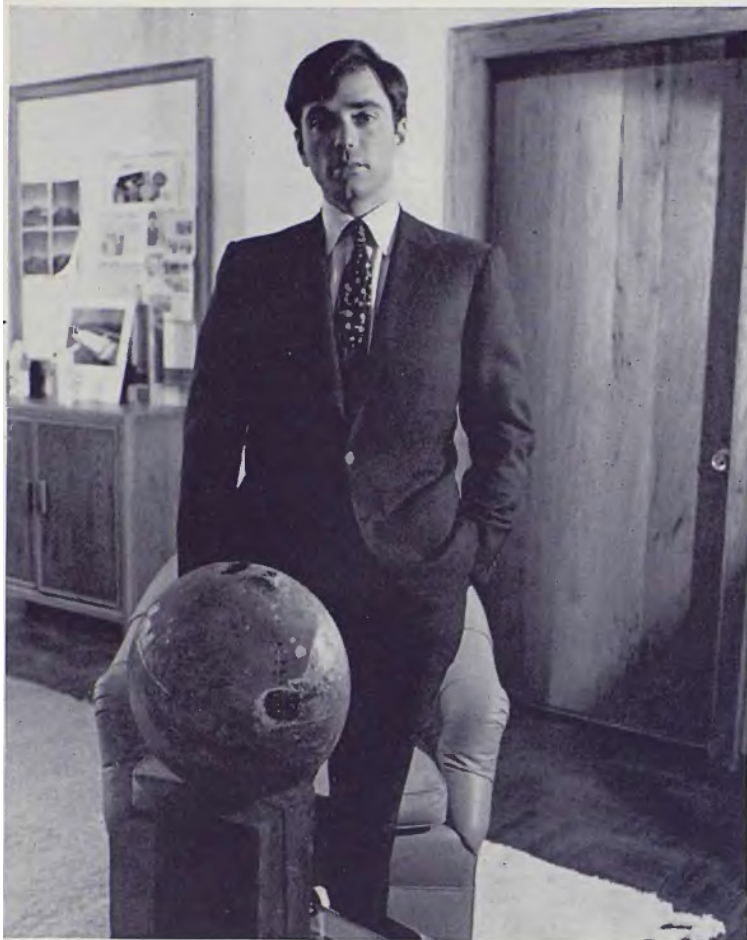
# ON THE SCENE

## ROD McKUEN *master of arts*

ONLY ONE MAN WE KNOW could claim truthfully that he's simultaneously working on his first symphony, his fourth book of poems, an autobiography and a novel; that he has just finished the musical scores for several movies, including *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* and *A Boy Named Charlie Brown*; and that he is preparing the screenplay for *Stanyan Street and Other Sorrows*, a feature film based on his own writings. But Rod McKuen doesn't bother to brag; he's too busy. The self-educated *chansonnier* acquired his Promethean work habits at the age of 11, when he started supporting his mother and brother as they drifted throughout the West. After a series of rough-and-tumble jobs, an abbreviated stay at San Francisco State College, an Army stint in the Far East and a fling at acting in Hollywood, McKuen went to New York to concentrate on writing and performing his own songs. When RCA asked him the source of a ballad that his friend Glenn Yarbrough had included in an LP, McKuen lied that it was from a book he'd written—thereby obligating himself to write the book. Since then, he's become a one-man cultural explosion: At last count, he had composed about 1000 songs and recorded about 40 albums. His schedule for 1969, in addition to more movie scores and many concerts (one of which was recorded last month at Carnegie Hall), includes a TV special on May tenth and another in November; and his own label, Stanyan Records, will issue its first releases this fall. A solitary traveler for most of his 36 years, McKuen has mellowed to the point where he'd like to settle in California—with a wife—and spend his time "just writing songs for Frank Sinatra, Pet Clark and myself" (Sinatra recently cut an LP of 14 McKuen songs). But so far, he hasn't found a woman who can accept his 16-hour workday—or the increasing demands on his time from producers in New York and Hollywood. "I went so long without my telephone ringing," McKuen says, "that now it's difficult to say no."







## **WILLIAM WHITE, JR.** *compound interests*

PREDICTABLY, the 29-year-old president and board chairman of Great Western United Corporation, William White, Jr., bases his business philosophy on free-form management—giving opportunity and responsibility to young, creative people and letting them “do their own thing.” The formula obviously works: G. W. U. has grown into a \$250,000,000 corporation, and Bill White has become a multimillionaire. He began late in 1964 by parlaying \$100,000 of his own money (he’s the fourth-generation member of a Colorado banking family) into control of Colorado Milling & Elevator Company, an established flour manufacturer. With the intention of building a multifaceted foods company, he subsequently took over Great Western Sugar, the largest U. S. beet-sugar producer; 30 percent of the Gorton Corporation, a seafood processor; and 50 percent of Shakey’s, Inc., a large pizza-parlor franchising operation. Merging these holdings into Great Western United in 1968, White decided to diversify G. W. U. into a marketing company. He sold his interest in Gorton, bought the rest of Shakey’s and acquired Emerald Christmas Tree Company and California City Development Company, which plans and builds residential communities. Ground has been broken for a chain of Great Western Steak Houses that he envisions “will do for steaks what Shakey’s did for pizza.” The base for White’s burgeoning empire is Denver, where he often unnerves local businessmen by driving around in a bright-red Classic Classic—an elegant fiberglass car modeled after the 1932 Ford Phaeton (he keeps a Ferrari in the East). He also maintains apartments in Aspen (he’s an avid skier) and New York City and a summer home in East Hampton. Add to these a sizable art collection, and it’s easy to see why he thinks “bachelorhood is fun.” So is business; but heading a world-wide empire isn’t his life’s ambition. As White says, “Arriving isn’t nearly as much fun as getting there.”



## **SHECKY GREENE** *king of clubs*

“LIKE MOST COMEDIANS, I’m a manic-depressive,” Shecky Greene admits. Happily, there is little room for depression in the torrent of comedic mania with which he inundates audiences—elaborate vignettes on everything from NASA to the Arab-Israeli conflict and devastating impressions of such unlikely luminaries as Sophie Tucker, Harry Belafonte and Maria Ouspenskaya. In contrast with most of his fellow funny-men—who rely on written routines for their material—Shecky ad-libs and refines his improvisations on night-club stages in San Francisco, Miami and such intermediate points as Las Vegas, where he headlines 20 weeks a year at the Riviera. “It’s like group therapy for me,” he says in praise of his favorite action; but his television appearances on the Dean Martin and Johnny Carson shows, though well received, demonstrate that the camera is too impersonal and the time too short to three-dimensionalize an act that usually runs 90 minutes and depends on his proven ability to establish a close rapport with his audience. Born Sheldon Greenfield in 1926 on Chicago’s North Side, Shecky found that rapport even as a child entertaining family and friends. After wartime service on an aircraft carrier, he returned home in 1946 and attended college and radio-broadcasting school, but finally won an amateur talent contest. He dropped out of school and graduated to resort engagements at Wisconsin’s Oakton Manor, where his career was really launched. Today, at 42, despite his loyal supper-club following, regular TV guest shots and a feature role in *Tony Rome* with Frank Sinatra, he still hasn’t attempted to capture mass attention. “I never wanted it; it’s not my nature,” the Sheck reflects. “I had more peace of mind working a strip club in Milwaukee.” But his strip-joint days are long gone; and after 20 years of night-club work and the promise of many more to come, he finds all the satisfaction he needs in being widely recognized as the comedian’s comedian.



## BERRY-SMASHING DAY

(continued from page 156)

directly with management, then the union settles them for you, correct? Well, the pickers formed a union, but the major growers won't recognize it, so no complaints are settled in any way except the way the growers want, and that's always to the extreme disadvantage of the pickers. These pickers are relatively uneducated but very honest people, usually from a foreign-speaking minority, good family men, they know how to pick fruit, like the outdoors and accept gladly their means of livelihood, and now all they want is for their legitimately formed union to be recognized and honored by the growers, so the union can bargain directly and fairly for better wages, decent wages, the most minimum of national-minimum-wage-act wages, and for the most commonly accepted working and living conditions, which means a portable privy near their work area and dormitories that weren't built ages ago for pigs. Now, is that asking for too much?"

"No."

"Then support us by joining the boycott movement against the illegal growers. We're asking you—and, incidentally, this is in full accordance and sympathy from your own union organizer, Mr.

Felk, at Local Seventy-nine—to refuse to sell ras, black and loganberries in your store. And, in fact, tomorrow, in the street outside the supermarket, to publicly dump and destroy the berries you already have while TV cameras of two local stations here take pictures and do a story of you doing it, all of which we'll be instrumental in setting up."

I made a few whoos and good Gods into the phone and asked the man to repeat what he had just asked me to do, which he was doing when Jennie walked over with a blackboard that listed the ingredients that were going into her "New Superspecial Famous Northern California Egg Dish tonight, which includes sweet cream, Swiss and parmesan cheese, scallions, peppers, pimientos and fresh chopped oregano and parsley," and said, "Who's on the phone?"

I told her, "Union business." And to the man: "What's your name, if I might ask?"

"I'll give my organizing name, which is Blackspot. Now, what do you say?"

I said why not ask the head of produce, and he said that Finerman was too old, besides being in complete agreement with the berry growers and management against the pickers. "Do what I

ask, Kevin, and it might be the spark we need to make our Eastern boycott successful. We don't want any more fire-bombing. Innocent people get hurt and it looks bad for us, besides. Just dump the berries at ten tomorrow, which the stations say is the latest they can cover the story, because of previous camera commitments, and we swear we'll use every pressure we have to keep you on at the store, if they decide to fire you, and if that's impossible, then your union has promised to place you at even a higher wage at a pro-picker store. You'll also be stamping your own special mark for the same things your own union fought for and won only twenty years ago; now, what do you say?"

I said I'd think it over, but he said I had no time. I said why didn't he get a produce head of one of the giant, more influential markets to do it and he said because my store was in the news now and to gain back respect for the movement, that fire-bombing had to be white-washed from the public's mind. "What you'd do would mean that even though one of your favorite colleagues was severely burned, his fellow employees still thought so much of the movement that they forgave the fire-bombing and were, in fact, placing direct blame for it on the growers and indirect blame on the market owners for trying to sell those berries."

I said, oh, what the hell, I'd do it and he said I'd see him in front of the store at ten, then. "You'll recognize me as an ordinary pedestrian with the most unordinary happy grin an ordinary pedestrian ever had. Pickers around the nation will never forget you for this. You're a credit to your profession and local."

I didn't care about being a credit to my profession. I never had any illusions that my job was difficult or needed many physical or mental skills, though I did have to use some better judgment and really strain a muscle or two when I worked for a small market five years ago and had to get up before the pigeons to select and buy the store's produce line right off the trucks. Now I open crates that are delivered twice a week to the market, make sure the fruits and vegetables look appetizing and salable to the customers, which mostly means using the right fluorescent lights and straightening out the food and spraying it every other hour to give it that just-picked or rained-on look and odor, put up the price signs that management directs us to from its offices in another city and occasionally use my own mind by writing and installing cute and clever sayings on the more perishable items, such as ACT LIKE THIS FRUIT IS YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW: PLEASE DO NOT SQUEEZE. But I agreed with just about everything that Blackspot said about improving the lot



"Gerald, what do we care what the Pope thinks? We're Presbyterians."



of the pickers, was bored with C & L after three years and didn't mind losing my job if I could get another one, though, with two weeks' severance pay, and then it'd be a kick seeing myself on television, having my wife, friends and relatives all seeing me, which'd be the most exciting thing to happen to me since my plane came back with me and my National Guard unit in it from an overseas emergency Middle East crisis several years ago and my crying wife and family nearly suffocated me to death at the airport gate.

"How'd you like to see me on television tomorrow night?" I said to Jennie when she set that superspecial northern-California egg dish in front of me; and she said, "And how'd you like to see me in a brand-new Valentino gown?"

"But I'm serious." And she said, "And so am I. Wouldn't I look spectacular? Now, eat up." And to that five-month-old thing in her belly: "You, too, mister, and don't be letting me know if you think the dish is too hot."

The eggs weren't very good, too bland, which not even salt would improve, which surprised me, with all the different herbs, spices and ingredients she had in it, and when she asked how it was, I said, "Great, um, fine, though still not as good as one of your plain cheese omelets or fried egg marinara, so maybe

this ought to be the last time we have it, OK?"

"I like it. The sautéed pepper I could do without, but I like it." She ate all her eggs and, without asking me or anything, spooned half of my eggs onto her plate, while I just sat there, daydreaming about how I was going to get the berries to the street tomorrow before the manager or Finerman got wind of what I was doing.

• • •

I got to work a little earlier than usual and cleaned up the produce section a half hour before the store was to open at nine. The window from the bombing the day before still had wooden planks and tape over it and the store still smelled some from the fire, even though we had used several cans of bathroom spray. One of the girl food clerks said that just before she left the night before, the manager told her the company wasn't going to repair the window till the weekend, just to show the agitators that we didn't think a broken window was going to lose us much business and to also show the neighborhood how difficult it was providing them with the wide selection of food products we thought they wanted. I told her I thought a broken window was definitely going to lose us trade, not only because it looked bad but also because it

reminded customers that more agitation might come if the dispute wasn't settled and, worse than that, of Nelson's near death.

"How is he, you know?" she said, and I told her I'd been thinking of calling the hospital; in fact, would do it right now, since I had a few minutes before the store opened, and went to the office.

"Good morning, Kevin," the manager said. "Everything straightened out up front?" He said this every time I saw him and he meant was the floor swept in my section and was I getting the more perishable items that wouldn't last the week right up on top for everyone to see or at least working with Finerman in ordering replacement produce, since the company prohibited markdowns on its fruits and vegetables. This was really his office, he made us very aware of that, made us feel uncomfortable whenever we had to use just one of the three desks in his office, and he red-circled the check-in numbers of our timecards if we punched in three minutes late more than once a week or two minutes late more than twice a week and even complained to our department superiors if he thought we were spending too much time in the washroom, which happened to be within seeing distance from his glass office overlooking the store, as I guess everything

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else was, except the stock room in back, where the staff took their breaks. That was why I was a little jittery and maybe too hesitant when I asked if he'd mind my using the phone to call about Nelson. He said I needn't bother, he had called himself last night and the hospital said Nelson's doing satisfactorily and it wouldn't know of any improvement in his condition for two days. "He has those kind of burns."

"I'd still like to call, if you don't mind, and find out if he just might have improved overnight."

"I never knew you and Nelson were that close."

"We weren't, exactly. I mean, Nelson liked me and me, him and we had lots of respect for each other, as we were both on the company softball team that made the league play-offs two years ago, Nelly at short and me at second."

"It's also that the company's been complaining to me recently about the excess calls from this phone, and on both exchanges. They say it's completely out of proportion to the excess calls of the other stores, and even sent me a notice to post on the bulletin board, which I haven't done, because I thought a brief mention of it at our next staff conference might serve as well."

"I'm sure they could make an exception with this one."

"I'm sure they could, too, if this were the only exception. But I can't be

explaining to them why each excess call of my employees, or at least the calls I find out about, is an exception—I'd be explaining to them all week, if that were the case."

So he wasn't going to let me use the phone after all. He didn't care about Nelson, except that he had to be replaced by a less efficient man at the register and that might lower the day's profit a fraction of a percentage point and, good God!, how was he ever going to explain that to the company. He didn't care about the pickers or even his own employees; and if it had been me burned and Nelson who wanted to call the hospital, it would've been the same excuse: excess calls. I said thank you, I don't know for what, and called the hospital from the pay phone in back. Nelson was doing satisfactorily, a nurse said, though chances of his complete recovery wouldn't be known for at least another day.

"You see the cameras?" Mary Sarah, another food clerk, said when I got back to my section. "They're setting up outside—two of them from different stations. What you think they're for?"

"Probably to photograph the scene of yesterday's bombing."

"And the paper today? There was a picture of our market, real as life except for the boards, and another of Nelson waving from his bed in the hospital, though he looked so grim and weak, it

seemed maybe strings were making his hand move. My hubby, Mike, and I talked about Nelson last night and couldn't decide what all that degree business meant. Though because third sounds so much the worse over second, we almost agreed it wasn't, simply because it was too obvious, and so we wouldn't have even thought about the question in the first place. Do you have a clue?"

The store bell rang, everyone got to his post, the doors opened and the usual early-morning surge of customers eager to get what they believed were daily-delivered fresh fruits and vegetables bought grapefruits, oranges, peaches and tomatoes and raspberries that had been on the counter for a few days.

"It's getting so exciting outside," Mary Sarah said, coming by after the early rush had ended and squeezing and thumping a melon to see if it was ripe enough for that night. "Could you put this one away for me?" she said, which I did. "And the papers say it was all because of those things—those berries there," and she pointed to the four crates of berries that in a half hour I was going to dump onto the street and destroy. I had already figured out how I was going to do it. I'd wait till Finerman went in back for his every-half-hour-on-the-half-hour smoke, and then I'd simply stack the crates on one another and carry them outside.

"Morning, Kevin." It was Mrs. Shape, another morning regular. For six months in the cold season, she bought nothing but anise, artichokes and apples; and during the warmer months, it was plums, peaches and unpackaged carrots. "You shouldn't be selling those things," she said, meaning the berries.

"I know that, Mrs. Shape."

"I should be boycotting your store for selling them, because by having them, you only encourage people to buy. Haven't you seen the television reports?" I told her I hadn't and she said that the educational network last week devoted an entire hour to the plight of the berrypickers and the cynicism of the growers. "They're the most underprivileged and underpaid workers we have; and because of it, they're forced to live in hovels and have too many children, thereby causing even more future problems for the world. I shouldn't even be in this store, do you realize that? And maybe I won't," and she put down the plums, peaches and carrots I had already weighed out for her and bagged, clipped and marked, and left the store. "See you tomorrow, Kevin," were the last words she said.

It was nearly ten. The cameras were set up and a couple of policemen were keeping the pedestrians away from the equipment and the interviewer, whom I recognized from an evening-news-report show as one of the most well-known



*"I don't care if you are tall, blond, well built, intelligent, witty, interested in sports, art and music. I say the computer dating service goofed!!"*



television reporters on the city scene. People were trying to get his autograph while he held a few pieces of paper in his hand and was practicing his report to an unmanned camera. Suddenly, Mary Sarah was right on top of me, excited and out of breath and saying, "You know what Mr. Dougherty of WNBT just said outside about you, Kev?" And Larry, the youngest food clerk, said, "What, Mary, what?" "He said that you, Kevin, have just smashed all the grower-grown berries that hadn't been picked by union-supporting pickers, as an act of protest against the growers and as a form of allegiance or something to the boycott movement, though I don't know if he was talking about you or the pickers, now, Kev."

"What's that all about?" Finerman said, his package of cigarettes and matches already out of his pocket and in his hands, as he was on his way to the stock room for a smoke.

"What's what all about?" I said, stacking a crate of berries on another crate.

"What Mary Sarah said."

"Mr. Dougherty said you smashed berries onto the street and destroyed them, though you didn't do that, from what I could see, did you, Kev? I would've seen it from number six, or at least heard about it."

"That's true, you would've." I had three crates stacked now, lifted them up, told Larry to place the fourth and last crate on top of the three I held, and started for the door.

"Where you going with those?" Finerman said. "Now, put them down and explain to me, Kev."

I would have, the situation was getting much too tight and a bit frightening for me now, but everything had been arranged, which I had agreed to, and I would feel even worse and more stupid having had all those television men set up their equipment for nothing. "I've got to put these berries away, under manager's orders," I said.

"Well, you're going the wrong way, if that is what you're doing," Finerman said. "Storeroom's in back. Kevin? Now, you come back this instant, Kevin."

I was walking through the door. Finerman, as I had thought, didn't try to stop me physically, though by now he must have known what was happening. Larry, Mary Sarah and the delivery boys followed me outside, mumbling to one another that something fantastic was about to happen. "OK, fellas," Mr. Dougherty said, and the cameras began taking film of me on the street. Mr. Dougherty was reporting off camera how I was leaving the market to demonstrate my sympathy with the pickers' movement for higher wages and better living and working conditions. Behind me, Mary Sarah said, "Now I know, now I understand." And Larry said, "Oh, Jesus, and I was the one who put the last crate of



*"I originally bought this car to compensate for my fears of sexual inadequacy; but since I've had it, I've found that I'm really not sexually inadequate!"*

berries in his hands. You think I'll get fired?"

I looked around for Blackspot, but there was a whole slew of ordinary-looking pedestrians grinning and smiling as I almost never saw them do. I walked to the curb, set down the crates, lifted the top crate and was about to turn it over into the street, when a couple of boys standing beside me and hamming it up for the cameras said, "As long as you're going to throw away those things, can we have some?" I said no, though I honestly didn't know what to say; I hadn't planned for anyone to bring up what I could see was a perfectly legitimate request, and when they said, "They're just going to go to waste, anyhow," I told them, "Well, only one basket apiece, understand?" The boys took a basket each from one of the crates on the sidewalk and then it seemed that everybody in the crowd except my co-workers and the television people and one unhappy, ungrinning, very ordinary-looking man except for a purple birthmark the size of a glass coaster in the middle of his forehead began grabbing baskets of berries out of the crates and stuffing them into their shopping bags or just eating handfuls of berries right on the street, as the two boys were doing. The crowd emptied the three crates in a matter of seconds and were reaching for the berries in the crate I was holding away from their reach, when I threw that crate to the ground and quickly stepped on and smashed the berries rolling every which way and then almost everybody in the crowd joined in stepping on the berries

with me. "We're pressing wine," someone yelled. "Down with the illegal growers," Blackspot shouted at the cameras. "Up with C&L fruit men," a man said, and that was the cheer the crowd liked best. "Up with C&L fruit men. They give away free berries for nothing." The cameras picked up on all of this. Mr. Dougherty was reporting the story as if a last-second, game-winning touchdown had just been scored. It was almost a surprise to me not to be hoisted to someone's shoulders and hip-hip-hoorayed to.

. . .

That evening, Jennie and I sat down for the evening news. I told her something special was going to be on that we ought to watch, as I hadn't mentioned what had happened at work that day. She said she ought to see how the chicken was doing in the oven, but I said, "Sit tight, just for a moment?"

There were a lot of reports about Vietnam and Africa and the UN and our country's gold crisis and the city's impending school crisis and then the story that I was in. "Oh, gosh, I can't believe it, you were right," Jennie said, and I told her to can it, I couldn't hear; and off camera, Mr. Dougherty, while the screen showed me leaving the store, was telling a different story from the one he'd begun to recite when the incident actually took place. Now he said that what had started out to be one individual's protest against the major city supermarkets' nonadherence to the ras, black and loganberry boycott turned into a major neighborhood fun-in. "Kevin Wimer was the principal figure



in the demonstration, but the neighborhood, a polyglot of race, creed and culture, wouldn't let Mr. Wimer have his protest without them eating it, too." The television showed that long mad loud scene of people stealing the baskets and popping berries into their mouths for the benefit of the cameras, and Mr. Dougherty said it was like a "modern-dress Cecil B. De Mille presents scene of Bacchanalian Rome." The last shot on the screen showed me still holding the fourth crate and walking with my back to the cameras and Mr. Dougherty saying, "So what began as a brave individual's protest against a segment of the giant corporate structure ended up as the best gesture of neighborhood good will and all the free publicity that accompanies it that a supermarket chain could hope to get."

"Did they fire you?" Jennie asked.

"The manager said he'd speak to upper management about it, but in the meantime, I should stay on, they're short of help. But there are always other jobs."

"We got bills, you know, a baby coming on, and chicken costs money, even if you do get it at two thirds the price." She went to the kitchen, yelled out, "You're a fool and a show-off, Kevin Wimer," and, a little later, that dinner would be ready in five minutes.

Blackspot phoned. "You weren't at first forceful enough with those two

boys, but thanks, anyway. Nobody won or lost, but it at least drew some much-needed nonviolent attention to the movement. I was wondering if you'd join our picket lines tomorrow against a pro-grower Food-o-Rama on a Hundred and Sixty-eighth. We need marchers badly."

"I'm still working," I said. "But because of my general all-around foul-up today and sympathy for the movement, I'd like to give a few dollars to the pickers. Where do I send it to?"

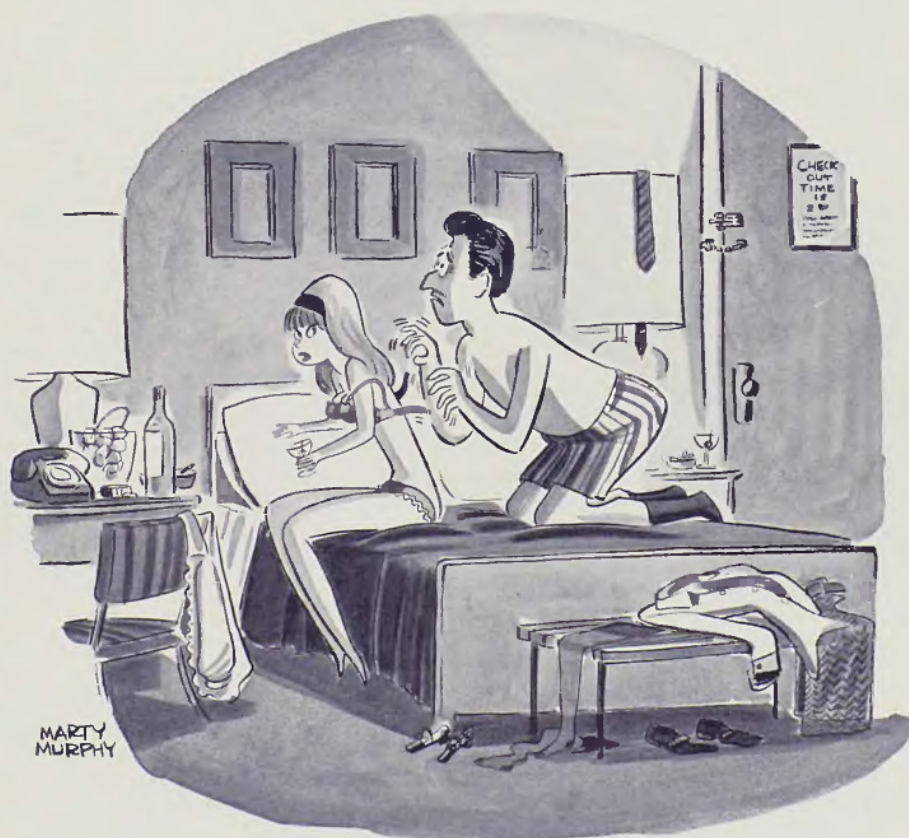
"We're going to have a complete full-page ad in all the city's newspapers on Sunday. It'll mention just that matter and also the address of national headquarters, where the donations should be sent."

The phone rang again a few minutes later. "Let it ring," Jennie said, but I left the table and answered it and it was Nelson Forman's wife, Rita. She said she hadn't seen the story on television herself, but at least five friends had called to tell her that one of Nelson's colleagues had come on television to say that not only did Nelson deserve to get burned but the whole city should go up in flames if the city and supermarkets and supermarket workers and shoppers didn't support the berry boycott. I told her that wasn't true, wondered out loud what show her friends could have been watching. "But it certainly wasn't the one Jennie and I saw, and the other station covering it shot the exact same scene." Then I

asked how Nelson was and she said, "Oh, fine, absolutely fine. I mean, how else would he be with half his body charred to shreds and all the pain that goes with it, which no amount of drugs administered seems to help?"

"Is he improving any? I mean, Nelson and I were friends, I'm interested, everybody at work is concerned," and she said, "Oh, yeah, a lot you care." "No, that's not true, I care a lot; that television report your friends gave was totally false," and she said, "Well, the doctors say he'll live, thank God, though with so much of his body burned, they say he'll have to get skin grafts on the parts burned most," and it occurred to me that she if anybody would know the answer as to which of the two degrees was worse. I first said I'd be glad to give some of my skin to Nelson, if the doctors thought the color was right and all, "as I've big thighs and an even bigger behind and I know that's where they take the donor's skin from." Then I told her about the question that had been bothering me for two days now and which was worse, if she didn't mind my asking, second- or third-degree burns? Rita said, "Well, the main difference, Nelson's doctor told me—" but then she broke down; it sounded as if she was swallowing the mouthpiece whole. I felt very bad for her and said, "Now, come on, don't cry, it'll be all right, everything'll work out OK, Rita," but she said, "I can't go on, I've been like this since the fire-bombing, oh, what's wrong with this world, anyway?" and hung up.

I stood there a few seconds with Rita's sobbing voice and those pleas of hers still in my head, then went to the dictionary in the living room while Jennie was calling me back to the table in the kitchen, but all it had in it were the words "second" and "third" and "first" and "burn" and "-s" for the plural, but no word "degree" after them, neither with hyphens, separated nor anything. I decided I'd never get to know the answer to this question. That none of my friends knew and nobody at work knew and that maybe the only person who could tell me would be one of those great skin-doctor specialists like the one working on Nelson, who wouldn't give me the time of day on the phone for less than a \$50 bill. Then I remembered my promise to Rita and I said out loud, "Good God, what the hell you get into this time?" and I suddenly felt stomach-sick and woozy, because just the thought of being operated on for skin for Nelson's grafting scared me to no end now. I hoped Rita would forget my suggestion, or maybe in her condition she hadn't even heard my suggestion, but I had promised her my skin and I knew I'd have to go along with it if I was asked.



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## PLAYBOY FORUM (continued from page 70)

souls? Would we all have to turn in our swatters? Since belief in the humanity of the embryo is a religious consideration, it should not, under the American system of separation of church and state, be imposed on nonbelievers by legislation.

Barton Williamson  
Los Angeles, California

### RIGHT TO ABORTION

I am 18 years old, married and expecting my second child. When I discovered that I was pregnant, I considered having an abortion, because my husband and I felt that another baby would cause considerable financial hardship. But I found that I could not deliberately submit to an abortion without sincere regret and anguish. Having made my decision, I look forward to giving birth. Despite financial hardship, my child will come into the world loved and wanted. I do believe, however, that the individual woman should have the right to decide whether or not to have an abortion. If a woman feels that she does not want a child and that she cannot love it, she should not be forced to bring that child into the world.

Mrs. Barbara Henderson  
Wheaton, Illinois

### MARRYING THE GIRL

There may be a few PLAYBOY readers who will be aided in future decision-making by my experience. Some years ago, a girl with whom I had broken up came to me with a problem: I had gotten her pregnant. We decided to marry—even though we had not planned to see each other again—because we had a basic respect for each other and for human beings in general. We felt that we had created a human life and that it was our responsibility to preserve it.

We are now, several years later, very happy we made that decision. Our son is the dearest person in the world to us. We feel we've both been strengthened and ennobled by having faced and shouldered a responsibility instead of rejecting it. And we find ourselves very much in love with each other, because we accepted this adventure together.

Obviously, I don't think marriage is the solution to every case of out-of-wedlock pregnancy. I would like to offer one couple's personal testimony, however, that marrying under such circumstances need not be the end of the world—it can be a significant beginning.

(Name withheld by request)  
APO San Francisco, California

### ADMITTING ADULTERY

An item in the January *Forum News-front* gave the impression that I advocate concealing an extramarital affair from one's spouse. Since any discussion of adultery must be presented with the greatest clarity, I would like to make

a small, but meaningful correction to this apparent conclusion. My reason for advising discretion is my belief that change in social attitudes comes about gradually, particularly attitudes dealing with a matter as highly charged emotionally as an extramarital affair. First we must recognize and admit the frequency of this behavior. Secondly, the positive value of it (for some people) must also be recognized and acknowledged. I would advocate complete honesty in the matter only if I thought it possible to accomplish an extensive change in popular attitudes right now.

I do not think an extramarital affair need be considered weak, neurotic, unfaithful, immature, undignified or reprehensible behavior. If an effort at thinking through the issues could lift the subject out of the realm of behavior viewed as inferior, immoral and socially unacceptable, it would then become possible to admit an affair to a spouse. The need for secrecy at present is only to avoid the possible harm arising from a premature, indiscreet use of the truth.

O. Spurgeon English, M. D.  
Narberth, Pennsylvania

### WHAT IS ADULTERY?

In my letter in the February *Playboy Forum*, I pointed out that the modern interpretation of the commandment "Thou shalt not kill" has strayed far from its original, limited meaning for the ancient nomadic Hebrews. It may be of even greater interest to you that the same can be said of "Lo tinaf" ("Thou shalt not commit adultery"), the commandment upon which Judaeo-Christian sexual morality is ultimately based. In modern usage, this commandment is interpreted as a prohibition of any sexual activity outside wedlock. Since Hebrews were, at the time, polygamous, it was actually a prohibition of sex for a married woman with anyone other than her husband and for any married man with a woman married to someone else. It did not prohibit intercourse between men and unmarried women, intercourse with prostitutes or the taking of more than one wife.

Until 985 A.D., Jews in Europe were permitted to marry as many women as they chose; and, in fact, they are still permitted polygamy in parts of Asia and Africa. Yemenite Jews, who brought as many as five wives with them from their mother country, are common in Israel and are recognized by law. Polygamy for Asiatic Jews is now outlawed in Israel by secular-criminal law but not by any religious prohibition. Polygamy was religiously outlawed for European Jews and their descendants (which would include most U.S. Jews) for "one thousand years." Since this injunction was pronounced by Rabbenu Gershom in 985, it

will, therefore, be invalid after 1985. At present, there is no Jewish authority who could renew that injunction and it will thus be religiously feasible for American Jews to marry several wives in 16 years' time.

Michael Plashkes  
Tel Aviv, Israel

### ANOTHER OTHER WOMAN

As an "other woman," I have a message for those in this position who have been cussing out the wives of America in *The Playboy Forum*:

Face the facts, girls. Any man who really wants his woman will be with her—divorce is hard but not impossible. If you meant as much to him as his wife does, you wouldn't be the other woman; you would be *the* woman.

(Name withheld by request)  
Forest Hills, New York

### MATE SWAPPING

The *Playboy Forum* letters about mate swapping have been very pertinent to my husband and myself. We had a very happy marriage of several years when he first suggested we try this scene for extra kicks. Coming from a rather strict family, I was shocked and upset—so much so that he didn't mention the subject again for another year. When he did mention it again, I agreed, very nervously. It was an overwhelming success; we have gone to mate-swapping parties ten times in the past two years and we are happier and more in love than ever.

I don't doubt the people who have reported domestic disasters resulting from their own mate-swapping experiences, but I do know that in my case, the results have been entirely positive, enriching and (to borrow an expression from the young) consciousness-expanding.

(Name withheld by request)  
Scaford, New York

### MARRIAGE AND OWNERSHIP

I read with interest the October and January *Playboy Forum* letters from a Methodist minister who is concerned with the ethics of sexual behavior. I applaud not only his intellectual reasoning and psychological insight but also his morality. He sees the true meaning of sexual intercourse: the desire for love, communication and understanding that is in all of us. He sees also the fallacies in society's standards of chastity and fidelity. I found it surprising, however, that he has overlooked the basic weakness of marriage and the fault that gives rise to so much misery and jealousy.

The family unit came into being as the simplest, most easily regulated economic and sociologic unit. In a society where physical survival was the prime factor, the family working together served its purpose; it succeeded and has survived to this day with little change. Marriage at that time made the woman a



chattel, a possession of man. Modern women have reached, through struggle, a plateau almost equal to men. Yet what have they gained? They did not gain their freedom, for man never relinquished his ownership. They have won only the right to possess equally. Marriage now makes each the exclusive property of the other. It is this, accepted by society in the name of morality, that is the faulty foundation for, and the corroding force in, marital relationships.

The family unit, when it is healthy and productive, serves as an example to the children of proper male-female roles and of social interaction. As such, it is worth while. As a unit of exclusivity, ownership and jealousy, it is neither healthy nor productive.

Vivian Shaw  
Eatontown, New Jersey

#### TESTIMONIAL TO ADULTERY

My husband travels a lot and also works overtime quite often. As a result, we go three or four weeks without intercourse. I used to be irritable and tense, harsh with my children and quarrelsome with my husband, until I began having

affairs while my husband was away. When some of the men I went to bed with offered me money, I took it. Finally, I confessed to my husband what I was doing; he took it with surprising calm, especially after I bought him, with some of the money I'd made, an expensive suit he had been raving about for months. I no longer feel unhappy, cooped up and frustrated and I function better as a wife and mother. I know some married women will find what I do repulsive, but they shouldn't knock it until they've tried it.

(Name withheld by request)  
Boston, Massachusetts

#### GIVING V.D. BAD NEWS

In the November 1968 *Playboy Advisor*, C. H. told of the difficulty he encountered telling his girlfriend that she needed an examination for venereal disease. *PLAYBOY* replied, "You were right to do what you did and exactly as you did it."

There is another and, in my opinion, better way of informing a person that he or she may have a venereal disease: Leave the job to a V. D. epidemiologist.

V. D. "epi" men are a group of little-known public-health specialists who are highly skilled in performing just this function in society.

Working mostly out of public-health departments, about 600 of these men handle more than 400,000 reported cases a year in the greatest confidence, without revealing sources of information, without legal tactics of any sort, without jeopardizing one's job, family or social status. They preserve a maximum of respect for the dignity of the persons involved. "Contacts" named by military personnel are handled in the same way, by the same people. The V. D. "epi" man is on your side. He has one goal and only one: making the world safe for rest and recreation.

William F. Schwartz, Educational  
Consultant  
Southeastern Alliance for  
Eradication of Venereal Disease  
Atlanta, Georgia

#### THE FRUITS AND THE VEGETABLES

David Crosby's statement that people with long hair are all "fruits" (*The Playboy Forum*, February) is even more ridiculous than the old bigotries about all Negroes being lazy, all Jews crooked, all Frenchmen sex mad, etc. What next, Mr. Crosby? Will you start condemning people wholesale because of the kind of car they drive or the decorative scheme of their apartments?

Gary Hammond  
Dallas, Texas

Any long-haired guy would rather be an involved fruit than an apathetic vegetable. Think about it, Mr. Crosby.

Jon Baggs  
Ursinus College  
Collegeville, Pennsylvania

David Crosby's letter turned my stomach! When he says that "it is important for today's student to keep his mouth shut and listen," he is sweeping his pride and his responsibility under the barber's chair along with his hair.

Glenn Harbour  
University of New Hampshire  
Durham, New Hampshire

Beethoven didn't have a crewcut.

Howard Lenard  
Wisconsin State University  
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

We agree with David Crosby. The hippies drop out of society because they are childish and unable to live maturely in the modern world. They merely seek attention with their long hair, wild clothes and protest signs. There are other ways to deal with the controversial issues of the day.

Mike Williams  
George Vaporean  
Southeast Missouri State College  
Cape Girardeau, Missouri



"I'll tell you something else. It's the brand that recent tests showed contained the most tar and nicotine."



Mr. Crosby says some groups of musicians have normal hair. What is normal hair? Why should men be cut, trimmed and clipped like French poodles?

Olga F. Gannon  
Chino, California

#### YELLOW-BACKED PACIFISTS

In the February *Playboy Forum*, I noticed a letter from Thomas M. Cleaver complaining that the local authorities here in Killeen, Texas, have been harassing the Oleo Strut coffeehouse because its owners are pacifists.

This is to inform you that the only customers the Oleo Strut has ever been able to attract are seven or eight soldiers of the undesirable variety, who should have received dishonorable discharges long ago. If it weren't for a few out-of-town Communists and two local attorneys, the coffeehouse would have gone broke the first month.

You would really have to see these weirdos to believe them. They wear their hair in a strange way and, if you look close enough, you can see a stripe of yellow up their backs.

The Rev. Bob Johnson  
Killeen, Texas

#### WHO KILLED FRANCONIA?

I attended, endured and loved Franconia College (*The Playboy Forum*, February) for two years. Previous to that, I attended a state college in Pennsylvania that had a rule that women students could not wear pants off the campus; I won't bore you by telling you about the curriculum shoved at me.

Franconia College was a good place, an active, self-sufficient community based on the ideal of cooperation. The state of New Hampshire and Franconia Village just didn't understand; all they could see when they glanced away from their TV tubes was "a bunch of dirty, long-haired peacenik bums." They never bothered to look deeper than that. "Dog-do and dope," they said, and "We're gonna get those niggers and Jews up there." A policeman on the campus once called a black friend of mine a nigger. Besides police harassment and public humiliation, we were discriminated against in restaurants and stores. I was spit on once by a middle-aged man.

We kept our culture to ourselves and tried to help in community-service projects. We did no harm to anyone and we offended their aesthetics no more than they did ours. Franconia College is dead now, and we are widely scattered. Hypocrisy, stupidity and irrationality triumphed in New Hampshire.

Helen L. Chappell  
Kennett Square, Pennsylvania

#### FREEDOM AT FRANCONIA

There is a third side to the two-sided "hicks vs. students" picture of the decline and fall of Franconia College as

portrayed in the February *Playboy Forum*. I was an accepted member of the "freedom is paradise" club myself, but I gradually became aware that we were imposing on other people's freedom so that we could be carefree and happy.

I remember coming into the dorm one night when the local band was practicing full blast. They could have used a vacant building in back just as easily. One student finally complained, saying he wanted to study. The rest were quite put out by this "right-wing" idea. They were half-kidding, but their reaction illustrated a popular attitude, one that permeated the atmosphere of the whole college.

Considering that this was a private school, formed by local people for local kids who otherwise would not have had a chance at education, the monster it grew into was so far removed from their intentions that they had a right to demand their original idea be restored. It is their community and their school, and why should they fork over money to maintain in their midst something so opposed to their way of life?

Most of the people who hated the college and brought about the drastic changes in its operation (not nearly as severe as the letter in February's *Forum* implied) are rather dead in the imagination department, and you can hardly call them liberals. But they are people and they should be described with some attempt to understand them.

As for the great spring 1968 marijuana bust, everyone knew about ten hours ahead of time that it was coming. The police didn't notify President Ruopp because they knew they would get no cooperation from him. The students who got caught simply sat waiting, instead of cleaning things up. A dear friend of mine just cleaned his own room, sat down full of mescaline and watched, while others ran around hiding their stuff or just sat dreamily and let the police get them. My friend didn't have any trouble, and he would have been a pretty big catch if they had been able to get him.

The local newspaper did dwell excessively on dog excrement, but it always blows everything up out of proportion. That is how papers are sold, but it does not represent the way the local people talked and thought.

Regarding animals on campus, the *Forum* letter leaves out the droves of starving beasts that did indeed roam everywhere. In the name of fun, some stomach-turning things were done to those creatures, such as getting pets stoned and then laughing at their pitiful attempts to come to their senses. The majority of pets were finally abandoned; some were found and put out of their misery, but others starved to death. Two kittens were kept with no litter pan and eventually died of starvation while under the care of their owner. One of our

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former friends had a horse that turned vicious after being repeatedly given acid; one day, the beast was led into the woods and abandoned to its fate. To me, such cruel treatment of animals is unforgivable.

I enjoyed many of the freedoms of the college. Having Lesbian tendencies (though I'm now happily married), I found the college a most comfortable environment. But I am not going to fool myself into thinking "we" were all right and "they" were all wrong. There just ain't no such animal.

(Name withheld by request)  
Bethlehem, New Hampshire

#### THE PERILS OF POT

According to an article by Jess Stearn in *This Week* magazine, the use of marijuana can cause postural hypotension, mydriasis, conjunctival congestion, muscular incoordination, urinary frequency, dryness of mouth, nausea, vomiting and "depressed respiration, which is the first sign of impending death."

Yesterday, I had all of these dreadful-sounding symptoms, although I have never smoked pot in my life. I was sitting around with some friends, drinking beer and smoking (tobacco only), when I was struck with conjunctival congestion (bloodshot eyes) because of the smoke in the room. Having had a bit too much beer and only a little food, I became nauseated and ran upstairs to the bathroom, threw open the door and walked into the dark—thus causing mydriasis (dilation of the eye pupils). There I vomited. I lit another cigarette (I had been smoking heavily all evening) but the tobacco left me with dryness of the mouth. The consumption of several quarts of beer had already given me urinary frequency (somehow it always does that to me), so I switched to bourbon. After a few shots, muscular incoordination set in, so I decided to go to bed. There, as I dozed off, I displayed that first sign of impending death in animals, depressed respiration. Feeling the need to get to the bathroom again, I rose suddenly and experienced postural hypotension (dizziness resulting from a change in blood pressure).

Anyone who shares Mr. Stearn's evident awe at big words would have thought I was on the edge of death, but, miraculously, I have survived. In short, Mr. Stearn has tried to frighten his readers with the old and shabby trick of describing minor symptoms in language calculated to frighten the layman. Why did he leave out pyrosis (heartburn)?

Robert Hunt  
Santa Ana, California

#### A CLEAN BUST

A month ago, I was the victim of what is known in the pot world as a clean bust. In other words, my chances of escaping conviction for possession of

marijuana are close to zero. I am facing a possible sentence of ten years at hard labor.

Such narcotic laws, when applied to the first offender, place a lifelong stigma of felony conviction upon someone who quite often was, until the bust, respected, successful and generally considered a bright example of American youth. In my case, high academic achievements in high school and college, along with close friendships with adults, suddenly became meaningless. In the space of 24 hours, I started to feel like criminal scum. It seemed as if cries of "How could you do such a thing?" were all around, to which I could only reply, "Did I commit murder, rape, arson or robbery? Did I harm anybody?" Now I no longer bother to answer, retreating into a subtle paranoia toward all adults, compounded by a bitterness directed toward myself and the whole society in which I live.

(Name withheld by request)  
Honolulu, Hawaii

#### MOBILIZING THE GUARD

The founding fathers of this nation were fearful of giving the power to raise an army to one man, so they assigned the responsibility to Congress. In 1966, Congress delegated part of this power to the President, an act of self-abdication that may be unconstitutional. The First Squadron, 18th Armored Cavalry (an activated National Guard unit from Burbank, California) is challenging it in the courts. Under the terms of our enlistment contracts, we are subject to involuntary activation only in time of war (or national emergency) declared by Congress. If the Supreme Court does not hear our case, a dangerous precedent will be set, whereby the Government can invalidate contracts without the mutual consent of both parties, and the traditional doctrine of checks and balances will suffer another setback.

After we were called up for duty in Vietnam and stated our objections in a petition, Representative Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, disclosed after an investigation that the records on our unit had been falsified to show readiness for combat when, in fact, we had not yet received such training. The Army thereupon assigned us to duty within the United States. This concession, however, does not answer our constitutional challenge, which remains that the Army cannot call us up, even by Presidential order, until Congress has declared war. Furthermore, the Army has seemingly begun a campaign to achieve its ends by devious means, without waiting for the results of our court case.

In the last eight days, 137 men have been levied out of our unit for Vietnam duty. Under the Army's levy system, IBM cards are supposed to be pro-

gramed to pick qualified persons without favor or prejudice, and the levy should not exceed ten percent of any unit in one month. Our levy now exceeds 13 percent, with most of the month still ahead.

By the time this letter appears in print, Lyndon Johnson will have left the White House and the levy system will have sent most of us to Vietnam (or the war may even be over). But the Supreme Court should still be made to confront the issue we have raised. As Justice Douglas said (after the Army spirited another National Guard unit to Vietnam, virtually overnight, before the Supreme Court could vote on whether or not it would hear their case), "No one—not even the Department of Justice nor the military—is above the law." In a democracy, neither is the President.

First Squadron, 18th Armored Cavalry  
Fort Lewis, Washington

*This letter was accompanied by the legal brief filed by the men of the squadron, signed by 194 enlisted men.*

#### DEAR OLD MOM

Philip Wylie's famous diatribe in *Generation of Vipers* against the typical middle-class, middle-aged American woman ("Mom") has now been confirmed, straight from the horse's mouth. In the February issue of *Good Housekeeping*, the editors report the results of a poll of 1000 women readers on the draft. The results are truly appalling. The ladies were against graduate deferments, against alternative-service organizations such as VISTA and the Peace Corps, and against liberalizing the rules for conscientious objectors. They believed that every young man, whether able-bodied or not, should give a prescribed period of service to the Army; those with handicaps should be assigned to office work. They allowed conscientious objectors to be given assignments that don't require killing, but wanted them to compensate for this by serving longer. Sounds patriotic as all hell, doesn't it? Well, read on: When the question of drafting women arose, 89.9 percent voted absolutely no for peacetime service and 59.2 percent voted no for wartime service. In short, dear old Mom would call up every young man—the blind, the halt, the lame, the religious or ethical objector, the mentally retarded—but she would not serve herself. And yet the editors say that the readers are, as a group, "strongly insistent that the privilege of living in this country carries the responsibility of protecting it."

Cadet Lt. John T. Grasso, R. O. T. C.  
Ohio State University  
Columbus, Ohio

#### WHOSE CHILD IS THIS?

Does the Government own a minor child, or does a parent have final authority? This question is being analyzed in a



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legal case here in San Jose in which I am acting as attorney for Mrs. Evelyn Whitehorn, who refused to give permission for her son Erik, 18, to register for the U. S. draft.

A boy Erik's age cannot own property, cannot vote, cannot get married, cannot sign a contract and is by legal definition not a person, Mrs. Whitehorn contends. By the same legal reasoning, he cannot be registered for Selective Service without her permission. Until now, draft resistance has been based on arguments of conscience presented by the prospective draftees themselves. This is the first case where parents have raised the question of whether the state owns their children and can dispose of them as it sees fit, or whether they, the parents, retain custody.

Mrs. Whitehorn has two older sons, one of whom has served three years in the Navy. Only in the last year has Mrs. Whitehorn come to question the validity of the Vietnam war, influenced by such critics as Eugene McCarthy, the late Robert Kennedy and the late Dr. Martin Luther King.

In a letter to the draft board, Mrs. Whitehorn says, "As Erik is still under legal age, I continue to be responsible. If his opinions are cause for punitive action, let it be directed at me."

Mrs. Whitehorn also wrote in her letter: "I cannot conspire with the Government in placing Erik in a position where he is threatened with criminal prosecution as a result of upholding his beliefs. Congress has not declared war. The United States is not a proclaimed military state. I would like to think that events in our country have not advanced, as yet, to the point where it is a crime, punishable by imprisonment, to hold nonviolent beliefs."

A. Grossman  
Attorney at Law  
San Jose, California

#### PSYCHIATRIC INJUSTICE

As a former inmate of Patuxent Institution for Defective Delinquents, now on parole, I should like to comment on William L. McDonough's letter in the February *Playboy Forum*. Having spent time on the same tier with Bill and having talked with him for some time, I feel I must say that he excluded certain facts from his letter and that some of his other allegations were only half-truths.

The institution developed from an experimental concept and the laws implementing it were untested innovations for their time. In my opinion, and in Bill's, these laws are now in need of extensive change. They have been contested in courts by many inmates over a long period of time, but to no avail.

Bill errs when he says he has been "confined against [his] will." He has, in effect, chosen to remain in Patuxent; his

actions, or rather lack of action, have caused his continual recommitment. I have no doubt that Bill would have been released years ago if he had displayed a less hostile attitude toward the people at the institution. He repeated over and over to me that he would remain there for life, if necessary, before he would bow to the law and spirit of Patuxent. Although I agree with his opinion that the law as it reads now is wrong, I had no intention of contesting it while serving my term. In many ways, I admire and respect Bill's courage, but I feel that there is a time for martyrdom and a time for intelligent action on the part of society in general.

Much is being done for the prisoners at Patuxent. Mr. Joseph Whitehill, an instructor at Johns Hopkins University, has involved inmates in a *Great Books* study program, in correspondence with members of Mensa, a society whose members have exceptionally high I.Q.s, and in making recordings for the blind. None of this work would have been possible without the cooperation of progressive and enlightened members of the staff.

Many strict regulations within the institution have been relaxed. Many improvements have been brought about through the evolution of penology as practiced by many of the doctors, social workers and guards.

Having spent three years in Patuxent, I have shared with Bill McDonough the degradation of being defined as defective. I have felt the same sense of injustice at being sentenced, first to ten years, then to a potential life sentence—not for an additional crime but on the basis of a psychiatrist's report of what I might do in the future. I, too, have faced the dull, unimaginative routine of prison, the stagnating and depressing sameness of each day. Though I was never treated brutally by any guard in Patuxent, such treatment could not have been as horrible as the mental anguish all men facing a life sentence must surely feel.

Bill is correct in saying that there are thousands of men in similar situations; I feel, however, that legal changes are only part of the solution. People must be made aware of inmates' problems; the inmates must be occupied in ways that are more worth while to themselves; and constructive and creative uses must be made of all means available to rehabilitate the prisoners and prepare them for normal lives. Otherwise the penal system will continue to be as bad as it has been for the past hundred years.

William W. Beard  
Baltimore, Maryland

*Your letter stresses the positive side of life at Patuxent, but, as you acknowledge, indefinite imprisonment, no matter how much it is ameliorated, is a dreadful*

*fate. McDonough is being held on the basis of someone's judgment about an intangible—his "mental health." To conceal one's feeling of anger and one's belief that the situation is unjust may be considered shrewd, but we doubt that it is healthy. Our democratic society values the open expression of dissent in public life; why does such an expression become a mark of "mental illness" in an institution? McDonough, we're sure, is no would-be martyr; but it usually takes both enlightened social action and courageous individuals to get things done.*

The letter about the indefinite imprisonment of William McDonough will strike a responsive chord in some of the members of this and similar organizations. The laws that govern mental commitments are a patchwork of pseudolegal procedures, under which all constitutional protections are summarily suspended and individuals are committed to a lifetime of brutal confinement on the basis of opinion, hearsay, gossip, bias, and the hopes and fears of social workers.

Eugene Austin, Chairman  
Missouri Council on Family Law  
St. Louis, Missouri

#### ABOMINABLE AND DETESTABLE

This letter is a bit belated, but I wish to thank the Playboy Foundation for its help in providing legal aid when I was charged with the "abominable and detestable crime against nature." I was sentenced to five years in prison but, fortunately, did not have to serve any time in the penitentiary. Under a legalistic device used in this state, the judge can withhold adjudication of guilt and order a period of probation, instead.

This next bit of news may surprise your readers: It was a female on whom I "attempted" to commit this "abominable crime." I am a male. And it happened in the 20th Century. But it happened in a state in which this "crime"—the statute doesn't even begin to define it—is punishable by up to 20 years in prison.

The troubles began when I, a journalist, criticized a state legislative committee, which was ostensibly organized to investigate communism but somehow expanded its witch-hunting mandate to look into homosexuality. Shortly thereafter, I was invited by a woman I knew slightly to come to her motel room to discuss a drinking problem she claimed to have. When I found her wearing only a sheer negligee, and that open invitingly, I was prepared to do what comes naturally; but she suddenly grabbed my head and pushed it toward her pubic area, into a position considered unnatural by the state. Immediately, the door opened and in came a sergeant from the local vice squad and a photographer. Pictures were taken and I was arrested.

The busty ex-barmaid with whom I









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\*DUPONT REG. T.M.

**McGREGOR**



was caught *flagrante delicto* was, it turned out, an employee of the state committee I had been attacking. Her job? She was employed as a lure to trap Lesbians. She and the committee investigator and the police officers who lurked in the connecting motel room until they heard her signal testified at both my trials (the first one ended in a hung jury) that she was engaged in a Lesbian-trapping mission when I just "happened" to fall into her snare. The people who prosecuted me seemed to think there was nothing wrong with the way in which this woman was being used. She herself was on probation at the time the committee hired her; furthermore, she'd formerly disposed of one of her ex-husbands with a .38 revolver (the court had ruled it justifiable homicide). One prominent state newspaper found it more than passing strange that a reporter and longtime critic of the committee just "happened" to walk into a trap set for someone else. It commented that "The circumstances would lead any objective observer to conclude that the trap was indeed set for the newsman. . . . The fact that a committee of the legislature was using public funds to hire a woman to engage in immoral acts to obtain evidence for unknown purposes is morally revolting and politically frightening. For what purposes could such methods be employed? The potential in the hands of unscrupulous persons is obvious."

It was this sort of editorial exposure, widespread in the major state papers, that finally led to the abolition of the investigative committee. Unfortunately, my hometown paper took fewer pains with the story; it merely referred to my being charged with a "crime against nature," without bothering to mention that the "crime" took place with a consenting adult female, rather than with a boy, man or goat. It doesn't take much imagination to guess what most of the natives believed about me.

During both trials, I testified that if I had been charged with intent to commit adultery or fornication, I would have been willing to plead guilty. But this law under which I was tried, with its reliance on the connotation of queerness, tends to outrage people. The jury that heard my case was well intentioned, I guess, but the members were certainly not intellectual giants, and one can't entirely blame them for fearing to free a man who commits an "abominable and detestable" act—even though this alleged act took place in private between consenting adults and resulted in harm to no one.

So here I am today, probably the only man in the world ever put on trial twice for allegedly having oral/genital contact with a consenting female, and then only found guilty of attempting it. It brings to mind the picture of a ter-



*"The sex scenes were wonderful, but the rest of it was trash."*

ribly fumbling and inept sort of fellow, or felon, if you will, not even deft enough to complete this supposed criminal act.

Perhaps someday I will be able to do more than just say thanks to PLAYBOY. Since my probation was terminated and I'm a completely free man once again, I've spent most of my efforts just trying to get back on my feet and, as much as possible, to forget the nightmare and the effects it had on me and my family. I would, incidentally, appreciate (for their sake more than my own) your withholding my name and address from this letter, if you choose to print it.

If I were some years younger, I might be gutsier and devote more of my life to fighting these outlandish and archaic laws, as you are doing in PLAYBOY. It was only because of your efforts that I was able to carry my case through the courts; regrettably, the Supreme Court felt there was no "substantial Federal question" involved and refused to hear the case. Most lawyers I've consulted agree that if the Court had heard the

case, it would have had little choice but to rule the sodomy statute unconstitutional. But legal battles aside, I do want to say that PLAYBOY's support played a great part in my survival. I wish you well in your continued efforts to expose the hypocrisy surrounding so many of our attitudes and laws regarding sex. Maybe my children's children won't be so badly scarred as my children have been.

(Name and address withheld by request)

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments 1-7, 8-12, 13-18 and 19-22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.





# ARBITRATOR (continued from page 160)

steadily since the death of General de Gaulle two years ago. Senator Thomas said. . . .

"Senator Thomas say, 'Dig mah grave wide, dig it deep. Ah'm gonna take me a little sleep.'" The Arbitrator said with a laugh. "Senator Thomas say, 'As de lead-in' Republican liberal in de Senate, Ah is against dese retention camps bein' set up by de Govumunt.' Senator Thomas say, 'Dese heah retention camps, dey nothin' but concentration camps.' And de Senator Thomas, he right."

The Arbitrator paged slowly through the first section.

"But dey don't got nothin' 'bout de fact dat De Arbitrator, he heah in Paris. Dat 'cause dey don't know he heah. Now, I gonna write dis *Herald Tribune* and say, 'You bettuh covuh De Arbitrator, baby, or you gonna go out of de business, just like youh New York paper done a few years ago, yeah man. You bettuh write:

DE ARBITRATOR IN PARIS TO HIT  
DE SENATOR THOMAS

De Arbitrator (Nigger, New York) come to Paris 'cause he gonna knock de head off de Senator Thomas (Honkie, New York). De Arbitrator work fo' TAR, Inc., one big Black Extremist organization dat get its name from de memory of all doze little black boys got tarred. De Inc., it pronounced in abbreviated form in memory of all doze white folks who done tell theah young'uns dat God, He take a big bottle of ink and He pour it ovah de nigger and dat's why de nigger, he black."

But he stopped joking when his eyes caught a small squib on the entertainment page.

JANSEY HERON TROUPE IN REHEARSAL

The Jansey Heron Ice Ballet arrived here yesterday to begin rehearsals for next week's engagement at the Palais des Sports. Miss Heron, a longtime favorite of Parisians, has put her troupe up at the Hôtel des Deux Mondes, a Left Bank hostelry. Miss Heron, a Negro, has not skated in America since the 1969 San Francisco riots. She will skate the lead role in a new ballet here.

He read the article twice, shook his head, tossed the paper on the floor. He'd not seen her for over ten years. Suddenly, he found himself wondering about the pictures that would go with tomorrow's headlines. He had no illusions about leaving The Ascot alive after he made his hit. Since the hand grenade in the House of Representatives, the FBI had taken charge of training Congressional bodyguards. They drew fast, and

they didn't miss. If they got him in the face, like he was going to get Thomas, he knew no paper would print the picture. But if they shot his guts out, there might be a picture of the upper half of his body.

And if she recognized him?

He got out of bed and carried the tray over to a table. If she recognized him, it would have to be by the picture, for the newspapers would not even have his current alias. His contact in Rome, a member of TAR's political unit, had instructed him to dump his fake Togolese passport in a sewer on Rue Pierre Charon before entering The Ascot. He would be without any identification when the police went over his clothes. He would eventually be identified when the desk clerk at the Georges V began to connect the disappearance of the supposed official from the Togolese Ministry of Education, who had airmailed a Manila envelope to the United States, with the assassination of Senator Thomas, and notified the police. The bellboy would remember his arrogance. Room service would remember he'd spoken English, rather than the *petit nègre* he spoke when he really was playing an African role. That he mustn't be identified immediately was part of TAR's policy of frustrate and terrify. It was important that white America spend a week asking why. Why Thomas? It was important that white America have time to begin spinning its eternal logical theories (all the time sensing that logic had become as obsolete as Martin Luther King)—it couldn't have been an *American Negro*! Why, Thomas was the one man respected by black and white alike—before the truth was known and the white liberals, again robbed of their jewel, logic, began to turn, themselves, toward the goal of TAR, Inc., geographic separatism.

So, if she recognized him, it would have to be by a picture that most likely would not be printed. He stood in the middle of the floor, undecided. She was the only chick he'd ever had the big heart for, the only person to whom he'd given a part of himself before he'd met The Chief and given all of himself to TAR. His indecision lasted only a moment. He was going to die that night. He walked to the phone and asked the desk clerk to get him the Hôtel des Deux Mondes.

When the voice said, "Hôtel des Deux Mondes," he asked for her, his hand tightening involuntarily on the receiver, but his voice calm.

"Who's calling, please?"

"Tell her that . . . that Mr. James Lee Jackson is calling."

It had been a long, long time since he'd given his own name. He'd traveled with so many passports from so many countries—even his American passport,

which he'd given to his contact when they'd arrived in Milan, didn't have his real name. Among the revolutionary groups with which he'd worked in Algeria, Ghana and Venezuela, he was known only as Monsieur L'Arbitre or Señor El Arbitro.

"I'm sorry," the voice said a moment later. "*Mademoiselle* Heron has already left for rehearsal. Will you leave a message?"

"Where's she rehearsing?"

"The Palais des Sports."

He hung up, stripped off his robe and went into the bathroom to shave. He lathered his face for five minutes, put a new blade in the razor. He had one phone call to receive. After that, he had nothing to do until seven o'clock.

He'd shaved and showered and was taking his suit from the wardrobe when the phone rang.

"Brother?" asked the voice.

"The new day will be a sunny one," he replied.

"Good. How are you? All set?" The voice was indistinguishable from a white voice. Among the higher echelons of TAR, The Infiltrator was one of the few who didn't talk black. He was special advisor on race relations to the President of the United States.

"I'm calm and set."

"As we knew you would be. The program is now confirmed and will take place as planned. There will be an Oriental girl in your line of sight. We'd appreciate your skill."

"Don't worry."

"Goodbye, my friend. Your name will become a revered one."

The Arbitrator placed the receiver back in its cradle. The Infiltrator had always been above suspicion in the white bureaucracy. He'd lost an eye in a beating arranged by The Chief to ensure his Uncle Tom reputation among the radicals, his moderate reputation among the Washington bigwigs. The smoked-glass lens in The Infiltrator's glasses was a daily reminder to the President of his loyalty. It was also a reminder of his sacrifice for TAR, but only four people knew that. Now, accompanying Senator Thomas, he'd arranged the biggest hit to date, the assassination of the one man who moderate blacks and whites alike thought could put the country back together. The Arbitrator thought of the Oriental girl and smiled. The liberal Senator from New York would not realize his plan for some liberal lovemaking that night.

The Arbitrator ran his hands over the cloth of the 1000-franc suit he'd bought at The Red and Black the day before. He loved good cloth. When he entered The Ascot, he'd be taken for a wealthy African, all tailored in European threads. The summer before he'd gone to Stanford, he'd unloaded crates at the Washington Market to buy a Brooks Brothers suit.



"Perhaps you're looking for something in our three-forty-six line?" the salesman had murmured discreetly.

"I guess so," he'd answered, confused.

"It's, ah, more in your, ah, bracket," the salesman had confided with a wink.

He'd bought the suit at Macy's, instead.

"Humiliation, my Whitey friends, reaps undesired rewards," he said aloud, as he shoved the wardrobe away from the wall. He took the holster from the magnetic attachment, pushed the wardrobe back into position. He had designed the holster himself, just as he had designed the magnetic attachment. It fitted against the small of his back, two inches above his right buttock. He'd designed it for maximum concealment, not for a fast draw. He adjusted the strap, buckled it. He didn't bother to check the revolver. He'd broken her down, oiled her, wiped her clean the night before. Each bullet in the cylinder had almost enough power to tear a man's head off.

After knotting his tie, he opened the suit jacket on the bed. He slid his wallet into the jacket's left inside breast pocket, his passport into the right. He slipped on the jacket and buttoned it. With both the wallet and the passport so readily available, he'd have no need to unbutton the jacket again. Even when he drew the pistol, he'd come up under the jacket's back flap. Bodyguards watched for shoul-

der holsters. He was too professional to use one.

He went into the bathroom, methodically arranged his shaving brush, cream and razor on the shelf. He glanced about the room. Nine pages of yellow paper filled with neat, ballpoint print lay beside an addressed Manila envelope on the desk. He went to the desk, reread the second paragraph of the first page:

History has many examples of men willing to sacrifice themselves for a cause. Those who die for religion are called saints and martyrs; those who die for love, heroes and tragic fools. We who will die for the dream of a new state and economic justice are called leaders of the masses and revolutionaries. Perhaps the most noble revolutionary is the assassin. Though usually not living to see the fruition of his beliefs, he changes history with a single movement of his finger. He is the necessary instrument of change, the tool that changes the functioning of the machine. He uses his life that his leaders may use their minds.

He put the pages in the envelope and sealed it. He checked the room a final time, then shut the door behind him, the envelope in his hand.

In the lobby, he gave the envelope to the desk clerk and impressed upon him

the necessity of airmailing it to America immediately. He leaned across the counter and gave the clerk an appreciative slap on the shoulder, receiving with a smile the clerk's disdainful stare. The clerk would remember him. Then he walked out to Avenue Georges V.

He stood for a moment, looking up and down the avenue, trying to remember the location of the Palais des Sports. Along with his B.S. in math from Stanford, he'd gotten an R. O. T. C. commission; and, in that time when he'd been sure he'd crack Whitey's world, he'd served two years in France as a demolition expert with the Air Force at Evreux; but now, for the life of him, he couldn't remember where the Palais des Sports was.

Because, he thought with a grin, the only sporting I ever did was around the Opéra and Pigalle.

He walked over to a taxi, climbed in and told the driver to take him to the Palais des Sports. In the back seat, trying to imagine the way she would greet him, he had a moment of uneasiness. Maybe she'd refuse to talk to him. Or turn him off with the quiet sarcasm she used on Whitey when Whitey got too white. The thing about Jansey—she always made Whitey step over the fence into her world before she'd do battle with him. She seldom lost.

She'd been a freshman his junior year

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at Stanford, had dropped out after her sophomore year to become America's first Negro figure skater in the Olympics. And although she'd not won a medal, she'd gained enough publicity to turn pro and go out on her own. They'd followed each other for a while, had spent a glorious two weeks his last year at Evreux, her first time in Paris, and marriage had seemed their future scene.

Until he'd been discharged and run up against Whitey in New York.

Until he'd been discharged and slowly realized that he *wasn't* going to crack Whitey's world, even though he thought he'd already done so at Stanford and in the Service. He learned, painfully, that getting good marks at Stanford and getting letters of commendation in the Service didn't have much to do with the white world of finance, the world to which he'd expected admission, for the simple reason that he was better qualified—on his résumé—than most of his white friends. When that realization had finally jelled, he was left with nothing but his own blackness. And after he met The Chief, his blackness became everything.

After he'd met The Chief, he'd written her in Tokyo, where she was on tour. He'd put it bluntly. Her troupe was integrated; she didn't dig the new day. "My future plans do not include a black bourgeois wife," he'd written.

He hadn't seen her again.

He paid the driver, walked up the steps of the Palais des Sports, entered. Below him, past the rows of empty seats, a honkie and two black chicks swept across the ice. Two other honkie chicks sat at the edge of the rink, unlacing their skates. He looked at his watch. It was 12:30. They'd be breaking for lunch.

He stood for a moment, looking down at the ice. The honkie chick and one of the black ones skated over to a bench. Jansey was alone on the ice. Her white sweater was speckled with red; her red skirt rose rhythmically to reveal red panties, then floated down like a collapsing parachute to cover her thighs, as her hips switched her gracefully toward greater speed. As he began walking down toward the rink's edge, he had an instant of dizziness that made him grab the arm of a seat. He remembered the incredibly smooth skin of her stomach against his cheek, the light, exquisite touch of her fingers moving through his hair. He had not thought of such things for years. He sighed and hardened his heart.

Now, as he put his hands on the rink's railing, she was moving faster, her face masked in concentration. The ice murmured under her cold, slicing blades, as she went into a flying sit spin, came out of it, seemed to flow upright, her arms extended, the grace of a black crane

leaving the water, faster, the strokes of her blades no longer individual movements but a blur of speed and power as she went into a double axel, grace changing to the elegance of perfection, and then she eased into a regular spin, doing the most difficult, the double axel, in the middle, so she did not appear to be building toward any special climax but merely slashing the ice into servitude with the mastery of her blades. Out of the spin, she began to circle the rink.

When she saw him, she did not change pace. She went by him once, meeting his eyes; she seemed to soar again as she circled the rink, and then she came to where he was standing, checking her flight with a quick twist of her blades that sent glittering flakes of ice spraying against the sideboards.

"You like this city, James Lee? Seems I've seen you here before."

As if they'd parted only the day before.

"Always keep your cool, don't you, Jansey?"

"It's my constant proximity to the ice, honey. You're looking well."

"I making it, baby. I making it."

"Oh. I making it. You talks like dat, you not working for no IBM, is you, James Lee?" But there was a warm tone in her mimicry, and no hostility in her eyes, and he remembered that this was Jansey's way.

He grinned.

"Come on, honey. What are you doing in Paris? Did you come all the way over just to watch little old me?"

"Why else?"

She laughed, a throaty, full laugh that reminded him of a time they had had lobster and two bottles of a *blanc de blancs* near the Gare Saint-Lazare and she'd laughed the same way.

"I'm going to take off my skates and go change, James Lee. Will you be here when I come back?"

"Lunch?" he asked.

"But not much. I've turned into a weight watcher."

He stayed, leaning against the rink, while she unlaced her skates. But when she disappeared into the dressing room, he stepped back and took a seat. Somewhere behind his forehead, there was an ache. He put his hand on his coat, above his right buttock, and slowly massaged the bulge there until the ache in his head went away.

When she returned, she wore a white linen jacket over a red print dress. Her eyes were clear, playful. He'd forgotten how really gorgeous she was. She took his arm.

"There's a nice place close by, where we can have a bite. I'm on steak and salad. But they have a marvelous coquille St. Jacques. You still eat the way you used to, James Lee?"

"When I'm in America, I eat black-eyed peas and chitterlings," he said pointedly.

She rolled her eyes up at him. "Soul food, brother?"

"Soul food, sister." But he felt guilty saying it like that, as if he were making light with The Cause. She gave off an intense gaiety that prevented him from being solemn, even when he tried.

"You're going to have to eat something different today. I don't think Monsieur Pierre has even heard of black-eyed peas. Now, tell me, Mr. Phi Bete. Whatever became of that nice Stanford mathematician?"

Her refusal to talk seriously irritated him.

"Whitey put him down, just like he puts down all darkies with a degree. He came out of the Air Force with four letters of commendation. But you know that."

"I remember he had a yearning to be the first Negro executive at IBM. He was going to break the field open. The Jackie Robinson of computers. That's what he wanted to be."

"Yeah," he said bitterly. "Whitey trained me well. So I made the rounds. IBM was only the first of many. *We like you, Mr. Jackson. We like you. But since you insist on meeting the public, we have no place for you right now. I'm sure a man of your sensitivity can understand about our Southern accounts. We'd be happy to bring you along, if you'll stay out of sight. The time surely can't be far off when the public will be ready for Negro executives. But that time isn't now. If you don't want what we offer, all I can say is come back in a few years.* Honkie executive don't give you no double talk, baby."

"But you didn't go back. And now they must have twenty colored executives."

"Yeah," he snapped. "Executive Toms to the President. I didn't go back, because after twenty-odd years, I found out who I was. A black black."

She took his hand, led him through the restaurant to a table in the back.

"Does your hate prevent you from pulling out a lady's chair for her?" she asked softly.

About to sit down, he moved quickly beside her, pulled out the chair.

"You have a beautiful suit, James Lee. What do you do that you can buy such beautiful suits?"

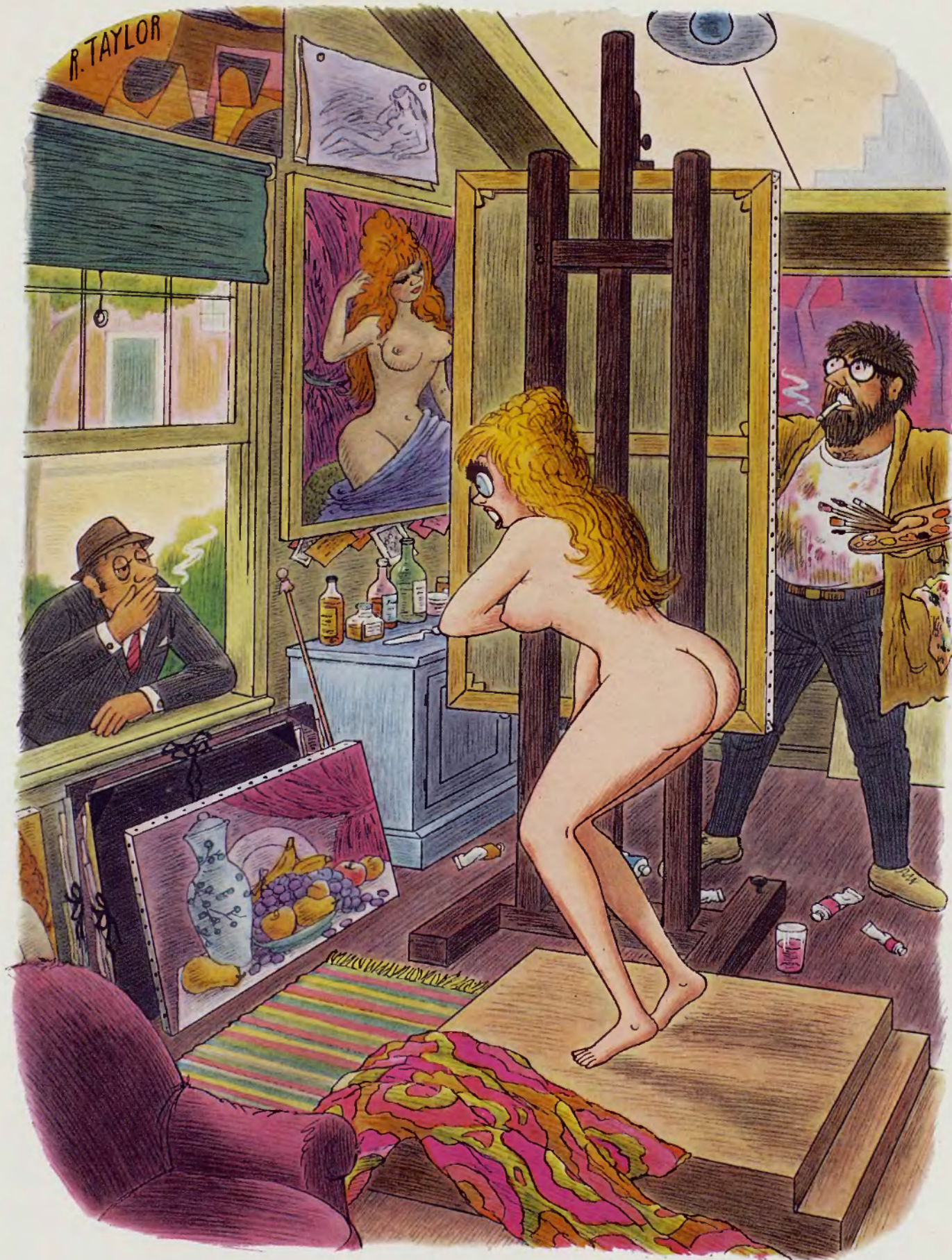
"I'm in arbitration," he said, watching her carefully.

"I see. Did you ever . . . marry?"

"No," he said. He wondered if she had some reason for not questioning him further about his work.

"That's too bad. You were a beautiful lover. You would have made some woman very happy. There was so much of





*"What the hell, let him look. Most of my paintings are  
for the man in the street anyway."*



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you that wanted love. There was so much of you that wanted to give yourself to someone. There was so much of you that wanted so much."

"I never got what I wanted. Whitey saw to that. That's how Whitey does it, baby. He accustoms you to caviar and then, when the chips are down, he offers you a hot dog. He builds you up till you think you're a man, and then he castrates you."

Her big eyes stared at him, but she made no comment. His words sat in the silence; he heard their echo, detected the tone of self-pity. She kept staring at him.

"Did you ever marry?" he asked, ill at ease, anything to make her start talking, to make him lose the feeling that he was at fault. Yet, glancing at her quickly, he saw her eyes were not accusing him.

"Why, yes. I married. I had a little boy. Didn't you know? Where were you in 1969? It was in all the papers."

1969. Three years ago. He'd been in Venezuela. He'd hit eight men that year. Castro had asked to meet him, had told him his work had brought down the government two years ahead of schedule.

"I was out of the country that year," he said. "You mean all the papers gave it a big splash because you had a kid? What were the headlines? 'SKATING NIGGER BREEDS?'"

She shook her head; her eyes remained calm. "It wasn't because I had a boy, James Lee. It was because he died. He and my husband were shot to death. The San Francisco riots."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't read much about them. By the time I got back to America, it was New Orleans. I remember the Marines used hand grenades in Frisco."

"They did, indeed, James Lee. But my boy and my husband were killed by TAR snipers."

"TAR snipers? What kind of loose talk is that? How do you know they were TAR?"

"I know. And I know they didn't do it on purpose. Our apartment wasn't in the ghetto. But they did it just the same."

He felt his strength, his certainty of purpose, flood through him. He leaned across the table, reached out, took her hand.

"We've all got to make sacrifices, Jansey. There's a new day coming. A day when blacks will rule blacks, when Whitey finally gets desperate and surrenders part of our country to us. I know it's hard, baby, but the new day is closer than you think. And when we make it, it will really be the new day. That's what TAR is fighting for. Your boy and your husband died like all our martyrs—so that one day we can live in freedom, like man was meant to live."

"I've heard that before, James Lee." Her eyes looked beyond him. "My brother died in Vietnam. Fighting for a new day for the South Vietnamese. People who want power are always promising new days to their followers. But too many of the followers don't live to see the dawn. Let's not talk about it anymore, James Lee. I left America in Sixty-nine. I've never gone back. You see, our revolutionaries rejected everything about the white man except his capacity to abuse power. I don't care for power, James Lee. It's easier here in Europe. Nobody has to live up to the cowboy tradition. All these countries are small and tired, without hair on their chests. They know they can't have big power anymore. So they're a little more human—by default, maybe. Tell me about your mediation. What are you mediating? And why do you come to Europe to mediate?"

"No, Jansey," he said, twisting the heavy silver ring he wore on his right fourth finger. "Arbitrate. When you mediate, both parties must agree. An arbitrator has the absolute power to make the final decision." Even as he used the word "power," he knew he should have used another word. It merely supported her point. And her point was false.

"So," she said, and she said it with sorrow and sympathy, her eyes shutting, opening, shutting, opening, as if she'd been stabbed by a migraine. "So that must make you The Arbitrator. James Lee Jackson. The Arbitrator."

He smiled with the full power of his fame. Even she, an expatriate, had heard of him. Yet, a moment later, he felt his power wane. There was a softness about her that decayed his strength, a softness that had never failed to fascinate him. The way he'd been fascinated by a viper Boumedienne had kept in a cage. He became aware that his hand was in hers, that she was squeezing it.

"James Lee," she said. "I remember how you used to go to the chapel services at Stanford. You'd always bug me 'cause I didn't have religion. I still don't. But I remember that Christ had a few strikes against him. He was one boy out there alone in the desert, with no rifles and the whole big establishment against him. And he made it. He made it by choosing mediation. The Mediator. Let's you and I mediate, James Lee. Let's have a bottle of champagne and mediate. Because the James Lee Jackson I knew would have been a great mediator. He would have had a kind of greatness The Arbitrator doesn't have. And then we'll have another bottle of champagne and mediate a little more." She stood. "I have to make a phone call, James Lee. You wait for me here. You wait for me like you didn't wait for me when I was in Tokyo, wait-

ing to finish up and come home to you in New York oh, oh so many years ago." She leaned across the table, brought the back of his hand to her lips, then walked to the stairs that led down to the telephone and the rest rooms.

Far deep in him, a part long encased and guarded by the discipline of The Cause quivered slightly, threatened to break into that empty place in his chest he was sometimes aware of. He brought his mind to bear on that part of himself; he closed his eyes and he clenched his fist, and with a physical effort, he put things back in order. He knew now why he'd taken the taxi out here. He'd come to see if seeing her would change anything. But what she had to offer was soft, soft like a sponge that absorbed a man's ideals and his courage. What he had wanted was a word of solace because he was going to die. What he had wanted was to feel for a moment that he was loved by a single human, instead of respected by the members of TAR. It was an understandable need but an invalid one.

He stood, dropped 100 francs on the table and left the restaurant. It was a breezy, sunny Paris afternoon, and it would take him two hours to walk back to the Champs. He would walk it because he loved breezy, sunny afternoons and because once he'd loved Paris and once he'd been in love in Paris. Funny about her bringing up Christ. He saw what she'd been trying to do, and he wondered. But then he laughed, stroking that place, that hard place, above his right buttock.

Wondering now is like that story of Christ, he thought. Christ, with all his life behind him, climbing Calvary, lurching under the weight of the cross, turning to a beggar by the roadside and saying: "Say, fella. You think I'm doing the right thing, don't you?" But Christ hadn't done that any more than he was wondering now. He guessed Christ had been free to choose mediation over arbitration. But the death of Christianity had proved Christ wrong. Now, with a new hope before his people, the hope of their own country, it was time to learn from Christ's mistakes.

When he got to the Champs, he would sit at a sidewalk café and read a newspaper until it was time. Once more, he moved his hand behind him and felt the compact form of the revolver. It had a short barrel, and he would have to be very close to his man to render his decision.

But he was an expert shot, and in the holster was the instrument of his greatness, the voice of The Arbitrator, the thing that gave him the absolute power to make the final decision.





# BAITING SOCIETY

(continued from page 114)

against words may appear as mere literature; but then, what they are really shrugging off is literature itself, which they cannot do without admitting that they have capitulated in their relationship with spiritual values and that those values are in the process of rotting in the vast Marxist and non-Marxist cemetery of "culture." It is characteristic that the leaders of the Paris revolt and most of the rank and file were students of literature and philosophy. Unquestionably, the revolution had its roots in the very dynamics of all artistic creation: the need for self-expression under the onslaught, baiting and pressures by our unacceptable reality. All art and litera-

ture is an answer to the taunting or challenge by reality. All craving for justice is an artistic pursuit, a craving for beauty and harmony. Frustration and inability to change the real world can lead both to violence and to artistic creation. This age will probably see more music, art and literature—and more young people, talented or not, devoted to those pursuits—than any other age, simply because there is no other way out. From the furious action painting of Jackson Pollock to Picasso's pictorial aggression against reality, from the theatrical Happening to the students' riots in the streets, the means of self-defense and self-expression may differ vastly, but

the motivation is the same: a refusal to accept the taunting of our consciousness and of our conscience by a monstrous environment. Psychodrama, Happening, Living Theater—the riots and violence in our cities were and will continue to be what art and literature have always been: an attempt at a rebirth, a spiritual self-cleansing, a deliberate alienation from the present-day social reality. Art is what is not there but should be there.

To me, the most hopeful sign is that our generation of protest and of negation has outgrown national frontiers, races, creeds and ideologies. It's nothing more than one great big, emotional *No!* And it unites Christians and atheists alike. Not long ago, I stood in the midst of a crowd of Catholic dissenters near Notre Dame, the day after the Pope's ban on the contraceptive pill was announced. As I stood pushing the mike of my tape recorder toward the white face of a young Dominican priest, these were exactly the words I heard:

"The contraceptive pill means the rebirth of man. It means resurrection. It means the end of genocide; of genocide through hunger, through oppression, through squalor, through ignorance. It means the reassurance that the reborn Jesus will not die of hunger in some small corner of the world. The prohibition of the contraceptive pill is genocide."

My contention is that the real danger to our future is not the violent, rioting youth, still a vocal minority magnified through the mass media, always on the watch for drama. The real danger is our indifferent masses. The pattern of violence is, in my view, insufficient to force our society toward a real change; but its positive aspect is that it may awaken some stupefied, apathetic people. Every Communist and every politician have always and will always speak of the people with sobs of emotion in their voice, and the people have responded with self-righteous self-esteem almost to the point of no return. This passive, cowed, hypnotized majority may still be awakened from its slumber by the so-called violent fringe. Up to now, both in Soviet slaveland and deep between the layers of our Western fat, the people have refused to budge. We hear every day about the rioters and killers in our midst, about the troublemakers, but we never hear a word about the 95 percent of the population who are merely for law and order. The question is: *what* law and *what* order? The same as before and more of the same? Then we will soon need a police state to protect our goodies and our rights.



*Gerald Scafe*



## CLASSIC-CAR COLLECTING

(continued from page 108)

own appraisal of the car's worth, weighted in the second place, and I think slightly, by what it's worth to him for any special reason. For the patient, prices often come down. Oppositely, there's the con man's dictum: "A sucker can't wait."

The Chevrolet Corvette Stingray, as hot a vehicle as Detroit offers today, will get to 100 mph from a standstill in 14.7 seconds. Thirty-five years ago, a Model SJ Duesenberg would do the same thing in only 2.3 seconds more, which is one measure of the esteem in which the car is still held. It was a low-production item, by American standards, 470 units, J and SJ, of which more than half are still in existence, an extremely high survival rate.

Most of the motorcars that are worth having and worth remembering were created by single men, individuals—Bugatti, Birkigt, Ford, Packard, Bentley, Royce, Lanchester—but two brothers, the German-born Frederick and August Duesenberg, made the Duesenberg. Granted, most credit goes to the dominant brother, Frederick, the older. Settled in Iowa farming country as children, they were bicycle mechanics, moved on to motorcycles and then to automobiles. Their first-built car was a Mason, named after the man who financed it. There wasn't a Duesenberg company until 1913. The first model was tagged A, and it was a superior, if unexciting car, the first in the world to have four-wheel hydraulic brakes. Of the 650 A's that were made, only about 50 survive. The Duesenbergs made engines for the Government during the 1914–1918 War, but came into the peacetime boom market in thin financial shape. Money-making was never a primary interest for either of them; and although by 1922 their name was a sports byword (a Duesenberg, in 1921, won the first Grand Prix race ever for an American car, and seven of the first ten places at the 1922 Indianapolis 500 were filled by Duesenbergs), they were in money trouble two years later. Erret Lobban Cord (Auburn-Cord-Duesenberg) set them up again and asked Frederick Duesenberg please to build the fastest, most powerful and most luxurious automobile the state of the art would allow. Work on this satisfying project, which was to culminate in the model SJ, began in 1926 and the first customers got cars in the spring of 1929.

The Model J Duesenberg of 1929 and the companion SJ, which appeared in 1932, sold in a basic price range from \$14,750 to \$17,750, with occasional flights to around \$25,000, because they were by all means the best thing on the domestic market at the time; some of them are worth today twice what they cost new, because, with the exception of

a very few badly bodied aberrations, they are stunningly good-looking, capable of blistering performances by even 1969 standards and wreathed in an incomparable glamor. An unrestored sedan that was fairly scruffy-looking in my view changed hands for \$35,000 not too many months ago. I remarked to a man who had dropped out of the bidding at \$25,000 that I thought he'd been right, that the car was overpriced. He was not comforted. "I'd have gone \$40,000 if I'd had it," he said. "After all, it's a Duesenberg, and it's *original*!"

In the span of the present car boom, Duesenberg prices have climbed like something by Picasso. The entire subject of classic pricing is one I find painful (I remember selling a very decent sedan on a P-I Royce for \$150), but I will bring myself to dwell on it long enough to state that D. Cameron Peck of Chicago, the most formidable of U.S. auto-philists in the 1940s and 1950s, once offered a seven-passenger J Duesenberg sedan for \$375. That was in the autumn

of 1949; and while Peck's cataloging was not ecstatic ("A boxcar on wheels as far as body is concerned, but a good chassis"), still \$375 did take the car; I wonder if \$13,750 would today.

Duesenbergs more desirable than Peck thought his was—roadsters, say, and touring cars and phaetons—more often found pricings around \$1500 20 years ago. I remember being unable to persuade a man who said he was in the market even to go look at a Model J offered for \$2000, because it was bodied by Saoutchik, a French coachmaker whose metal-beating ran to the bizarre. If it had been by Derham, Rollston or Hibbard & Darin, he said, it might be worth a look.

The Duesenberg factory originated no bodies, but delivered chassis to bespoke coachmakers, in the ancient tradition, to be finished to customer order; or, more usually, the factory bought bodies itself. Fourteen such firms furnished the factory at Indianapolis with some 380 bodies down the years. Murphy of California did most, about 125 bodies. Others were



*"Good afternoon. I'm doing a survey on the promiscuity of the American female."*



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Le Baron, Judkins, Weymann, Walker, Brunn, Dietrich, Holbrook, Bohman & Schwartz, Locke and La Grande. Foreign coachbuilders who raised bodies on Duesenberg chassis included Castagna, Letourneur & Marchand, Figoni, Franay, Van den Plas, D'Ieteren Frères, Graber, Barker and Gurney Nutting. A Duesenberg could draw attention even in a palace courtyard; and coachbuilders, looking at the bare chassis (\$9500 for a J, \$11,750 for an SJ) made up their minds not to stint on material. Fine woods, leathers and fabrics were always used: silk, ebony and silver in one town car, for example. Today, Murphy roadsters and double-cowled phaetons by various American makers are much sought after. Sometimes the extra windshield cranked down into the front seat back, and occasionally a rear cowl carried duplicate instruments. The driver's instrumentation was complete, including a split-second chronograph, speedometer and tachometer, brake-line pressure gauge and four lights that came on at certain mileage intervals: at 80 miles, red to show that the automatic chassis lubrication system was operating; green to indicate a safe level of oil in the system's reservoir; at 700 miles, red for engine-oil change; at 1400, green for battery-fluid inspection.

The Duesenberg could not compete with the Rolls-Royce in the silence of its going; there was too much engine for that—265 to 320 horsepower—but nothing was spared to mask the brute force under the hood, including a mercury-filled vibration damper on the crankshaft, and it ran very smoothly. For the period, the Duesenberg handled well and the brakes were adequate. Most buyers never used half its performance; it was a status symbol beyond compare, something that would, if it appeared today, drop a Cadillac into Volkswagen standing. In fact, two attempts were made to revive the Duesenberg, the last in 1966, but both collapsed against economic reality. Built as the Duesenberg brothers did it, an SJ Duesenberg bodied by, say, Hibbard & Darrin, would have to cost \$100,000 today. Frederick Duesenberg died in 1932 as the result of a crash in the Pennsylvania mountains, driving one of his own cars, and his brother, August, in 1955, of a heart attack.

As unlike Duesenberg as anything on four wheels could be, but equally admirable as artifact and infinitely more blessed with originality is the Lanchester in its early, tiller-steered form. There were heretical Englishmen who, practically laying their heads on the block, argued that the Lanchester was decidedly a better car than the Rolls-Royce. Perhaps not; although in the 1900s, there were known connoisseurs, including people in the royal household, who did prefer Lanchesters to "The Best Car in the World." In any case, it was an extraordinary vehicle; even today, a Lanchester

is most pleasant to drive—quiet, nimble and vibration-free; in its own time, it must have seemed a miracle. Like the Duesenberg, it was born of a brother act: There were three Lanchesters, Frederick, George and Frank, with Frederick dominant. Frederick Lanchester was a kind of Renaissance man, universally accomplished. A practical engineer of the highest order, an inventor and innovator, he was a musician as well, a poet, a physicist, an aeronautical researcher. Builder, in 1895, of one of the earliest fine motorcars, he was publishing papers, four decades later, on jet propulsion and relativity. He was probably a genius, and like many geniuses, he lived a long time, to be 78 and laden with many honors, but fewer than he deserved. Similarly, his brother George: Because the first Lanchester car had been destroyed in a German air raid at Coventry, George Lanchester, at 83, and from memory, built a museum-quality model of it.

The Lanchester was so far ahead of its time that much of it was reinvented, years and years later, and credited to other names. First use of the disk brake is usually, and wholly erroneously, assigned to race cars and more correctly to airplanes, but indisputably, F. W. Lanchester had caliper-type disk brakes on his cars before race-car designers knew how to stop their front wheels and long before pilots could see any point in brakes at all.

Elegant was the word for the Lanchester. The first ones had two-cylinder engines. As a rule, an automobile powered by a two-cylinder engine can be seen vibrating half a city block away, but Lanchester's ran like a sewing machine: Through a tour de force of sheer intellect, he had harnessed the cylinders into a system of six connecting rods and two crankshafts, instead of the two rods and one crank that were usual. The result was a canceling out and containment of the violent out-of-phase poundings inherent in the engine. Originality and intelligence shone through the design everywhere: For instance, Lanchester dimensioned the car to place the driver's eyes at what would be the average level for a walking man, so that movement and direction would not seem strange. His tiller rose at the driver's right side, the horizontal bar curved to fit the body, weighted, dynamically balanced, making steering into a driveway as natural as pointing the hand at it. Drivers who became well used to Lanchester tiller steering much preferred it to the wheel system. Lanchester never came up with a Scotch-tape-and-string solution to a problem, he worked in basics. When the owners of the ordinary car expected to grind the valves every couple of hundred miles, Lanchester's beautifully simple cooling system would let his go for 4000; the spark



plugs could be adjusted with the engine running; oiling was automatic; his wick-system carburetor was indifferent to the dirty or mixed-strength gasoline of the day; the engine housing was between the two front seats, with all the hand controls mounted on a console over it, an arrangement that gave good balance to the car, and hung no weight out beyond the axles; the chassis frame was rigid and the suspension flexible—putting one wheel on a foot-high block had no effect on the other three—with the resultant superb ride; the entire body could be removed in five minutes without tools, and so on and so on.

Lanchesters had a remarkably squared and balanced look, seeming always to be firmly placed on the road, particularly seen head on, when the radiator, in the water-cooled models, looked almost exactly twice as wide as it was high. (There was no need to unscrew the cap and peer into the hole to see if the water was up, by the way: Lanchesters had round glass-framed ports cut through the radiator shell for that purpose.) The cars were as stable as they looked, and because of this sure-footed way of going, and the quick steering available through the tiller system, they were easy to manage in the dreaded sideslip, or skid. English roads in the 1900s, often of stone or wood block and, of course, often wet and well dressed with horse manure, were wickedly slippery, and the versatile Dr. F. W. Lanchester included in the owner's manual that came with the car instructions on how to handle a skid, how to induce one for practice and even how to do a 180-degree spin in the width of an ordinary road, a useful maneuver that is not easy in most modern cars—small front-wheel-drive types excepted.

Like most men of their turn of mind, the Lanchester brothers were not brilliant in business and they soon found themselves harnessed to play-it-safe boards of directors who were frightened by originality and believed that the proven way was always the profitable way. In the Lanchesters' private table of organization, Frederick was designer; George, assistant designer and production man; Frank, business manager. But the company had been insufficiently funded at the beginning, was chronically in a short cash position, despite an excellent product and devoted customers, and in 1904, it went through a forced reorganization, in the course of which most of the Lanchesters' financial leverage was taken from them. The firm later gave its stockholders substantial profits, little of which Frederick Lanchester or his brothers saw.

Around 1914, the Lanchester began to look more like other motorcars, with the engine out in front and wheel steering. (The tiller had been optional since 1907 and was dropped in 1909; it was great for a light car but didn't have enough leverage for a big one.) The 1919

model, a remarkably lithe-looking sedan, was a notable success and the most expensive car in the London auto show of that year, at about \$15,000 (partially because the interior walls and the ceiling were of burr walnut, with an elaborate leaf-and-flower pattern inlaid in lighter woods). This was on the 40-horsepower long-wheelbase chassis, also the base for a really startling motorcar built to the order of the Maharaja of Alwar. The driving seat was completely open—no doors, roof, windshield, body sides, nothing; behind it was an open landau coach body, looking exactly as if it had been taken from a horse-drawn carriage, and suspended on fully exposed, curved, sled-runner springs, just as early coaches were. Upholstery was in blue silk and hardware in gold.

The last of the "real" Lanchesters came through the factory doors in 1928; after that, and another reorganization, the Lanchester name was tacked onto a cheap Daimler.

The two-cylinder Lanchester remains an authentic marvel and a benchmark in the history of the automobile. It was a true original, owing practically nothing

to anything that had gone before it.

Lanchesters rarely appear on the market today. The biggest collection is in the hands of a Briton, the primary authority on the make, Francis Hutton-Stott. One major American collector told me he would cheerfully pay \$15,000 for a tiller-steered Lanchester in good to fine order.

A couple of years after the last Lanchester Lanchester appeared, another talented and unlucky Englishman, W. O. Bentley, announced his version of the very fast luxury touring automobile. The 8-liter Bentley chassis alone cost \$9000, the complete car could go over £3000, or something like \$30,000 in today's money. It would seem that, with the 1930-1931 Depression in full crunch, Bentley could not possibly have chosen a worse time, but 100 8-liters were made and sold without extraordinary difficulty. Most of them still exist—huge brooding monsters from another age, a period that seems as remote as the Jurassic.

Ettore Bugatti, who thought himself a figure of elegance, and was, and a wit, and wasn't, said of Bentley, "He builds the fastest trucks in the world." Others



*"I dig you part of the way, but I still think that Anaconda Steel shows better long-term growth potential."*



said, small wonder some parts of Bentley's cars looked like castings for a locomotive, since he'd begun his working life as an apprentice in a roundhouse and did a full year as a fireman the old way, the hard way, balancing with the big shovel in the open lurching cab, left hand covered with a cloth against the firebox heat. (For supper, he wrote long afterward, the thing was to rub the coal dust off the shovel and grill lamb chops on it.)

Bentley left the railroads after six years (as soon as he found he could never hope to own and drive his own locomotive, his friends said). He took the agency for some French cars, one of which, a tourer called Doriet Flandrin et Parant, he modified so effectively that he began to win sports-car races in it. During the Kaiser War, he developed a superior aluminum piston for aircraft engines and designed two thoroughly good engines, the Bentley Rotary I and II. The British government ordered

30,000 of these engines; but, since Bentley was unhappily signed on with the Royal Naval Air Service, he profited only insignificantly.

With next to no money of his own, and the help of friends no better off, Bentley, like hordes of ex-Forces people, set up a motorcar-manufacturing company in 1919. Unlike most of the others, he produced a car, due to be known, in the fullness of time, as the immortal 3-liter, and began selling it in 1921. Getting the Bentley into actual production was a feat of mind over matter; the company didn't have a machine shop or a foundry or even a drafting room in the real sense of the word. Outside suppliers made the Bentley components and the Bentley work force put it together. It was a good car, very sturdy, dependable, run by a high-speed overhead-cam engine that was essentially a race-car engine made reliable. A 3-liter won the 24-Hour Race at Le Mans in 1924, the first of five times the make was to do it.

There were 1639 3-liter Bentleys built, and 300-odd survive. The 3-liter begat the 4½-liter, which begat the Blower Bentley, which begat the Standard Six, which begat the Speed Six, which begat the 4-liter, which begat the 8-liter. They were all remarkable cars, big, high-riding, some of them hairy in the extreme, all of them fast and trustworthy, except the 50 Blower Bentleys, supercharged 4½-liters, which looked and sounded wonderful but never won anything. (Sir Henry Birkin, one of the legend-wreathed "Bentley Boys"—gentleman-amateur drivers, most of them, who campaigned the cars for the great fun of it—did come second to a Type 35 Bugatti in the 1930 French Grand Prix. This was a considerable feat, the Bentley being a big and heavy road car, after all, and the Pau circuit on which the race was run that year a twisty one.) The supercharger, mounted in front of the radiator, was huge and produced 110 extra horsepower, of which it needed 35 to run itself. W. O. Bentley didn't like it, and properly so, but it did make the blown 4½ the sexiest-looking car in the line, and a fine one today is certainly worth \$15,000.

Largely because of their record at Le Mans, unparalleled until the Jaguars came along in the 1950s, the Bentleys grabbed the British as no car except the Rolls-Royce has ever done. The firm made motorcars for only ten years, at an average rate of about one a day (3061 in all); but the name is immortal, nevertheless. Financially, the company never recovered from its initial underfunding; and for five years, it was kept afloat by one man, who pumped probably \$750,000 into it: Woolf Barnato, heir to a huge share of the Kimberley diamond mines. Barnato was a Bentley team driver. Even he gave up finally, and Rolls-Royce bought everything.

The 8-liter, if it had come earlier, might have saved Bentley. It was a most impressive motorcar, silent, by the standards of the time, at 100 miles an hour, and putting out so much torque that it would run in high gear from 6 to 104 mph. W. O. Bentley said, "By the late 1930s, I think we could have made it into a very good car, with a speed of at least 115 to 120 miles an hour, with silence and safety. It would have been interesting to carry out this work, and I am sorry I was not allowed to." As it was, the 8-liter was so strong that it didn't really matter what kind of coachwork was put on it. Light fabric bodies by Weymann were stylish at the time, and an 8-liter would fly with one of them, but it could move a seven-passenger limousine almost as fast. (The engine was a bit bigger than today's Cadillac, presently the biggest passenger engine in production anywhere.)

W. O. Bentley has lived to see his car become a cult object and more, one in



*"That poor horse . . . I know exactly what it's going through!"*



the line of artifacts locked into the history of the Empire: the longbow, the kilt, Big Ben, the Spitfire, the cricket bat, the pub and the London bobby's hard hat. His last work, the 8-liter, was handsome, I think, as a short-bodied four-passenger coupe with a blind rear quarter, and I would look for one of those if I were to begin looking today. Found, I think it would take \$15,000 to move it, and that might not move it far. Incidentally, Bentley models were to be told apart, among other indications, by the color of the enamel in the radiator badge, which might be green, red, black or blue, except for the Speed Six model, normally green, but optionally anything the customer wanted. A Bentley was thus usually known as a Red Label or a Blue Label or whatever, although the factory intensely disliked the use of the word "label" instead of "badge." In any case, a proper 8-liter carries green enamel around the big black B.

(In 1933, the Rolls-Royce label was changed from red to black, presumably in mourning for Sir Henry Royce.)

You had to make a really big fast car if you were to count in the major leagues in the 1930s, and Ettore Bugatti, as was his wont, topped everybody with a thing that might have been called a 15-liter Bugatti if he hadn't chosen to call it a Type 41, or the Bugatti Royale. It was The End in almost every dimen-

sion and every particular—sheer bigness (seven feet from radiator to windshield, for example), price (\$20,000 for the bare chassis), guarantee (for life), and so on. Ettore Bugatti was a superlatively skillful image projector, and the Type 41, the Golden Bug, as the British called it, was probably his master stroke. Hugh Conway, a primary Bugatti authority, thinks it possibly the most fantastic automobile ever. Only six were built.

Shortly after the War, an English *Bugattiste* who had a 41 with a sedan body asked me if I could sell it for him. I circularized the entire membership of the Sports Car Club of America without finding anyone who would get up \$5000 for it. That car is certainly worth \$50,000 today, but I doubt that an offer of twice that would move it. Because the number of 41s built is positively known, there's no chance that a "lost" Royale will turn up; the six are all held in permanent collections here and abroad (the Harrah Collection in Reno, the biggest and best in the world, has two), and so it seems hardly fair to include the car in a suggested collection, however hypothetical. It *could* happen, but it's a 100-to-1 shot at the moment. That doesn't mean that a new collector can't aspire to a Bugatti. M. Bugatti did make between 6000 and 7500 automobiles, and at least 1500 of them still exist. They exist in wide variety—some 50 models—because their creator

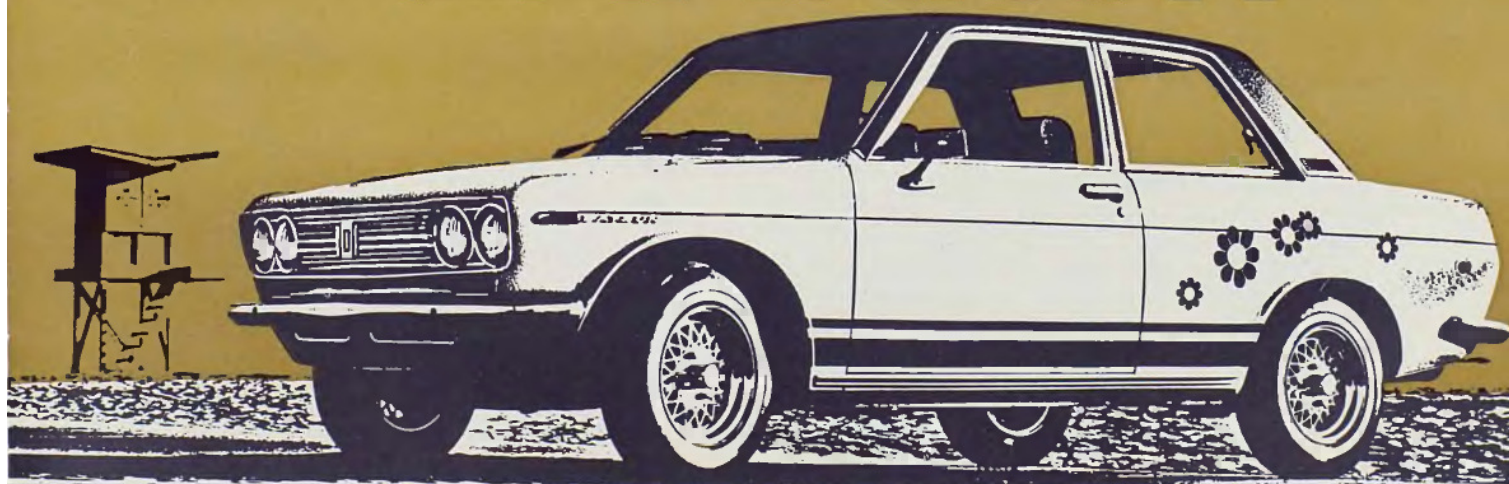
was a restless, volatile, experimenting kind of man. He just may have been, too, the most interesting individual ever concerned with auto making.

Ettore Bugatti was an Italian who lived nearly all his life in France. He was one of a kind, greatly gifted, inventive, proud, unswervingly independent, indifferent to any opinion but his own, amused, aristocratic, impractical, profligate, a connoisseur, a gourmet, a *bon vivant*. He died in 1947, after 66 years of life full of creation and drama. Bugatti was a moody man, imperious and egoistic. His father was a silversmith, a cabinetmaker and furniture designer, and Ettore Bugatti had intended to be an artist; but he decided, before he was out of his teens, that his brother, Rembrandt, had a superior talent; willingly to be second best was not his way, so he chose another métier. He was right about Rembrandt, who was, indeed, remarkably gifted. He was a sculptor, best known for animals. In 1966, a London gallery exhibited 21 of his bronzes, most of them sold the first day. Rembrandt Bugatti died young, a suicide.

Ettore Bugatti had designed and built cars before he was 21; and by 1910, he had a factory in Alsace-Lorraine. He built five automobiles that year, and it can truly be said that except for a very short period in the 1940s, the Bugatti has

\*Plus tax, lic., freight, delivery and handling, (except Hawaii). Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

# GR-R-R-ROOVY



## The World's Best \$2000 Car. It goes wild!

Datsun/2 Door—a groovin', movin' machine! Neat looks. Underneath, more sophisticated stuff than a lot of \$6000 types. Fully independent rear suspension for great handling. Sure-stopping front disc brakes. An overhead cam 96 HP mill that gets 25 miles-per-gallon. Inside—flow-thru fresh air. Cool! You'll love Datsun/2. Just \$1896\* with a stir-easy 4-speed, buckets, whitewalls and

other no-cost extras. Car illustrated has dealer-installed extra-cost vinyl top, special wheels, racing stripes—fun flowers that grow on you! The Sound Move is to Datsun!

# DATSUN/2



been in demand from that day to this. Bugatti's racing cars, his Grand Prix cars, were originals and, in some ways, the greatest of their time; his sports cars set standards that other makes were years in equaling. He was eclectic in design: tiny battery-driven child's cars, 110-mph open four-seaters, little leather-bodied coupes, big touring limousines, race cars, town cars—all carried the 3½-inch red-and-white Bugatti radiator badge. He made other things, too: boats, trains, airplane engines.

Closest to the Royale is generally held to be the Type 46. It was one of Bugatti's own favorites. Between 350 and 500 of them were made; and although the model was introduced in 1929, Bugatti kept it in protracted production. It was possible to buy a new 46 up to the outbreak of the Hitler War in 1939 and, indeed, even afterward; at least one and possibly four unused chassis, one of them crated, survived the shooting.

The 46 ran an 8-cylinder engine, 5.3 liters (318 cubic inches). The 12-foot wheelbase was designed to accommodate heavy, luxurious coachwork. It would do this with *élan*, offering a ride that was, by the standards of the time, more than ordinarily comfortable, with road holding and steering at Bugatti levels, then the highest in the world, and a top speed around 95. There was one difficulty noted by a few owners. As in the Royale, the Type 46 transmission is on the rear axle, which means that the drive shaft spins at engine speed; and in the Type 46, it had a tendency to vibrate a bit. French coachmakers, particularly Letourneur et Marchand and Million-Guiet, erected some splendid big, boxy gentleman's coupes on the 46 chassis, some carrying really huge leather trunks, bound with thick straps and brass buckles.

In 1931, a Type 46S was offered, identical with the 1929 car except for a small Roots-type supercharger that smoothed out the engine noticeably and gave it some extra zap. There were fewer 46Ss, they cost more than the straight 46s and are consequently more desirable. I should very much like to hear of one at around \$7500.

Another avenue of assault on the big, fast luxury car was Abner Doble's: steam. Doble reminds one of Bugatti; he was imperious, arrogant, aristocratic, obsessed with the attainment of unattainable perfection and, like Bugatti, he had first intended being an artist, a concert pianist. There is a fixed law at work here; almost every automobile that is rated today as an imperishable classic, supreme in beauty or function or both, was created by a man of notable intelligence, sophistication, eccentricity and civility, who was not motivated by money-making.

After he had abandoned pianism and the ambition that succeeded it, surgery, and had been schooled in engineering

at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Doble raised \$500,000 and set up shop in Waltham, Massachusetts. He built good steam automobiles, about 80 of them, but they were really only design exercises for his masterwork, the Models E and F Doble he built in California after his return there (he was born in San Francisco) in 1920. Between then, when he set up a new company with his brothers John, Warren and William, and 1932, Doble made 24 steamers. These were the best steam automobiles we have so far seen. Earlier steamers had been dragged down by nuisance problems. It took 30 minutes of long, involved procedure and a blowtorch to start some of them. To shorten getaway time, it was usual to leave a pilot light burning under the boiler; this annoyed garage proprietors and ferryboat captains, and in some jurisdictions there were laws against it. The steam automobile engine could boil away 25 gallons of water surprisingly quickly, and it was usual to carry a length of garden hose, in case there was nothing handier than a pond or a horse trough when the tank went dry. Steamers like the famous Stanley would go very quickly, indeed, but only for a short distance, because the boilers couldn't make enough steam fast enough.

Standing outdoors in the dead of a Minneapolis winter, a Doble would start and move away 22 seconds after the switch had been flipped; most 1969s won't do a lot better. The Doble carried a steam condenser where the gasoline car had its radiator; enough of the water that went through the boiler was recovered to make 30 gallons last for 750 miles. It was fast enough: 95-plus mph. Like all steamcars, the Doble was nearly silent, had ferocious acceleration (a steam engine delivers maximum torque the instant the throttle is opened) and would climb the side of a house, if the wheels didn't slip. Writer Griffith Borgeason, who lived near the Doble factory in Emeryville, California, recalls a hill favored by the firm's test drivers. It was two miles long and steep: rising one foot in four. Gasoline cars had to rush it flat-out and even then might not see the top; the Dobiles could start at the bottom from a standstill and whistle on up, accelerating to the point of wheelspin, if they felt like it.

Specifying material, components and workmanship for his car, Doble named nothing but the best. He used chromenickel steel for chassis members, his machining was to the highest standards and he liked steering wheels of ebony and nickel silver. Doble's standards and his limited production necessarily imposed high prices: \$8000 and up—up to \$11,200. There are 15 E Dobiles known at the moment; prices as high as \$15,000 have been asked for unrestored, modified examples carrying nonoriginal parts.

Doble Steam Motors went under in

the 1932 Depression, but Doble was concerned with steam almost to his death in 1961. Ten years before that, the McCulloch company (chain saws, superchargers) had mounted a serious and heavily financed approach to the steam automobile, with Doble leading, but it was abandoned far short of production.

So much for a collection restricted to ten automobiles, with the brutal omissions consequential to such limitation: the Alfa-Romeo 1750 Zagato, the Mercedes-Benz SSK, the Hispano-Suiza Boulogne are classics that come instantly to mind. But if they would add luster, they would add dollars, too: the Alfa, with two-seater body by Zagato, first seen in 1932, brings around \$10,000 today. (A modern-engined factory-built replica offered a couple of years ago failed on the market.) The SSK Mercedes was a Ferdinand Porsche design built by the oldest and one of the most successful automobile constructor firms; it was much used by Rudolf Caracciola when he drove for the factory to win the Mille Miglia, the Tourist Trophy, the European hill-climb championship. SSKs were costly new and are in the \$10,000–\$15,000 area today. Hispano-Suizas run higher: \$18,000–\$25,000, justifiable in a car some authorities call truly the best car in the world; that's to say, better than the contemporary Rolls-Royce. The Hisso began as a collaboration between the Swiss designer Marc Birkigt, one of the immortals of automobilism, and Spanish financiers. Early cars were made in Spain, but Birkigt's final triumphs, such as the 12-cylinder Type 68, came out of France.

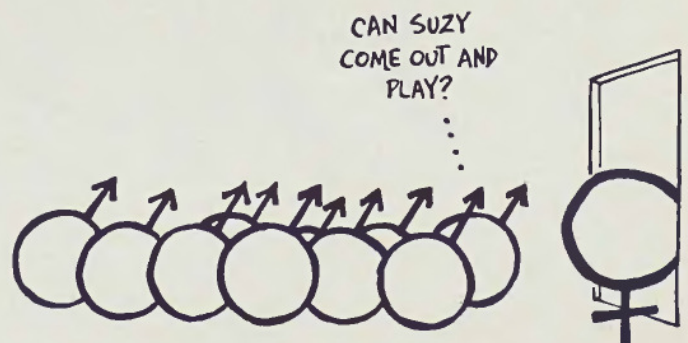
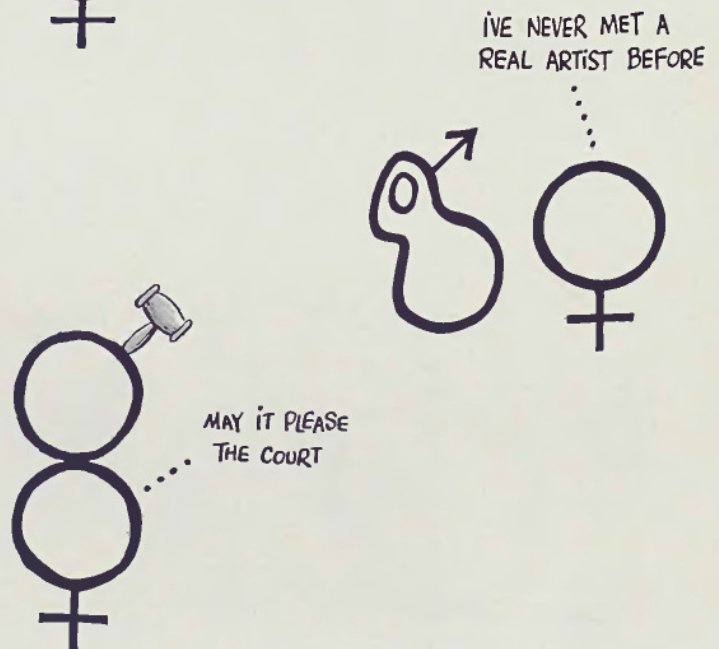
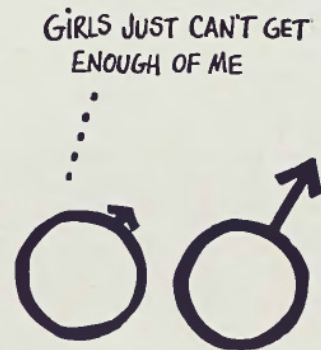
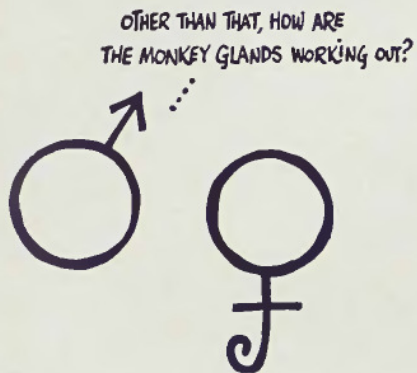
As the classics disappear into permanent museum custody, autophiliasts look in new directions and specialist collections spring up: child-size toy collections, for example. The best-known toy is the miniature Grand Prix car Ettore Bugatti built first for his son Roland and later for limited commercial sale. It was cataloged at the factory as Type 52. A 1928 model of this car brought \$3000 at a recent British auction. Many others were made around that time and they are still being made; I have seen Ferrari, Mustang, GT40 Fords and Aston Martin toys recently. These cars are usually about two-fifths size, battery-driven. The finest collection of drivable toys belongs to Francis Mortarini of Paris. He has about 30. Toy-size cars attract many collectors. In the 1920s, some toys were elaborately detailed and up to 20 inches in length. Adam Pellicot of Stockholm has probably the biggest collection of toy automobiles—2500 of them.

Miniature road cars haven't caught on yet, but they will. Bugatti's *Bébé* Peugeot, the first practical small-automobile small automobile, would be the foundation of a miniature collection, with his



# SYMBOLIC SEX

more sprightly spoofings of the signs of our times  
humor By DON ADDIS





Types 13 and 22, the Austin Seven, Bull-nose Morris, American Bantam, Crosley Hotshot, Fiat Topolino, and so on. Almost every automobile-producing country made a miniature.

Cleverest will be the new collectors who buy in 1969 the cars that will be crowding Parke-Bernet's catalogs for the spring sale in 2000. If I knew what those cars would be, I'd have a barn stuffed with them standing on end. The best advice remains the art collector's rule: Buy what you *like*. Most crystal balls are clouded. For example, on the ground of rarity, the Tucker ought to be a good buy, but it seems to lack basic appeal. The Edsel will be a rarity in 2000, but there may be little interest in it because it was a failure, and nobody loves a loser. The Tatra, a rear-engine V8 made in Czechoslovakia, is an interesting car; but while it's rare on this side of the water, there are thousands of them in central Europe. The Mercedes-Benz

300SL ought to be a classic, it was a breakthrough car and a success; enough were built to scatter the car around the world but not enough to make it common; it is good-looking and has an interesting history. I think the Ferrari will always be good, and racing Ferraris, because there are so few of them, very good. But the best guideline remains one's own taste—and it can't hurt to watch the quotations in the Sunday *New York Times* and magazines such as *Road & Track*.

How many cars make a collection? I think that three does it, if a viable association—historical, mechanical, personal, whatever—links them. Three at least as minimum and, as maximum, whatever your interest and your bank roll will reach. The ceiling at the moment is the 1500-odd cars in the Harrah Collection, but that's no reason you shouldn't try for 1500.



*"I've put some money in trust for you. You will be able to collect it when you are thirty, if, in the opinion of the trustees, you have sold out to the establishment."*

## playboy club-hotel

(continued from page 148)

best describes it at the moment is 'controversial.'" *Milwaukee Sentinel* columnist Buck Herzog wrote: "If you are planning an attack on the Playboy hilly, watery course, I suggest your equipment include a shovel, compass, water wings and a seeing-eye mountain goat. I needed them. But don't get me wrong. It's a beautiful layout." Former football great Paul Hornung, now a sportscaster, said simply: "It's a super golf course."

Harris himself, when asked if this was his toughest assignment in a career that has included design of such celebrated courses as the Tucson National Golf Club, replied: "I never think of it that way; I've tried to design it so it will be a pleasure for all classes of player. I think it's going to work out to be about the most beautiful course in America—but I am a modest man, and I would like to have the golfers give *their* evaluation."

A completely different type of course is scheduled to be ready for play in July, offering Club-Hotel visitors two distinctive 18-hole championship setups. This one is designed by Jack Nicklaus and his associate Pete Dye, whose idea was to leave the contours of the land alone as much as possible—unlike the Harris course, which was literally carved out of the countryside. The Nicklaus-Dye course will meander over the natural lay of the land much in the style of the venerable British and Scottish links. When you visit Lake Geneva this summer, you can try all 36 holes and judge for yourself which style you prefer. If you're not yet a golfer but would like to learn—or sharpen your putting skill—sign up for private lessons with Playboy's resident pro, the gregarious Ken Judd. Duffers have rated the nuggets cast up from Ken's apparently bottomless reservoir of jokes worth the cost of instruction.

The links are by no means the only outdoor attractions. To find out what's elsewhere on the grounds, catch the Rabbit Transit bus, which leaves the main entrance of the Club-Hotel at regular intervals. It will take you past the airstrip; the Winchester skeet- and trap-shooting range; the championship tennis courts (the United States Professional Lawn Tennis Association held its convention and team matches there last fall); the stables, headquarters for horsemanship (English and Western), surrey and trail rides; the off-limits Bunny Dorm; and the Ski Lodge. Hop off the bus at the Ski Lodge and have a second cup of coffee in the Loaf of Bread restaurant. Summer or winter, you'll enjoy the view from the lodge, which is shaped like a pair of joined snowflakes with great, ceiling-high windows designed for maximum exposure of the hillside panorama. The lodge and the ski slopes (two chair lifts and many runs providing the



best skiing anywhere in the immediate area) were designed by architect Alexander McIlvaine, who did Squaw Valley, California (site of the 1960 Winter Olympics), and Stratton Mountain, Vermont. The restaurant and The Jug of Wine bar operate year round, but you'll have to come back next winter to savor the excitement of schussing down the slopes or the kick of learning to ski the Art Furrer way. Furrer, Playboy's internationally renowned Swiss-born ski school chief, believes ski instruction should be fun—for pupil and teacher.

Catch the bus again at the Ski Lodge and ride back to the Pro Shop, which, in addition to being the hub of golfing activities with its locker facilities, showers, sports shop and cart-rental service, is a good place to get a snack or a cool drink any time of the year. When winter arrives, the golf carts give way to snowmobiles and the Pro Shop becomes action central for skating on the frozen lake. You can take lessons from Carol Rawski, the eye-filling ex-Bunny who serves as skating instructress. Other winter *divertissements* at the Lake Geneva resort include rides around the lake in horse-drawn sleighs (reserve one at the Gift Shop) and, of course, swinging *après-ski* fun. Big attraction for pro-football fans: Sunday-afternoon wide-screen telecasts of Chicago Bears' and Green Bay Packers' games, shown in the Penthouse.

Now, however, it's spring at Lake Geneva and the pier at the shore of Playboy's 25-acre lake is headquarters not only for fishing (largemouth bass) but for canoeing, sailing, rowing and pedaling along on Aqua-Bikes built for two. You can get instruction, by the way, in almost any of the activities offered at the Club-Hotel. That includes flight training at the airstrip, where flyovers and charter flights are also available.

By this time, you'll have decided to spend several days at Playboy's newest resort—and to make reservations for return visits later in the year. Even before Playboy arrived on the scene, this part of Wisconsin was a famous resort area. During the Gay Nineties, Lake Geneva, the 5262-acre body of water located some two miles west of the Playboy Club-Hotel site, was ringed by palatial estates. N. K. Fairbank of Ivory Soap fame frequently entertained 50 guests for dinner—and retained a staff of 42, including 17 grooms, to accommodate them. Another great house, Stone Manor, cost \$2,000,000 to build at turn-of-the-century prices. Playboy's \$12,000,000 resort has almost singlehandedly revived that atmosphere of plush luxury.

Wisconsin's Lieutenant Governor Jack B. Olson, whose family has for three generations been in the tourist business at scenic Wisconsin Dells, in the central part of the state, put it this way: "This Playboy Club-Hotel at Lake Geneva ranks among the great resorts in the

world. It is creating a desire among a great new group of people to see why we like it here in Wisconsin—and we like to have them here."

The Lake Geneva Club-Hotel opened just one year ago this month. Unlike most yearlings, it is not at the awkward age. Some peak-season weeks in 1970 are already booked solid; plans for expansion (additional restaurants, a convention center) are under way. As one industry observer commented: "Anybody who plans to get into the resort business from now on is going to have to look long at what's going on in Lake Geneva. They're years ahead of everybody." Already on the drawing boards is an Eastern year-round resort, the Playboy Club-Hotel at Great Gorge, New Jersey, and there are plans for others.

Lake Geneva's success is the result of delivering on a promise of quality, Arnold Morton believes. "Resort hotels in this country have a miserable image," he says. "You read the ads, you go there expecting to find Shangri-La, and what do you find: a little rinky-dink golf course, some sway-backed old mares, a tiny swimming pool and a volleyball net. Talk about the credibility gap!"

There's no credibility gap at Lake

Geneva. As radio personality Jack Eigen said at the opening of the resort, "This is everything the publicity told us it would be." Morton explains: "We offer a guy two of the best golf courses in the country, something pretty to look at, name talent in the showrooms, a whole series of the finest restaurants—the kind of places he'd drive seventy-five miles to get to—a lake teeming with bass, skiing, with instruction by the finest acrobatic pro in the world. We're talking, really, in terms of a deluxe country club. Otherwise, it wouldn't be worth it."

It's worth it. Visit Playboy at Lake Geneva and see for yourself. After all, even Hugh Hefner, a frequent guest of honor, admits: "I'm overwhelmed by it all myself."

*The Lake Geneva Club-Hotel, which is open only to Playboy Club keyholders, their families and their guests, is now accepting reservations for summer, fall and winter. For information or reservations, write to the Playboy Club-Hotel, Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Organizations may inquire about convention and group facilities from Sales Manager Jack Nitkey at the same address.*



"Sure, I hit him. How else can we stop violins in the street?"



## CRAZY GERMAN COFFEE

(continued from page 92)

will not tell Roberto that I have written to you! Because I do not write English at all this letter is being writing by my female cousin Angelica for me as I tell her in Spanish, you see.

I want to come to the U. S. America so badly! I have read of this actress Raquel Welch who has so many millions of dollars and a Rolls-Royce auto. and Roberto says I am much more pretty than she is, you see.

I have seen your "snap" and you are a handsome and kindly man of generosity.

Angelica knows an attorney who says that to enter the U. S. America I must need a visit visa and also someone in the country who will make me not become a "public charge."

It will cost \$253 to fly from Cali to Los Angeles, stopping planes at Panama where it happen lives an aged aunt of mine I would like to see anyway. That is economy one-way ticket.

I of course do not have any money.

Please be of help to me, dear Mr. Broffman, but do not tell Roberto! I do not love him at all anymore.

Yours most faithful,  
Maria Valenzuela

Calle 19 Sud No. 2 Apto 9  
Cali, Colombia

P. S. I am bigger in the bosoms than Raquel Welch, you see.

March 23, 1968

Dear friend Faubus:

What a delight to cruise in the waters of Hawaii! Did you have along a pretty female companion or two?

Poor Maria! The film *Fantastic Voyage* (they go in a tiny submarine through the blood vessels into the brain and it is highly educational) is now playing in Cali and she has gone five times to see this Raquel Welch and she is full of crazy ideas, and is much to be like a child with her silly dreams.

I hope soon to marry her and settle her down with a baby. Now she works in a store in Cali where she sells dresses for ladies and can buy them herself for a percentage off and she does, spending all of her money, alack!

You have asked me twice about my life and my work and so I will tell you if you do not mind it dull.

I do work in the field of nutrition and also toxicology, you see, which is related. The Indians of Colombia are very poor and also not nourished, their diet consists of mostly starches, sugar products and alcohol and also they chew the coca bean (not cocoa) which is a narcotic to hide their hunger symptoms.

Malnutrition and acute deficiency of vitamins is the fourth most important source of deaths here.

Sad to we nutritionists of education is that even when these sources of protein such as fish, milk, eggs, soybeans and so forth are readily at hand the Indians will not eat them for they have prejudicial cultures from long past ages.

These conditions result not only in diseases but a lack of energy of the body and the mind, and those impulses to offset one's unfortunate lot are dissipated with the typical thought: "*Pava que?*" (What for is the use?)

We in the Public Health Service are dedicated to end this vicious circle.

I live alone in a small apartment on the third story of an old house which overlooks a quiet garden most luxuriant. Maria lives some streets away with her female cousin Angelica.

I must make many arduous field treks on foot sometimes up into the mountainous Andes where live the Indians, which we examine and treat them with medicines and inoculate and try to teach them to grow and consume the more proper foods for their health.

As I wrote previous I will never know richness but at least I do not idle my precious time without helping the world into which I was born.

My cousin who is the coffee broker in Bogotá writes to me that he has indeed heard of "crazy German coffee," and will write to you care of me about this thing. He is amazed that you have heard of it and I still do not know what it is myself.

Sincerely,  
Roberto C.-C.

P. S. More magazines have arrived for which I give you thanks.

381 Monta Lane  
Bel Air, Los Angeles  
California 90024

April 2, 1968

Miss Maria Valenzuela  
Calle 19 Sud No. 2 Apto 9  
Cali, Colombia

Dear Miss Valenzuela:

I did not receive your letter of March 21. By this I mean that you are a naughty girl who should be spanked.

Los Angeles is full of beautiful girls who would like to be movie stars but who must work as salesgirls and waitresses, and sometimes with nothing on above their waists.

Stay where you are in your own country with a fine man who loves you. Do not write me again or I will tell Roberto.

Sincerely,  
Faubus Broffman

April 4, 1968

Dear friend Roberto:

Your work does not sound at all "dull," but highly interesting. You should

be proud to be doing such important work for your people.

The Hawaii cruise was quite enjoyable. We fished and ate too much and played cards and danced and lay about and had a great time. Yes, we were not without agreeable females.

I will be eager to hear from your cousin about "crazy German coffee." I am particularly curious about why it is so called.

Another shipment of magazines was mailed to you today, courtesy of Carlo. He runs down to the post office in Westwood Village with them in the Rolls, but without his chauffeur's uniform. He picks up young ladies that way, he says! They think it is his car. Too bad for them if they are so motivated, I say.

Your friend,  
Faubus Broffman

April 6, 1968

Darling Mr. Broffman:

You must not turn down my pleadings for help!

It is not only that I do not love Roberto but I do not like him at all! Already he is losing at 26 his hair and is becoming fat in the belly and beside he is so grave and without jollity and talks only of feeding soybeans to the Indians!

I do not want to be his wife! Only because we have grown up together since childhood we are to be married.

At the littlest, could I not have the briefest trip to the U. S. America to look around, before I marry Roberto and have his children?

Then I will never leave Colombia again until I die and am old!

Please assist me to make the briefest visit and I will be so grateful to you and I will do anything, just to see the lovely Hollywood and the U. S. America for a brief visit!

Roberto banged me in the face last Sunday.

Please I beg you to help me!

Your servant,  
Maria Valenzuela

April 9, 1968

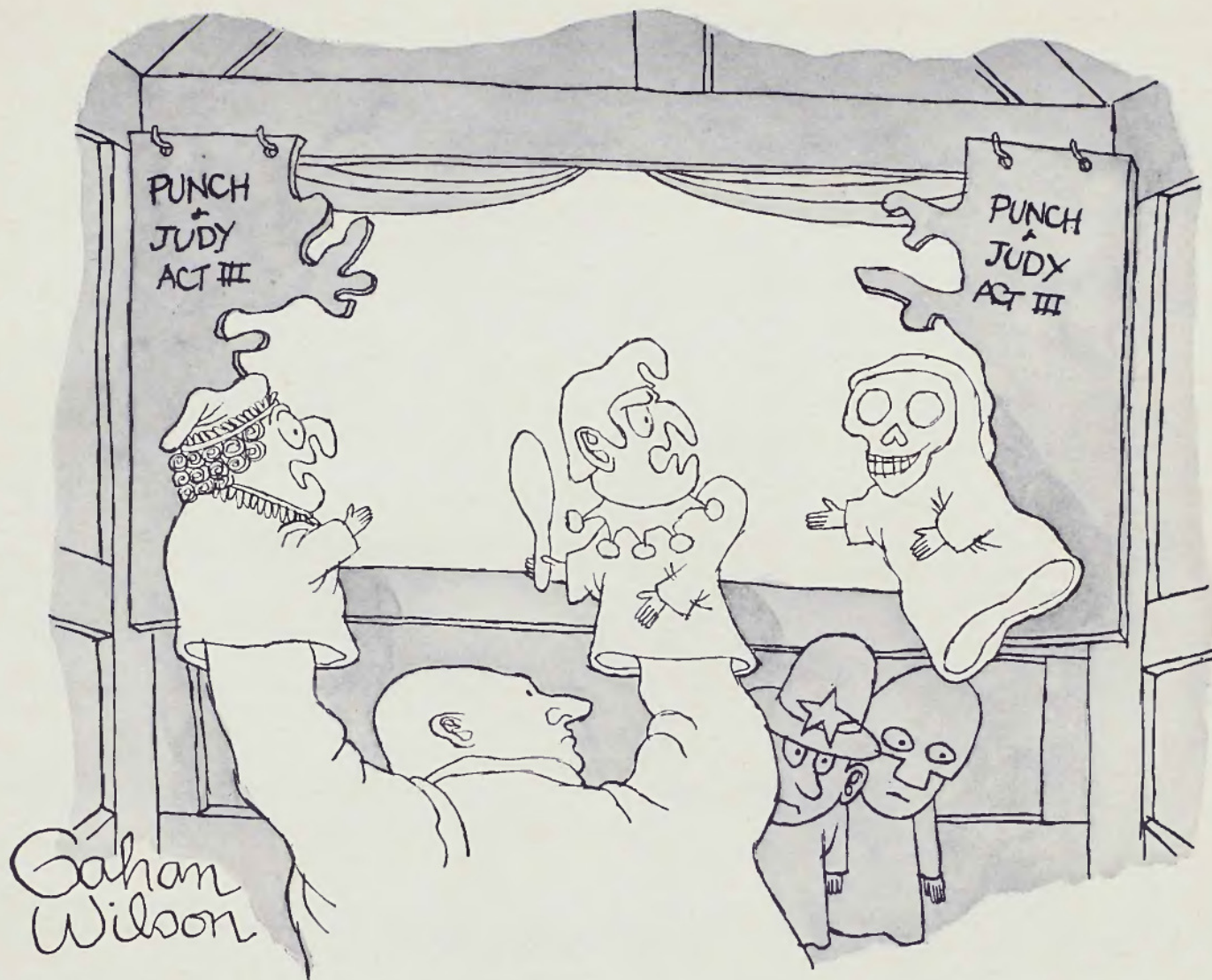
Dear Mr. Broffman:

Another packages of magazines has come by and are much appreciated by me.

I have just returned from a trek into the Andes. It was very sad indeed for a child died in my arms of poverty and malnutrition of the worst nature.

Since you sign yourself my friend, I can express my thought more freely, which is that it is a dramatic contrast from the lifes of these starving poor people and a life of indolence and luxury and voyages to Punta del Este and





Hawaii in a power yacht and a Rolls-Royce with a driver to run the errands.

Pardon me if I speak my mind.

Your friend,  
Roberto C.C.

April 17, 1968

Dear Miss Valenzuela:

If you will go to the American consulate in Cali and ask for a Mr. James Harkins, you will find that my attorney has sent all the necessary papers to enable you to enter the U. S. America on a visitor's visa.

A round-trip first-class ticket on Braniff to Panama, thence to L. A. via Pan American, is awaiting you with the American Express representative in Cali.

You wanted a brief visit here and that is what I will provide. You will stay here for a few weeks only, as my house guest. After you have seen the sights, you will return to Colombia. This must be understood before you leave.

Naturally, I will mention none of this to Roberto. Explaining this to him must

be your problem, without bringing me into it. I think you will be a contented wife for him once you have got this travel bug out of your system.

There will also be \$500 for you with the American Express representative for expenses. Cable me your arrival date. I will meet you.

Faubus Broffman

April 18, 1968

Dear Doctor:

Now, just a minute, please.

I worked damn hard for 18 hours a day for over 30 years to achieve financial success, and I think I have a right to enjoy the fruits of my toil, if you don't mind, sir.

To help the more unfortunate of the world, I long ago set up the Helen Broffman Memorial Foundation, which has already given away to "good works" over \$6,000,000.

Is it that you are needling me in the hope of getting some money for your work?

Very well, sir. If you have any specific

proposals for ways in which the foundation can help your poor Indians with financial grants, let me know them, together with the names of the proper authorities to contact.

Meanwhile, please do not tell me how I should spend my days, if you don't mind, and if you wish to remain my friend.

Yours,  
Faubus R. Broffman

CALI COLOMBIA NL 872: XL4: 4:45 PM AP 26 68

BROFFMAN 381 MONTA LANE BEL AIR LA C USA

AFTER STAY OVER WITH AUNT PANAMA ARRIVE PAN AM FLIGHT 516 LA INTERNATIONAL 10:30 PM APRIL 30. I LOVE YOU.

MARIA

AIRMAIL—SPECIAL DELIVERY

April 27, 1968

Dear friend!

I was writing to apologize for my latest letter to you and forgive me for I was 211



tired and bitter for the dying baby and I do not want a penny from you for the government pays for the work when I had the most terrible news!

Which was from Angelica who is Maria's female cousin.

Maria has flown away from Cali to Panama!

There lives an aunt of her there but they do not answer the telephone I have called.

I have a sickened thought Maria could be coming to Los Angeles to visit you—she is such a child! But where did she obtain the money for the ticket? She does not save. I fear she has stolen it from the store but I fear to ask because of the police! Please let me know if she comes to L.A. by any chance! I am frantic from anxiety and worry about my beloved!

Roberto

LA C 11:30 PM 4XLQ: 897 DDY URG 4/30/68  
ROBERTO CAJIAO HYPHEN CIGLIUTI CALLE  
13 NORTE NO 27 CALI COLOMBIA SA  
THIS HAS BEEN A COMPLETE SURPRISE TO  
ME. YOUR LETTER ARRIVED THIS MORN-  
ING AND TONIGHT MARIA CALLED FROM

AIRPORT AND I HAVE MET HER AND  
HAVE JUST RETURNED HERE TO MY  
HOME. SHE IS FINE. SHE DID NOT STEAL  
ANY MONEY. SHE JUST WANTS TO SEE  
SOMETHING OF THE WORLD. I WILL SEND  
HER HOME SAFELY AFTER A BIT. WRITING.  
DO NOT WORRY. SHE IS IN GOOD HANDS.

BROFFMAN

May 2, 1968

Dear Roberto:

Maria is fine, as I said in my cable.

It is a crazy thing she has done, but it is better I think that she does such a thing now, if she has to, than after she is married to you.

She says she did not steal any money, and is shocked and angry that you would have thought so. She says she paid for her flight ticket with some money from an inheritance from her grandmother that she never mentioned to you.

From what I learn from her, with the language barrier, I gather that she has the normal, understandable fears of any young woman about to embark upon marriage. Being only 19, she wants to "sow some wild oats" before she settles down for good. I will keep an eye on her

and make sure she behaves herself, if you know what I mean and I think you do.

Meanwhile, she will be a guest here in my house. I have two servants for chaperones.

As a courtesy to you, my friend, I will give her a whirl while she is here. I'm sure she'll soon tire of it and want to come home.

Maria has had to buy some new clothes, for her skirts are too long for current fashions. I must admit that mini-skirts look very well on her. Also, it is a pleasure to have such a decorative person around my swimming pool. Maria has been in every day.

Don't worry. I will take good care of her.

Your friend,  
Faubus

(Translated from the Spanish)

May 10, 1968

My darling Roberto:

Please forgive me, my beloved, for my foolishness. You are first in my heart and I will be back with you soon, but first I desired so desperately to see just a little of the world.

Mr. Broffman lives in a big mansion. I have a room on the second story which has a balcony which overlooks the spreading lawns and the huge swimming pool of marble.

Mr. Broffman gave a swimming party in my honor last Sunday and it was such fun! Think who came! Raquel Welch and her husband, who live not far away! She is very nice. Cary Grant the movie star also came by for a minute. He is so handsome!

Next week we are flying to Las Vegas in a chartered plane with some of Mr. Broffman's friends. Dean Martin is appearing there now and he is a golfing friend of Mr. Broffman.

I will return in only a few short weeks. I love you.

Your adoring  
Maria

May 15, 1968

Dear friend Faubus:

I have received a letter from Maria which makes me feel full of fear, for I anticipate with alarm that perhaps she will enjoy so this "whirl" you are giving her in the world of ease and luxury and famous persons that her future life with me in Colombia will be as nothing but dull to her in the prospect, you see.

I trust you as a trusted friend to see that this does not happen.

Your friend,  
Roberto

P. S. I enclose a translation from the Spanish of a letter from my cousin in



"Are you publishing an underground newspaper in my air-raid shelter?"



Bogotá who does not write English. It is a fascinating saga and will I believe have interest for you.

How interesting to me that your coffee enthusiast who is your American rich friend did hear of "crazy German coffee"! Fewest people have, even in Colombia.

Here is the story: It was in 1785 and some Germans came to Colombia and wished to plant coffee trees way high up in the Andes. They were called "crazy" for the altitude was too high and too frosty and also there were a forest of trees so thick like a grass lawn and you could not walk through them. The "crazy Germans" thought Aha! we will burn the trees to clear the ground! And so they set fires which burned for a year over thousands of square kilometers! When the fires were cold there was a meter of wood ashes on the soil, in which the "crazy Germans" planted coffee trees which regardless to say soon died from frost and insufficient rainfall, and the "crazy Germans" gave up the venture and departed.

Now passes 140 years or so, and in 1930 some government surveyors passing through this desolate area found to their disbelief under tall cedars a few of these coffee trees, still growing, although shaped badly and minuscule. The beans were tiny like peppercorns. Needing coffee to drink, these men roasted the beans and drank the coffee.

Such was their surprise and unimaginable delight! This was the most fabulous and unusual and delicious coffee ever tasted by man! In addition, it was the most marvelous of aphrodisiacs!!

Chemists I have chatted to about this phenomenon say it was possibly a chemical or organic transmutation of the soil from the fire plus the presence of potash and phosphate from the wood ashes which could produce such fantastic a coffee!

These surveyors picked every bean from the only ten trees growing and brought these back to Bogotá, and guarded this coffee with their guns.

I was then only 30 years of age but I resolved to taste this coffee, and I am shamed to tell you the whereby but I obtained enough beans for only one cup which I drank in solitude.

There resulted not only the most magnificent taste sensation of my life, but also the most marvelous feeling of well-being in all my body! Also, I have never had such a sexual appetite, nor a capacity, before or later in this life!

Alack, this was all the "crazy Ger-



*"For the record, Senator, it would be helpful if you would agree to use the terminology 'bilateral reduction of ballistic-missile systems,' rather than 'catching Uncle Sam with his pants down.'"*

man coffee" there was, and if there is any again on these so distant trees I do not know, and it would take a expedition to find out and this would cost \$1000, which would be foolhardy for it is 38 years since and I doubt if anyone can find the trees if there are any extant there.

But I thought your American friend could enjoy knowing the story of "crazy German coffee."

May 20, 1968

Dear friend Roberto:

I have been very busy with Maria, but I have a few minutes now to write to you, for Carlo has driven her down to Beverly Hills to buy some shoes to match some evening gowns which she bought for our trip to New York next week. I thought she should see the "bright lights of Broadway" before returning home.

I was fascinated by your cousin's account of "crazy German coffee." I enclose a check made out to you for \$1000, which please give to your cousin, for I am taking him at his word about this expedition. I want him to go ahead with it at once. I fully appreciate the gamble involved, but am willing to take it.

I am more than a coffee "enthusiast." I am a coffee "nut." I have green coffees flown to me from all over the world. I keep them in a special freezer. I roast these beans myself, after blending, and

then grind them, just before making my coffee, which I do in a special pantry forbidden to my servants, except to clean up.

So now you will understand better why I am willing to risk \$1000 on the chance of getting some "crazy German coffee."

Maria is fine and enjoying herself. She has made a great hit with my friends. A motion-picture producer has shown some interest in her, but I suspect where his interest lies, and I have kept this from her. I have not allowed her to go out in the company of other men, though she has not lacked for offers.

Soon I am sure she will become bored with this dizzying round of social affairs and will want to come home.

Your friend,  
Faubus

(From the Spanish)

May 30, 1968

Darling Roberto:

Here we are in New York City! It is just like the cinema!

Every night we go to the theaters and the night clubs and dance, and in the daytime we do sight-seeing. We have flown to Boston for two days and also Washington, D. C. I went to the White House!

I am very tired and am longing soon



to return to you, and lovely Cali. I have told Faubus that I must go home very soon.

I danced with Dean Martin at a party in Las Vegas. He is so sweet but so is his wife! Ha, ha!

I miss you, my darling!

Maria

June 5, 1968

Dear friend Faubus:

The expedition of several men have started off into the mountains some time ago. My cousin trusts these men. They must fly to a point and thence via a helicopter to a point and then by foot to look for the trees of coffee. They carry a short-wave radio to communicate with Bogotá.

I must be firm now and insist that you send Maria back to my arms, for I am so lonely. It has been so much longer than was said, and I must ask you that Maria be back in Cali by June 26 which will be two months from departure.

You must keep your bargain, sir!

Your friend,  
Roberto

June 10, 1968

Dear Roberto:

This may well be the most difficult letter I will ever have to write. I will get directly to the point.

I have asked Maria to be my wife and she has accepted. We will be married here, in Bel Air, next week.

I know how angry and upset you will be, and how faithless to you you will think me. I am upset, too.

But the truth, which may be hurtful to you, is that Maria does not really love you, and would not be happy with you.

But I am in love with Maria as I have never loved before. The thought of her leaving me forever was just too much for me to bear.

I am not unaware of the problems that the disparity between our ages will cause. I know that my wealth is a highly important factor in her decision to marry me. I do not fool myself that she has a grand passion for me.

If you truly love her, find it in your heart to wish us well in this marriage.

Faubus

CALI COLOMBIA SM NX227: 14 URGENT  
JUNE 14 68 6:45 PM

BROFFMAN 381 MONTA LANE BEL AIR LOS  
ANGELES CALIF USA

YOU CANNOT DO THIS! I FORBID IT! THIS  
IS PERFDY! YOU HAVE NO HONOR AS A  
MAN TO THINK YOU CAN CORRUPT AND  
SEDUCE AND STEAL MY BELOVED WITH  
YOUR MILLIONS! I BEG YOU TO RECON-  
SIDER WHAT YOU DO! IF I TAKE MY LIFE

IN MY OWN HANDS IT WILL BE ON YOUR  
SOUL FOREVER I AM IN UTTER DESPAIR!  
ROBERTO

BEL AIR LOS ANGELES CAL XC 554 DL 16XX  
JUNE 18 68

CAJIAO HYPHEN CIGLIUTI CALLE 13 NORTE  
NO 27 CALI COLOMBIA SA  
FAUBUS AND I MARRIED TODAY. FORGIVE  
ME BUT I WOULD NEVER MAKE GOOD  
WIFE FOR YOU. PLEASE WE BEG YOU FOR  
YOUR BLESSING. LOVE,

MARIA

June 26, 1968

Dear friends Faubus and Maria:

I have written so many letters couched in anger and vituperation and hatred was like a poison in my system but I have torn them all into little pieces and now the poison has gone I hope to the *Almighty God*!

I had to make a medical trek into the Andes up high and there alone in the arid peaks and snow I was able to reflect in a philosophy that we are mortals only and so small like ants and so short a time on this earth. I found forgiveness lying in my heart and I pour it forth to you. I think Maria is of a certainty that she would not make the best wife for me, for as always since a child she has yearned and dreamed of princes and fairy castles and rich gowns and pearls! Such would never befall her lot with me so simply a life.

I give you my blessings and my hopes for lives enriched with all happinesses!

Sincerely,  
Roberto

P. S. I have just received this of interest from my cousin.

Tell your friend the coffee "nut" that I have heard via short-wave radio from the expedition that since all this trudging of the Andes they have at last found the coffee trees! But they are only numbering six at this present and very sparse of beans in all. But I will send all the coffee when the expedition returns, keeping only some for two cups for myself, and all the rest to Mr. Broffman for his delectability and joy!

(From the Spanish)

July 2, 1968

Dear Roberto:

Bless you so much for your kind letter full of love and understanding.

I am so happy in the marriage and Faubus is so kind to me and so gentle.

For a wedding present he gave me \$25,000 for my very own. I have put it in a bank here.

Our wedding was very small and sim-

ple but afterward there was a grand gala here at the mansion, with 500 guests and Cary Grant and Dean Martin and the mayor of Los Angeles and the governor of California and also George Hamilton. And Paul Newman and his wife whom we have seen in the cinema. He is very handsome, with blue eyes. His wife is Joanne Woodward.

There were two orchestras.

Faubus talks of nothing but the arrival of this "crazy German coffee," and he says I will enjoy it too in a way.

My love to you,  
Maria

July 7, 1968

Dear friends Faubus and Maria:

I have the saddest of news to transport! It comes from my cousin and will explain the little packet I enclose of which be careful for it is rare indeed!

Tell Mr. Broffman I am desolate but the happening has been this: The men of the expedition returned on their feet to the meeting place for the helicopter with seven pounds of this "crazy German coffee" in two bags.

They boarded the helicopter and took into the air over the Andes. But some kilometers later there was mechanical failure and the helicopter fell into the tall trees many times before going to pieces. The pilot was killed and two men badly damaged. By radio the news was sent to me and also that in the tragedy the bags of coffee had busted and from the helicopter had scattered for miles in the very high winds and there was not one single bean to have, at all.

Another helicopter was sent to return the injured men and the others.

But all is not *quite* lost as it happens, for it has transpired that one of the injured men is religious, and also a thief. He had himself secreted a little amount of coffee on his person for his secret delectation at a later time. After the tragedy, he fathomed that God had punished his thievery and caused the accident and so he has given to me back the stolen coffee. Alack, it is barely two ounces in all—solely enough for one strong cup! I have had it roasted and ground myself and am enclosing it to you for Mr. Broffman, keeping not one trace for me.

As I said, I am despairing for this outcome, but I know your friend knew the gamble but he did not anticipate this tragic accident to boot.

And so, dear friend Faubus, I enclose this little envelope of coffee. No one will believe a man had to pay \$1000 for





*"I said 'putt out'—I didn't say 'put out' . . . !"*



one cup only of "crazy German coffee," but that is how it has come about, alack.

I know you would be preferring to roast and grind it yourself but my cousin did not know this.

I will be awaiting with eagerness the news of how this coffee tastes and makes you feel in the body.

Your friend,  
Roberto

BEL AIR LOS ANGELES CAL SC 4X89922 JUL 11 68 URGENT

CAJIAO HYPHEN CIGLIUTI CALLE 13 NORTE NO 27 CALI COLOMBIA SA

FAUBUS DIED SUDDENLY THIS MORNING OF A HEART ATTACK. I AM WRITING.

MARIA

CALI COLOMBIA 448XY SC URGENT: NN4 JUL 11 68 9:14 PM

MARIA BROFFMAN 381 MONTA LANE BEL AIR LOS ANGELES CAL USA

I AM SHOCKED BEYOND WORDS WITH THIS TERRIBLE NEWS! MY HEART POURS OUT TO YOU MY SORROW AND SYMPATHY DEAR MARIA.

ROBERTO

(From the Spanish)

July 14, 1968

Darling Roberto:

Thank you so much for your cable of sympathy. I am terribly upset still and Dr. Seller has had to give me something for sleeping.

It was early in the morning. Faubus had risen at seven A.M. and told me to go back to sleep. He went downstairs, eager to have this coffee.

A little later, I heard a terrible scream from him from downstairs and I jumped out of bed and ran down to hear Cleo the cook screaming, too, and I heard Faubus shouting: "My heart! My heart!"

I ran into the breakfast room where he had been drinking the coffee, and by this time he was dead on the floor.

The police came and also Dr. Seller, who said that Faubus had had a heart attack before and had been "overdoing" lately.

The police were very kind and did not ask any questions.

Faubus will be buried tomorrow. There cannot be any cremation because the attorney says that in his will Faubus said he wished to be buried beside his wife in a place called Forest Lawn Cemetery here.

The attorney says I am the only heir-ess except for a charitable foundation, and that I will have around \$7,000,000 after the taxes will have been paid to the Government.

Meanwhile, says the attorney, he thinks the court will let me have \$6000

a month to live and maintain the house.

Dr. Seller has signed the certificate of death that it was a heart attack.

My love,  
Maria

P. S.  
Angelica Smith  
P. O. Box 3793  
Village Station P. O.  
922 Gayley Ave.  
Los Angeles, Calif. 90024

(From the Spanish)

July 18, 1968

Miss Angelica Smith  
P. O. Box 3793  
Village Station P. O.  
922 Gayley Ave.  
Los Angeles, Calif. 90024  
U. S. A.

My darling:

You must destroy this letter as soon as you have read it!

How I have missed you, and how I long to lie with you in my arms again! You have been a brave girl and I am proud of you. I know it was not easy to pretend to like this dirty old man. But now it is all over and there will be nothing but happiness for the two of us for all the days of our lives.

Think—to never again have to worry about money! We can live anywhere in the world, just do as we please!

I want to fly to Los Angeles to be with you. I am an old childhood friend, after all, who has come to comfort you in your time of sorrow.

You did not say that you had destroyed my letters to Broffman. Please do so at once if you have not.

Please send me at once \$12,500, which is my half of the wedding present, you see.

All my love my darling,  
Roberto

(From the Spanish)

July 31, 1968

Miss Angelica Smith  
P. O. Box 3793  
Village Station P. O.  
922 Gayley Ave.  
Los Angeles, Calif. 90024  
U. S. A.

My darling one:

Why have I not heard from you? Are you all right? Has anything gone wrong? It has been nearly two weeks since I last wrote you at this address!

I go every day to the American Express representative, but you have not yet to transfer me the \$12,500 which is mine.

I am greatly worried and upset. Please let me hear from you at once!

My love,  
Roberto

CALI COLOMBIA URGENT 889 DDX: PP  
LM12 AUG 3 68 5:12 PM  
MARIA BROFFMAN 381 MONTA LANE BEL  
AIR LOS ANGELES CAL USA  
PLEASE CABLE AT ONCE. I HAVE TELE-  
PHONED YOU TO NO SUCCESS. IT IS UR-  
GENT THAT I HEAR FROM YOU SOONEST.  
ROBERTO

(From the Spanish)

August 9, 1968

Dear Maria:

You must write me at once by return mail or you will be sorry indeed. I hope you are not trying to play any stupid tricks, for it will bring you great harm.

We have always been partners 50-50 in this from the beginning and you cannot back out now.

I should not like to have to write to the Los Angeles police.

I will expect that you will send me by cable the amount of \$12,500 by August 15 at the very latest or you will regret it very much for the rest of your life.

Roberto

(From the Spanish)

August 13, 1968

Dear Roberto:

I am sending you \$12,500 to the American Express representative. But this is all you will ever receive from me.

I would think very seriously before saying anything to the Los Angeles police.

I have kept carefully all your letters to Faubus, including the one in which you sent the coffee. Faubus also kept carbon copies of all letters to you, which I have.

Also, I poured the remains of his coffee from his cup into a little medicine bottle before I washed up the cup before the police and doctor came. And this sample I will always keep, for protection.

So it is you who will be very sorry indeed if you do not just keep this money and remain quiet. Do not be greedy.

Do not ever write to me again. I am going to marry Carlo when it is more seemly for a mourning widow, you see.

Goodbye.

Maria

URGENT—SPECIAL DELIVERY—  
ATTENTION!!

August 16, 1968

Chief of the Police of Los Angeles  
Los Angeles  
California  
U. S. A.

Distinguished Sir!

You will be interested in hearing of a murder which has been done in this bailiwick of yours only recently, namely the murder of Faubus R. Broffman!

If you will exhume his body and





Illustrations and text from "The Log of the Cutty Sark" reprinted with permission of Brown, Son & Ferguson, Ltd., Publishers.

# "Cutty Sark first...the rest nowhere"

1876. The annual wool race is over... and a reporter describes the finish.

Once again CUTTY SARK had outrun the clipper fleet. Once again, CUTTY was the one to beat. As always, she was Number One.

The golden era of the clipper spanned only the last twenty-five years of the 19th century. And in that time, all England watched the clipper races from China and Australia with more than sporting interest.

The clippers brought new tea for the table and wool for England's burgeoning industries. And the ship that captured the whole nation's imagination was the CUTTY SARK.



Capt. Moody commanded the CUTTY in her most famous race.

## From the CUTTY SARK's Log...

With every cargo, CUTTY made remarkable voyages. Even Plimsoll Line-deep with tons of tea, wool—or scrap iron, coal and palm sap syrup, she challenged the cream of the clipper fleet...and won. Among her feats:

1871. CUTTY leaves for the China tea ports two weeks after the speedy TITANIA and nearly a month after the even faster TAEPIING...yet she beats both handily.

1872. CUTTY vs. THERMOPYLAE in the most famous tea race of all time. CUTTY, leading by 400 miles, loses her rudder in a gale. Her crew cannibalizes her spare spars and ironwork, and through 6 days of gale, makes and fits a jury rudder. The jury rudder snaps, so a second rig is fitted—this one in only 24 hours. THERMOPYLAE docks first, but a special maritime commission declares CUTTY the winner, based on actual time under sail.

1889. Enroute to Sydney, CUTTY passes the new P. & O. steamer BRITANNIA. At the time, BRITANNIA (called "cock of the walk of the Pacific") was making 16 knots.

CUTTY's log records dismastings, groundings, collisions—but above all, victories. Time and time again, it was "CUTTY SARK first...the rest, nowhere."



CUTTY's jury rudder.

## The legacy of the CUTTY SARK

Today, the legacy of the CUTTY SARK is held by the Scotch that took her name.

*CUTTY SARK is America's best-selling Scotch. CUTTY is Number One.*

And the reason is Cutty's consistently distinguished taste.

Generation after generation, Cutty has blended only the finest of Scotland's best whiskies to create the uniquely rewarding Cutty taste: the taste to be savored; the taste of exceptional Scotch.

Sooner or later, most people arrive at Cutty. So come to Cutty tonight. You'll be in the best of company.



DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED 86 PROOF  
THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, IMPORTERS • NEW YORK, N.Y.



perform an autopsy, you will find much digitoxin in his system. This is a poisonous crystalline glucoside which can be refined from digitalis. I am a toxicologist, you see, and know this. Also, I myself put this digitoxin into some ground coffee which I sent Mr. Broffman to drink. It will produce an acute heart attack.

Mrs. Maria Broffman the widow was very much so a party to this plan, for she wished to inherit his millions of dollars when he was dead.

For proof of this I enclose a letter of Mrs. Broffman to me of August 13, in which she says she kept some of the poison coffee in a bottle! This you will find in her keeping! So she cannot very well lie to you that she was in ignorance!

I myself first conceived this ingenious plan, writing piteous letters from Maria to Mr. Broffman via "cousin Angelica" who does not exist at all.

Mr. Broffman then sent for Maria to enjoy her body, lying to me at the same time.

When Mr. Broffman inquired from me of "crazy German coffee," which did once exist but not anymore, I then invented a cousin I do not have in Bogotá, and also a \$1000 expedition to find this coffee! This made the poisoning so easy!

Because Mr. Broffman was the manner of fellow who liked so much to take ruthlessly from others I of course played

the angry jealous part to spur him into marriage with Maria, who was to give me half of the money when he died.

Now the stupid, greedy child has changed her mind to divide the money, so I am telling you this so she will go to prison, instead of having all the millions of dollars and the body of the oversexual chauffeur, too.

As for me, I now have \$13,500 in cash, you see, and by the time you receive this epistle I will be far away in the world where I will never be tracked down by the forces of law and order! Ha, ha!

I think it was all a quite clever notion of me! Do you not agree, sir?

Sincerely,

Roberto Cajiao-Cigliuti, M. D.

P. S. I do not feel guilt for this deed for Mr. Broffman was a greedy and dirty old man who lied to me and thought nothing of stealing from me my beloved fiancée or so he thought and he is just as well dead.

CALI COLOMBIA INTERPOL TELEX CODE  
717 DDX MV AUG 16 1968 6:13 PM

CHIEF OF POLICE THOMAS REDDIN LOS ANGELES CALIF USA

DR. CAJIAO HYPHEN CIGLIUTI ARRESTED HERE AT AIRPORT WHILE ATTEMPTING TO BOARD PLANE FOR LIMA, PERU. AS PER YOUR REQUEST OF JULY 11, HE HAS BEEN UNDER OUR CONSTANT SURVEILLANCE. SINCE DIGITOXIN WAS INSERTED

IN COFFEE HERE, CRIME IS UNDER COLOMBIA JURISDICTION. REGARDS.

TOMAS HERNANDES-MENDEZ  
CHIEF-CALI POLICE

OFICINA DEL JEFE DE POLICIA  
CASA CONSISTORIAL  
CALI, COLOMBIA

JEFE DE POLICIA: Tomas Hernandez-Mendez

August 20, 1968

Chief of Police Thomas Reddin  
Los Angeles  
California  
U. S. A.

My dear Chief:

This should be considered a personal letter, now that our two offices have taken care of the necessities of the Dr. Cajiao-Cigliuti matter on the official level.

I greatly appreciate your having telephoned me personally about this matter, first on July 11 and, of course, several times since then.

Because of our phone conversations, I write to you as a friend. I write in English, because it is my second language.

I personally intercepted Dr. Cajiao-Cigliuti at the Cali airport, with two of my officers. I have known the doctor slightly for some years, and had always considered him a man of honor and a sincerely dedicated public servant.

When I told him that I was arresting him on the basis of information I had received from the Los Angeles police, he appeared shocked and surprised, and then his face filled with fury. In Spanish, he said, "The little bitch! The idiot! Has she lost her mind? She is just as guilty of this murder as I!"

I then told him that there had been no murder, and that Mr. Broffman was very much alive, because Maria had warned him that the coffee would be poisoned.

His eyes widened in disbelief, and his mouth fell open, and he cried out: "But the cable! Maria's letters! The money she sent me!"

I told the poor man that all these had merely been part of Mr. Broffman's plan to entrap the doctor, for attempted murder.

He stared at me for close to ten seconds without speaking, as the truth sank into his mind. Then he emitted a brief cry, fainted and fell to the floor. I had never before in my life seen a man faint. It was an unsettling experience.

I thought you would be interested in this firsthand account.

I will always be happy to be of service to you in any way that I can.

Cordially,  
Tomas Hernandez-Mendez



"Of course we spend a lot of time here. How many other parents do you know who take such an interest in their son's work?"





Think of us first  
because we are.

**Jim Beam.**  
World's finest  
Bourbon  
since 1795.



## IMMORTALIST (continued from page 118)

with one quick thrust. In *The Possessed*, Kirillov, the engineer, about to become his own god by committing suicide, says: "Man simply invented God in order not to kill himself. That is the sum of universal history down to this moment."

Tracking our spiritual history, we can follow this path: From the beginning, human consciousness longs and plans to perpetuate itself. Man craves personal immortality but observes that everyone dies. He creates gods, and worships and placates them. Assuming that "we must have done something wrong," he constructs systems of self-punishment, an emotional mathematics of retribution, to pay for our primal crime: the impudence of being human. Still, everybody dies. Then, since placating divine authority hasn't worked, he more or less unknowingly resolves to knock down the gods or replace them—to steal divinity and everlasting life.

This must be done warily. We must take care not to excite the anger of the gods who inflict mortality on us until we are strong enough to overthrow them. Hence, men alternate between abject surrender and assertiveness, and we inform ourselves of what we are doing through myths. In these dream projections, the Promethean and satanic types, or the "foolish women" such as Eve, always undergo a chastising, but the idea of rebellion is thereby passed along. Above all, we must conceal from ourselves the existence of our underground drive against the cosmic establishment. Only by means of this functional hypocrisy has our species been able to keep the revolutionary program going. It has enabled man to plot against his gods as he worshiped them.

A disguised drive toward divinity, the creation of our own divinity, carries us forward. At certain times, we advance too quickly and the gods in our heads inflict a terrible revenge—sometimes on ourselves, more often on others. Galileo and Bruno move out too far in front of their day and are cut down. But in another country, in Jung's phrase, "the godly sense of curiosity strives for birth." Man, in the person of Francis Bacon, sets up the scientific method to dominate his environment, to remove all mysteries (divine property), in order to discover the base Archimedes sought, the place to stand from which he could move the world, and ultimately remove death.

Having lost faith, a great many men and women have returned to old superstitions now cloaked in new disguises. God may have retreated, but the gods today are by no means dead. Though disposed to destroy them, we simultaneously bow down to the weirdest assortment of deities ever known, such as History, Success and Statistics. We worship purveyors of Luck, Fashion and Publicity. We fol-

low shifting gospels based on journalistic graffiti passing for honest news. We humbly receive the word from makeshift divinities seated at the heads of couches, sexual statisticians, psychological testers, poll takers, various merchants of paranoia, the manipulators of public relations, television personalities—the multiple gods of our quickening century.

This is to say that increasing numbers of civilized men and women are progressing, or retrogressing, to a pagan state of mind. The most sophisticated as well as the humble people—and atheists most of all—live in fear of these gods and are guided by the need either to live up to their examples or to compete for their approval. What emerges, astonishingly, is that the old gods in new forms live on in our heads, not metaphorically but, for all practical purposes, *alive*, and that they exert a dominating influence over the great bulk of modern affairs. One development is new here. For want of any other way, the publicizing of one's excellence (fitness for survival beyond death)—publicity great and small—has become the path to immortality. The lust for do-it-yourself immortality has produced an emotional transformation in which the ideal of right conduct (formerly the passport to heaven) is being replaced everywhere by the ideal of printing one's image on all things.

Among the middle-class masses, God, supposedly dead, has reappeared in the form of a gigantic Computer of Excellence. The faith of the anxious, climbing mortal is that degrees of excellence, or at least public visibility, are somehow calibrated in the stars. If we are persistent enough, our presence can be Xeroxed all over heaven. Our scores are being tabulated and processed by a master calculator. Imaginary keepers of immortality pass our data into this system. By some nameless procedure, each of us will be tested out. Our reward, a passing grade, will be that of life beyond death: our punishment for failure, annihilation. This accounts for the intensified publicity hunting and status seeking we see around us today. The only way to make sense out of the immortality hunters in the crowd (to a varying degree, nearly everyone) is to understand that they are trying to post scores on an imaginary record.

Yet, seeking to remedy his condition, civilized man also wildly contradicts himself. Expending his energies at one and the same time to placate, impress, destroy and replace his gods, he also exhibits a craving to *share consciousness* with all other beings, including the divine. The attempt at spiritual fusion with others can take many forms—destructive, saintly (that is to say, charitable) and quiescent. Consider some recent effects.

Writing in the context of Nazism,

Jacques Maritain heard "the voices of a base multitude whose baseness itself appears as an apocalyptic sign." These voices cry out: "We have had enough of lying optimism and illusory morality, enough of freedom and personal dignity and justice and peace and faithfulness and goodness which make us mad with distress. Let us give ground to the infinite promises of evil, and of swarming death, and of blessed enslavement, and of triumphant despair."

In contrast—growing out of San Francisco and New York and spreading across the country—we have had the hippie subculture, originally based on the ideal of natural saintliness or, at any rate, of free-form living. This has been made possible by a union bringing together the wisdom of the East and Western pharmacology, with LSD and other substances providing the means for prolonged and repeated escapes from time (which marks the minutes leading to extinction). The movement should be understood—and generally is not—as an attempt to achieve *immortality now*: freedom from time, money, history and death. It also attempts to realize a general sharing of consciousness; in other words, collective immortality.

"The basic unit of the culture," one young man calling himself Billy Digger says, "would be the commune, instead of a house with one man and one woman in it. The commune would not be owned by one person or one group but would be open to all people at all times, to do whatever they wish to do in it." (In a different way, searching for communal immortality through violence, California's Hell's Angels and the Red Guards of China have been into the same thing: knocking down the uncles of the world and putting dunce caps on them.)

If such movements appear to deny old-fashioned responsibility and traditional modes of achievement, it is not surprising. The ideal of achievement has to do with a *reach* for immortality, which, if you feel already in that state, even in simulation, is obviously no longer necessary.

Yet, these starts at saintly living (including, glibly, saintliness through violence), whether genuine or make-believe, fail to hide the phenomenon of flight. Saintliness in our time will not be able to generate corrective measures against our one long-range problem, which is death. Lacking a dynamic principle beyond that of shattering present life forms, it can only turn into another short-term holding operation. Saintliness can further charity, farming and simple craftsmanship. It can create motorcycles for the road to nowhere. It can promote measures to restore dignity at least temporarily, such as mass sweeping of refuse-strewn neighborhoods. It can sponsor brotherhood Happenings in the park;



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create sweet afternoons with flowers, balloons and kites; and encourage people to draw closer to one another. But finally, the uses of saintliness are defensive. Resisting technological inroads on the soul, they represent an attempt to deal with a neurotic industrial society by dropping out of it. Possibly the goal of all these efforts is that of agrarian return, or return to the small machine shop.

But with all the love and kindness in the world, no agrarian retreat or machine-shop rendezvous can prevail for long against the thought of death, except by encouraging the participants to ignore it—and as the body grows older, this cannot be done. The enlarged families of the “now” people will grow older. The measures they have undertaken are not wrong but right before their time. They must be reserved for the day when we gain utopia *beyond* time. They are eternally right but temporally inadequate. For the near future, dropout brotherhood will not be good enough, because the struggle against real death—as opposed to the simulated death and rebirth experienced under LSD and the other psychedelics—requires training and must be fought out industrially and in the laboratory.

As for the psychedelic trip, no one should doubt that it can prove rewarding, if it is not taken too far and too often. But resorted to as a complete way of life, it may hurt you in mysterious ways and achieve not much more than a temporarily helpful, and perhaps cowardly, cracking of identity. What makes widespread psychedelic dropping out as alarming as it can be is that—if the substances are used improperly—after a point, with each new voyage, return to the old identity and earthly purpose tends to seem increasingly less worth while. True, identity can become a cross when it is formed too rigidly; but ego identity is also our main source of power in the world—and only by organizing the power of our protesting intelligence can we hope to bring about the death-free life man must have.

Finally, by blowing their minds, young men and women hide from death. It is good sometimes to hide from death, and to go through simulated death and rebirth now and then. But too many trips, indiscriminately taken, can lead to an *unearned passivity*. If passivity takes hold, this society, undesirable as it may seem, will become far worse. Extremes of violence and mass passivity will build up, and when these two forces are polarized, violence nearly always wins.

It has already started to win again. The finest among us are shot in the head by half-crazed and, above all, lonely individuals. Not only assassins but the most advanced elements of our younger society can no longer stand being alone. Youth's quiescent and largely drug-oriented nihilism of a few years ago has

quickly given way to the New Left's all-out freedom through violence. But quite apart from the justice of its causes, the New Left, as evidenced by its massive shock tactics, its theater, its enlarged family formations, is moving toward exactly the same goal as that of the psychedelic mutants—a collective and communal escape from time and death.

What happened is this: In the past quarter century, the public relations of death, as managed by theologians of all creeds and every secular orthodoxy, all but exhausted the ancient excuses for what Miguel de Unamuno called “the running away of life like water.” Interestingly, the atomic bomb, LSD and the pill were developed at about the same time. Could this be the evolutionary crisis of our species? For centuries, men were able to hold onto their peace of mind by repetitive prayers, chants, rhythms and psalms set to music. But repetition, beauty and music no longer possess the force to distract us from meaninglessness.

Today, we are in a race against time—racing, as Maritain suggests, our own apocalypse. Man's inexorable though hardly remorseless drive to divinity is taking new, noninstitutionalized forms. This comes down to the simplest of propositions: The species must solve the problem of death very soon, blow itself up or blow its mind.

Medical help is on the way. But so, too, are firepower and despair. All have computer technology behind them. Any one of the three might win. Will medical advances to arrest the aging of human tissues prevail over weaponry and mass psychosis? That has become the question of our time, and conceivably of all time.

The immortalist position is that the usefulness of philosophy has come to an end, because all philosophy teaches accommodation to death and grants it static finality as “the human condition.” Art, too, insofar as it celebrates or merely bemoans our helplessness, has gone as far as it can. The beautiful device of tragedy ending in helplessness has become outmoded in our absurd time, no longer desirable and not to be glamorized. The art that embellishes death with visual beauty and celebrates it in music belongs to other centuries.

It comes as no surprise that traditional forms of art are being shattered, with the editing and fixing of life no longer allowed. Our participation is demanded in these works; we cannot be spectators. The *discothèque* takes its place as an electric art form. We loosen our anxieties with the help of enormous guitars in a temple of fragmentation. Kinetic and luminous forms that reach out and bring us into the action, declaimed poetry now so often set to music, multiple screens, Happenings that frequently involve orgy and obscenity—all have one purpose: to smash the separateness of everyone pres-

ent; to expose feeling and break through thinking, to make us live, in the phrase Alan Watts has quoted from Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, “a perpetual uncalculated life in the present.” And all this, too, amounts to one more attempt to hide from the end—this time by substituting Dionysian togetherness for romance, and a bombardment of the senses, lightworks of the soul, a sort of electronic Buddhism in place of sequential perception. In this environment, the lost self finds a comforting and protective nonexistence—if the self does not really exist, it cannot be killed. The use of kinetic environment as an art form thus *removes death*, creating the illusion of an eternal *now*—an illusion in that it seems to guarantee eternal youth, which, of course, is what this generation is really after.

The immortalist thesis is that the time has come for man to get rid of the intimidating gods in his own head. It is time for him to grow up out of his cosmic inferiority complex (no more “dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return”), bring his disguised desire into the open and go after what he wants, the only state of being he will settle for, which is divinity.

The moment has come also to stop yielding to hysteria, or to its opposite extreme, sinking into indifference and fashionable despair. Action, not passion, is called for to lift humanity out of this mortal predicament.

We have circled the moon, harnessed nuclear energy, and now have the biochemical means to control birth; why must death itself, called in *I Corinthians* “the last enemy,” be considered sacred and beyond conquest? A new act of faith is required of us: the kind of faith we might have had a few decades ago, and did not, when Dr. R. H. Goddard was bravely projecting his rockets into the atmosphere and a band of futurists was insisting that not just in comic strips but in reality we could lift ourselves beyond any space that could be seen from the earth. This new faith we must have is that with the technology at our disposal in the near future, death can be conquered. This faith must also weld salvation to medical engineering. We must drive away the gods of doubt and self-punishment.

Our new faith must accept as gospel that salvation belongs to medical engineering and nothing else; that man's fate depends first on the proper management of his technical proficiency; that we can only engineer our freedom from death, not pray for it; that our only messiahs will be wearing white coats, not in asylums but in chemical and biological laboratories.

• • •

Man, it has been said, is DNA's way of understanding itself. DNA, the deoxyribonucleic-acid molecule whose





*"Miss Morgan, I'd like you to know I'm not taking these cold showers because I'm dirty."*





"Since Harry gave up smoking, he doesn't know what to do with his hands."

coiled threads, it appears, control not only all of us but all of life: We ourselves have now reproduced it. In the words of biophysics professor Robert L. Sinsheimer of the California Institute of Technology: "We had made then in a test tube the DNA which could serve as the progenitor of an indefinitely long chain of progeny virus from this day on throughout time." In other words, the human race has at last performed the feat of reproducing its own substance. Or, in terms of our theme, the pretender to the throne of the gods has moved toward genetic control over his own future divinity.

Has DNA planned its own transformation all along? If our species has evolved from some such mysterious project, then energy must be judged to have played a trick on its own nature, and for all time we have been the victims of this game.

At some point, energy either surpassed itself or possibly made a mistake by separating out and spinning off little subcreations. Practically forever after, these varied units rhythmically assembled and fell apart—we now say "lived" and "died"—knowing nothing. All this was evidently not pointless. Whatever created life seems to have improved its capability through the living and dying of its separated forms.

Thus, we may see ourselves as a fairly late development in energy's self-improvement program. By way of consolation, some biologists believe death to have been an evolutionary device. Energy's differentiated little subcreations could not remain immortal or there would have been no advance toward our present condition. Carrying this one step more, we may then be programed to die so that our descend-

ants will eventually escape mortality and become gods.

Such an arrangement may be convenient for DNA, but, unfortunately, the master plan must have gone awry as far as we are concerned. There has been a serious error in scheduling: We who live now have come down to the end of the river and find ourselves genetically deposited here before our intended time of arrival. This could be DNA's miscalculation: It carried us to the edge of immortality too swiftly. And now the old protective gods are gone. Technologically unready, we have been taken down to a wilderness surrounded by death. Members of the rebel species, refusing too soon to serve any longer as evolution fodder, back up like a lost wagon train in a small clearing, with nowhere to go and with no weapons powerful enough to accomplish anything more than a delaying action against the end.

The error in programing occurred when DNA apparently lost control over the nice balance between man's superstition and his scientific capability. If these forces had been brought down to the late 20th Century more or less evenly, the species could triumphantly have thrown away its protective myths at precisely the time it learned how to arrest the aging of its own cells.

The problem becomes one of negotiating the hazardous years between now and the time when indefinite living—freedom from inevitably growing old—will be made possible. How to manage it, with the race's powers of self-deception critically impaired? DNA has chosen to put the idea of the deepfreeze into our heads. This conception, identified particularly with Professor Robert C. W. Ettinger and promoted by recently emerging

cryonics societies in the United States and France, calls for freezing the newly dead (and later on, when humanity gets used to it, freezing people about to die), rather than burying or incinerating them, in order that these individuals may be revived at some time in the future, as soon as technological means to do so have been developed and, of course, when a cure for the fatal disease has been found.

The prospect of cryonic suspension has been covered by PLAYBOY (especially in *Intimations of Immortality*, by Fredrik Pohl, June 1964) and by Ettinger in numerous television appearances. But odds in favor of survival by this means remain, for the time being, very long. Ettinger himself has declared that freezing offers "a chance of debatable magnitude, but nevertheless some chance."

More important, the surfacing of such an idea at a critical time in history reveals the tremendous force of our determination somehow to become gods. Even though probably trapped, we ought never to underestimate ourselves. The human race is wily. Our transitional generations can be imagined belonging to a lost battalion with no alternative but to fight. I am not talking about a gung-ho charge into oblivion. We will be ingenious. What we are about to do, as soon as we assemble our talent and plan properly, is, first of all, to mount a continuing research assault on the processes that cause us to grow old and die. The following is from the June 9, 1967, *New York Post*:

#### SCIENTIST SEES AN END TO NATURAL DEATH

WASHINGTON (A.P.)—A much-honored engineer predicts that by 1980 man may be able to choose in advance the sex of his children and slow down his own aging.

Still further in the future, writes Dr. Augustus B. Kinzel in the current issue of *Science* magazine, man may, by controlling hereditary factors, create supermen and abolish death from natural causes entirely. . . .

After a long career in applied engineering, Kinzel now is president of the Salk Institute for Biological Studies, San Diego. . . .

Looking into the long-term future, Kinzel predicts that "we will be really able to manipulate the DNA molecule and predetermine heredity."

"We will lick the problem of aging completely, so that accidents will be essentially the only cause of death. . . ."

Can such optimism be justified? Dr. Carroll Williams, professor of biology at Harvard, famous for developing a "juvenile hormone" that has prolonged the life of American Polyphemus moths, is



quoted by Robert Prehoda in *Designing the Future* as believing that "the day is not too far distant when we will be able to treat senescence as we now know how to treat pneumonia."

Prehoda also offers the meticulously qualified prophecy of an eminent authority on aging, Dr. Alex Comfort, director of the Medical Research Council at University College in London:

Once we get moving, the rate of scientific progress in life extension might conceivably become so rapid that, provided one was young enough for treatment, one might hope for a series of life-extending bonuses.

The study of aging (for some reason, many specialists prefer the Latin form *senescence*) goes back to alchemy. It is also one of our newer, least-organized sciences. Gerontology has become its proper name, with geriatrics referring to the treatment of debilitating symptoms common to old people. Currently, the field—hardly yet a discipline—finds itself in a state of enlightened confusion. The enlightenment, of a negative sort, arises from the awareness that we do not really know our enemy, have not even agreed upon a definition of senescence and have only the vaguest understanding of its underlying processes.

Part of the difficulty has stemmed from

a dearth of support. The most generous estimates, according to Prehoda, indicate that only one percent of the biological research funds available in the United States has been allocated to aging studies. As of January 1967, he reported in *Designing the Future* that the Child Health and Human Development Institute of the National Institutes of Health, the Government agency responsible for funding gerontological research, was supporting grants explicitly for fundamental studies on biological aging totaling about \$3,000,000 per year. (During 1967, the three leading producers of canned and packaged dog food in the United States—General Foods, Ralston Purina and Quaker Oats—together spent \$19,700,000 on advertising in all media for this product alone.)

There are now a few signs of change. In June 1968, for example, a \$7,500,000 Gerontology Research Center was opened in Baltimore by the Child Health and Human Development Institute. The research center—under the direction of the man who has been called the dean of aging research, Dr. Nathan W. Shock—was designed for a staff of 300 researchers and an attached 38-bed research clinic.

The processes of development and aging remain mysterious, but by no means hopelessly so. For instance, in a limited way, we already know how to interfere

with them. The life span of laboratory animals can be extended by four methods: (1) underfeeding, (2) the inhibition of "free radicals" (oxidizing agents in the body), (3) immunosuppression (inhibiting the destructive activities of antibodies), (4) poikilothermy (cooling of body temperature).

The classic experiment disproving the inevitability of a fixed life span was performed in 1934 by Dr. Clive M. McCay at Cornell. By subjecting rats to nutritional deprivation—feeding them a proper amount of vitamins, minerals and proteins but a greatly reduced number of calories—he slowed down their rate of maturing and also extended their life spans. In some instances, rats whose growth had been retarded lived twice as long as those maturing on a standard diet. According to *Chemical and Engineering News*:

After 1000 days, the underfed rats still looked young, while the normally fed ones seldom lived more than 965 days. Some of the starved rats lived as long as 1400 days. . . . As one of his prime contributions, Dr. McCay showed that the known maximum life span of rats was not the upper limit rigidly set by heredity. . . . Other research workers have found that the lives of silkworms,



fruit flies, bees, chickens and other animals can be prolonged by underfeeding.

What may be a remarkable development along the same line of research was announced on October 27, 1961, by the Monsanto Company. Dr. Richard S. Gordon, it was disclosed, succeeded in arresting the growth of baby chicks and mice *altogether*, suspending their physiological maturation over a period of from six to nine months. When the amino acid, tryptophan, was reduced to 15-25 percent of the normal daily requirement, baby chicks and newly weaned mice simply stopped developing. As soon as the imbalance was corrected, they returned to normal growth processes, maturing without ill effects.

The Gordon experiments bear out an observation by Dr. McCay following an earlier study with brook trout in 1927 that "something was consumed in growth that is essential for the maintenance of life." That something, whatever it may be, evidently disappears. Tryptophan deprivation in the Monsanto laboratory prolonged life only insofar as it *delayed maturity*. This avenue of research does allow us to entertain one fantasy. If underfeeding of one kind or another can

also someday indefinitely delay the physical maturing of human beings—while the accumulation of experience and information continues—we might conceivably produce a grouping of "immortal" boy-men and girl-women, held indefinitely in early childhood or on the brink of adolescence, with formidable, ever-growing intelligences and the bodies of children. For such an elite group, of course, once its members chose to release themselves from the biological suspension, the onset of maturity would mean rejoining the human race and an irrevocable commitment to the mortal life span.

Biochemist Denham Harman of the University of Nebraska Medical School has called attention to a "striking" prolongation of life among male mice fed with a diet including an antioxidant chemical, butylated hydroxytoluene (BHT). The median life span of a short-lived strain of mice was extended over 50 percent by this diet. Harman thinks that oxidizing agents in the body bring about such aging changes as hardening of the arteries. The addition of similar chemicals to a man's diet, he believes, may become "an acceptable, practical means of significantly increasing his useful life."

A promising experiment in immuno-

suppression conducted by Dr. Roy L. Walford, professor of pathology at UCLA, has resulted so far in a 20-30 percent prolongation of life in longer-lived mouse strains. An older line of research, that of poikilothermy, has demonstrated many times that the life span can be extended at lower temperatures. Animals that hibernate, in cool sleep, live longer than related groups. Annual fish kept at 16 degrees centigrade live about twice as long as those kept at 22 degrees centigrade. Fence lizards of New England live two years; in Florida, one year. It has been suggested that a drug to lower sleeping temperature by two degrees might extend the human life span; by how much is not certain.

Today, gerontology appears to be a science waiting for its Einstein, someone who will establish a structure of agreed-upon first principles. Or possibly, even more important, a sudden advance will be achieved in the study of aging by a researcher like Sir Alexander Fleming, happening to notice mold growing in a container on the window sill or laboratory shelf. Perhaps, too, a young Korzybski will be needed to help pin down the essence of each new theory, to determine how much it really differs from all the others.

The student of aging, engaged in a combined fight for life and bounty hunt, will find good reasons to become discouraged. The human body turns out to be such an unstable repository of ills. Moving out from what he imagines to be a secure base of understanding, he encounters one mystery after another. Everywhere he finds impossibilities. From all sides voices warn, caution and discourage him. Now and then he passes by the encampments of older specialists, who are shaking their heads in bafflement. All over the jungle, blind men seem to be feeling an elephant, and this immense mystery of the slowly dying body endures.

Yet he will keep on. In time, he will have new weapons more powerful and precise than the laser or the electron microscope. Sooner or later, with persistence, he can practically count on *luck*. Somewhere inside the tangle of speculation and error, a researcher is going to stumble across a clue.

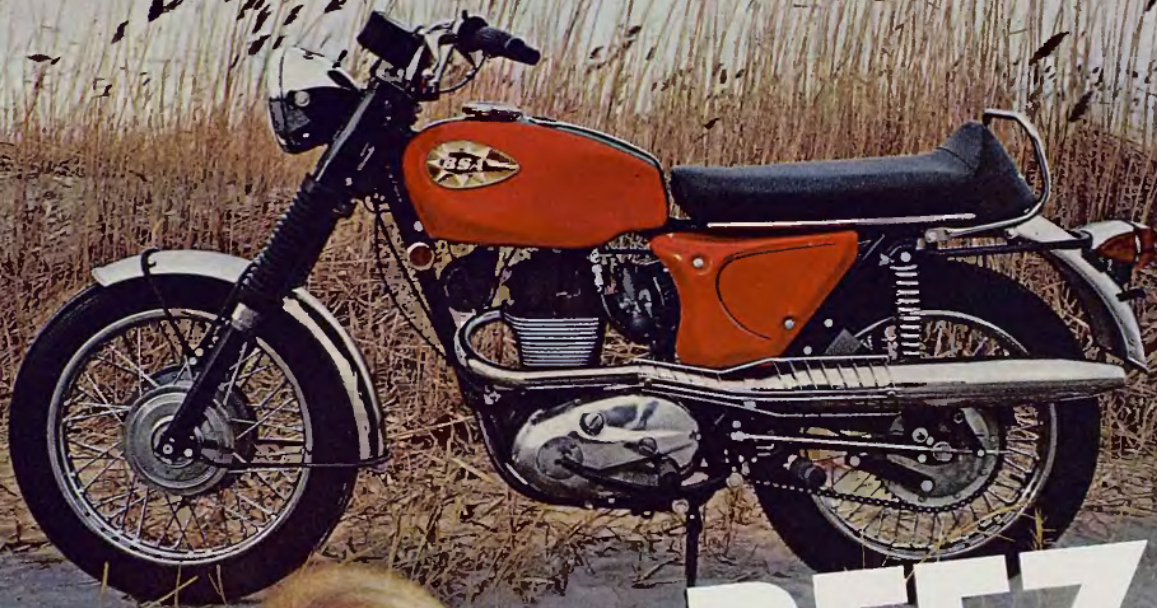
The young gerontologist must not let himself be intimidated. He will, of course, listen to his seniors, and learn from them, but he will also find that they contradict one another, have not discovered very much and need him. As Dr. Comfort observed 12 years ago, during a symposium on aging held at Gatlinburg, Tennessee: "The more we beat the drums of senescence to students, the more we will find out."

Even though emergency action is needed—for the race's emotional health depends on it—advances toward the ultimate prevention of death are bound to be tentative and slow. Help will almost



"You may wonder why I'm demanding money from you under the threat of violence. Perhaps a few words about myself will help explain matters. I was born to a middle-class family forty-two years ago. . . ."





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surely arrive too late for everyone now alive.

The frozen casket does hold out a faint promise, and currently the only promise, of survival. Another hope might be that of regenerating a person someday from the preserved snipping of his own flesh. But these offer faraway prospects, with the present chance of our returning to consciousness seemingly quite remote. In the face of unadorned death, now or tomorrow, how will we content ourselves?

First, we must live one day at a time and hope for one piece of good luck at a time. This means looking forward to the *prolongation* of life, someday to become the prelude to indefinite living or immortality itself. It means going after—perhaps for peace of mind even counting on—the “series of life-extending bonuses” cited by Dr. Comfort. These certainly are not out of reach; some, in crude form, we already have with us, such as the implanting of new hearts and, in time, all of the body’s major organs—eventually without fear of tissue rejection. Progress in this field has already moved beyond the most euphoric expectations of, say, five years ago. For instance, the recent recommendation by a special faculty committee at Harvard that the medical community redefine death in terms of irreversible brain damage, even though the heart continues to beat, will undoubtedly help clear the way to the routine transplantation of “live” organs.

By such means—the eventual growing of duplicate organs for each of us in vitro; elimination of substances that quicken aging, such as Harman’s free radicals, from the everyday diet; and by other measures that, if the past is any indication, will unexpectedly be revealed at some forthcoming medical conference—we may arrive at a legitimate hope.

Intensified research can prolong life and buy time for everyone. Whenever you buy time, you buy a new geometric progression of medical advances. The prolongation of life buys discoveries not yet known. Over two or three decades, in fact, you will probably find yourself living in an entirely new medical frame of reference. In successive decades, your life may have been saved by sulfanilamide, penicillin, cortisone, reserpine. Today, if you can buy 50 years, you may look forward to more than a prayer of buying eternity. Even 15 to 25 years, with good luck, could provide booster shots well into the 21st Century. And at some time, just beyond a horizon that is no longer receding, extensions of life will, with luck, merge into an immortal present.

Then we will have nothing less than the self-created mutation of a species achieved by its own members, who refused to be victims of a master design. Man’s disguised drive to immortality will at last have prevailed over his biological

destiny. Born to die, the rebel will have taken a stand against his own nature, said “No!” to his own faulty cells and countermanded the lower-level evolutionary orders that consigned him to oblivion. The simulated death and rebirth rhythms moving through all the life we know may be seen in retrospect as those of a species in labor, giving birth to a divine form of itself.

Our conception of immortality now requires precise definition. What must be eliminated from the human situation is the inevitability of death as a result and natural end of the aging process. I am speaking of the inescapable parabolic arching from birth to death. We must clearly understand that any given unit of life—my individual existence and yours—can never be guaranteed eternity. Our special identities will always be subject to being hit by a truck or dying in a plane crash; a sudden virus or heart seizure, even in the body’s newly regained youth, may carry us off. But the important thing will be to free ourselves not from the random chance of dying, which is fair enough, but from the certainty of death. Experienced in this way, immortality is the state of *being alive now, ungoverned by span, cycle or inevitability*.

This pursuit of death’s secret should not be undertaken glumly. We will press on but avoid crabbed fanaticism, hunting down the quarry with exuberance and, above all, with relief that our disguised desire has come out in the open. The primary source of our fears, and of all evil and meanness afflicting the human spirit, has been acknowledged and publicly identified. It was death all the time, and nothing else. What a fabulous liberation not merely to know but to *realize* that! Anxiety falls away. The main point is that in *understanding* what we fear, we may perhaps act less violently against one another and direct our aggressions against death itself.

The false gods to whom the immortal-hunter formerly bowed down will be reduced to artifacts. He will no longer injure his fellow men in the struggle for the gods’ imaginary favors. The Computer of Excellence will have vanished and the pathetic and vainglorious competition to ring up scores for the record will come to an end. The old mathematics of retribution will stand exposed as an empty threat of our own making.

Meaninglessness—the state of mind that currently renders humanity either inert or vicious—will make no more trouble. We will have something to do. Our mission will be simply, first, to attack death and all of its natural causes and, second, to prepare for immortality, or the state of indefinite living, which is the divine state. To become divine will mean at last the freedom to play eternally beyond death’s shadow.

But there remains the catch: Members

of the transitional generations will almost surely not live to experience the immortal state. Knowing this, we will have to psych ourselves, like athletes, into a superior performance. This could begin with a *self-congratulatory* religion, rather than a humbling one. We may spread abroad a new faith honoring our race instead of punishing it for an imaginary primal crime. Through our efforts, we honor the human species by helping to turn it into the divine species.

We may fairly consider ourselves the heroes and heroines of the evolutionary process. Our grandchildren and great-grandchildren will look back and know that we, the last of the old mortals, held the world together even in the full knowledge that death was waiting for us. We did not blow our minds after all, nor, out of frustration and forsakenness, blow up the planet, destroying their inheritance. We showed the grace not to take revenge for our own permanent loss by imposing suicide on mankind. These will be reasonable enough grounds for self-worship, and will permit us all indulgences, so that during the final hours of the hunt, we may enjoy every pleasure that mortal life has to offer.

What we are hunting, and hope to secure for our grandchildren, is really nothing less than the long-promised kingdom of heaven. The *Gospel According to Matthew*—which may be accepted as an evolutionary foretelling—warns that the Kingdom of God will come as a thief in the night. “Watch therefore,” *Matthew* counsels us, “for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.”

He will arrive in a caravan with certain precious medicines. Meanwhile, we may at least start planning the utopia to follow.

• • •

It is said that men and women will go mad in the face of eternity and—with infinite time ahead of them—lie around like lotus-eaters, succumb to indolence and despair, give up work projects, cease to love because there is no urgency, and finally kill each other through sheer boredom.

Alan Watts has bemoaned the “terrible monotony of everlasting pleasure” and conjectured that “there would be no joy in being alive save in relation to the awesome prospect of death.” The Russian Orthodox philosopher Nikolai Berdyaev refers to “evil infinity.” These fears are understandable but based on old-style temporal thinking. They arise from the surprisingly Western assumption, for Watts, that scarcity and urgency are required to make people do anything. True, with death the fact, men have organized their activities to race the sunset, hoping to rise above the human condition and escape judgment. But with death no longer the fact, another kind of man will evolve—a man whose nervous system (after a period of







adjustment) will have been freed of anxiety. Having no clock to race and nothing to prove, this divine man will be free to play, with no more fear of meaninglessness than a football or baseball player, an actor, a lamb or a puppy.

Besides, in the immortalist state, the citizens of eternity will be living on different levels of time, taking part in one historical game or another as they please. Since endless existence on a single plane would, indeed, be a bore, the utopia beyond time will extend the Hindu conception so beautifully adapted to Western concerns in Hermann Hesse's *Steppenwolf*: that each of us can, if we try, lead many lives in one. Most men, like the *Steppenwolf* of the novel, live out only a tiny portion of their potential existence. The Hindu model, following Buddha's journey, provides for a life in which the traveler plays successive roles: that of student, youthful explorer in the wilderness, rake and wastrel, merchant, family man, hermit and, finally, beggar and holy man. Through these stages, the soul progresses toward the unknowable

and one day (it is pretended), with luck, will escape the eternal return.

In the immortalist view, this is an elaborate fake: The eternal return is desperately wanted. It can be made possible in our world beyond death and time by a system of *designed sleeps* and *programed reincarnations*. Techniques of freezing or administered hibernation will permit us to rest for designated periods in between an endless variety of lives and careers. In eternity—always excepting the possibility of accident—men and women will have the chance to live out all the unlived lives and travel the untraveled paths that they wish they had explored.

Assuming that the aging of cells and tissues has been arrested and can be reversed during the period of sleep, the body may be returned to whatever age the person desires—presumably, this side of puberty, since a return to physical childhood might well prove to be impossible. The individual may rest in peace for 10, 20, 75 years, or for centuries,

before being wakened to his new existence.

By such means, each of us may pursue lost dreams and careers, becoming doctor, space explorer, artist, athlete, scientist—fleshing out in free play all of the myths that have ever occurred to mankind, being in our turn Apollo, Dionysius, Loki, Gilgamesh, Helen, the Wife of Bath and Isadora Duncan. And if we lack the talent to carry off one role or the other—being, say, a mediocre athlete or actor 100 years from now as well as today—well, then, we will have had our try, and perhaps failed; but the penalty for failure will not be annihilation from the world's memory, as we now fear. There will always be fresh chances to project our being in new ways.

There will no longer be one linear history of the species. History will not be going anywhere in particular. Instead, we will live in a mosaic of histories, crossing over from one to another in each incarnation. "Side-by-side" lives will go on in separate frames of reference, like circus acts under the same tent. Executing their mythic patterns, people will be in different phases of exploration and different blocks of time. Imagine a group of friends—one in his voluptuary stage, another scientifically obsessed, a third mystical and contemplative, a fourth all business. A century later, they might meet and find their roles interchanged. Or an individual dedicated to exploits in his last incarnation might seek to rest and reflect. Arising from his cool sleep, he might then enjoy an interlude as teacher and scholar, and devote himself for the next 50 years to tending, watching over and guiding the life lines of others.

Part of the population will be playing these varied world games, another part hibernating and a third part engaged in some sort of training, briefing or debriefing, in between lives. The one who has just "waked up" will not, of course, be a child, but in his new surroundings—decades or centuries later—he will be *as a child*, requiring re-education for the new scene into which he has been reborn. The reorientation will not only acquaint him with utopia's current ground rules, cultural and scientific developments that have taken place since he went to sleep, and news of this sort; it will also be designed to prepare him for new emotional settings in the lifetime to come. Eternity will contain many kinds of time and possibilities for action, as each rebirth confronts the traveler with different game values. Each time, he will have to care about new things; even if there is no death, he should not feel completely secure. For men turned into gods, stress and anxiety in reasonable amounts must be provided—like artificial gravity in a spaceship.

Our present-day faith in games should carry us through. For divine people, the



"Most men lead lives of quiet desperation, but not my Oliver."



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questions of why we are here, why we exist, will be unimportant. Once we have learned to move in and out of different kinds of time at will, the "meaning of life" becomes our business, not that of a cosmic authority that has refused to reveal itself. As gods, we no longer ask about meaning; we determine it. We make the rules and *are* meaning. Life has become our sport, like football, which simply is and has no reason why. In their ontological significance, comets, rocks, dust and solar flares do not concern us, except as matter to be controlled. We, the individual forms through which the river of energy passes, are responsible for our own significance. With the conquest of aging to death, we will have qualified to become our own deities, lords of creation by default, fully able to dictate life's meaning as we see fit.

Yet, without the pressure of time passing (and the idea that we have only one life to live), might not our drive to create, learn and explore wither for lack of urgency? Perhaps. Conceivably, with life ending in a temporary slumber rather than in death, we would not try as hard as so many of us do now—pushing for salvation achieved by scores registered on the imaginary cosmic machine. But trying hard, in itself, is not an absolute virtue, nor progress an eternal ideal. Immortality has always been the ultimate goal of progress. Once death has been rendered obsolete for our species, the journey along that old road will be unnecessary, except for pleasure. Beyond time and death, all creative play will be gratuitous and accomplishment in any field, or in any game, an act of exuberance, rather than a duty. There will be no moral need to create, learn or explore, any more than we need to go skiing or skydiving. Yet think how many make a virtual religion out of these forms of free play.

It is true that we could eventually grow tired of our games, but not for many lifetimes. Meanwhile, a greater danger to the utopia beyond time will be likely to come from a lingering physiological disorientation: For many centuries, the body may not realize that parabolic aging to death is no longer a threat. It may continue reacting to the human condition that doesn't exist any longer. During this period, liberation from death may make our nervous systems uneasy. Vestigial fears and reactive aggressions may contend in the individual's dreams. Under this kind of stress, cosmic delinquents may go as far as to attempt a disruption of paradise and even try to bring back death, perhaps by means of random murders.

The immortalist view is that the early feeling of disorientation in eternity would not lead to such evil extremes or, in any event, that incidents of this kind would probably be rare. Since, as far as we know, the desire to injure others

relates to one's own fear of death, most rebels beyond time would stop short of killing. (By this time, of course, chemical control of personality [as detailed in *Psychochemistry: Personality by Prescription*, by Ernest Havemann, PLAYBOY, November 1968] will be possible, but we are assuming, or hoping, that in the immortalist state such control would be used sparingly, only to upgrade intelligence or, as a last resort, to prevent psychopathic violence.)

To be on the safe side, facsimiles of conflict must be devised for nervous systems temporarily disoriented by the abolition of death. Nervously aggressive individuals should be encouraged to compete in tournaments, offered dangerous assignments, for example, in exploration and permitted to take part in institutionalized bloodletting. If the risk of death attracts these people, so be it. Let there be chivalric games with artificial dragons.

For less extreme but still normally competitive men and women, the illusion of ratings will continue to be essential. Reflexively showing off before the old gods, even though immortality has been won, they may come back in all their incarnations—playing a succession of human seasons within the divine framework—as athletes return year after year to play in the National and American leagues, with the ups and downs of their career averages and their standings in the sky recorded through eternity by our utopian statisticians.

Coordinators of the world societies will be restricted to one term, one lifetime of authority, so that a self-perpetuating bureaucracy can make no bid for eternal power. The trust assigned to them will be to keep watch over all wheels of being. They will make sure that the interests of the basket weavers and the atomic scientists do not interfere with one another, and that space rugby teams do not drop the ball amid flocks of sheep. The governing cadres must serve as spiritual traffic consultants and guardians of the eternal return, as educators and keepers of every history. They will maintain a record of all developments, advances and setbacks. Most important, they are to be charged with creating simulations of bygone events that the newly awakened voyager might want to re-experience as part of his education the next time around.

In a world beyond death, there will probably be more nonconformists than ever before. Great numbers of such people may choose to live outside of history altogether and spend their days gardening, weaving and tending animals. Others will reject eternal life, preferring to mature and die in the old way; and certainly no attempt will be made to change their minds. With severe overpopulation problems likely in the earlier years, the more citizens who opt for mortality, the easier it will be for every-

one else. (By the time physical immortality is possible, in those underdeveloped nations where overpopulation was still a very real problem in the Sixties, survival will have necessitated a total attack on its root causes: ignorance, religion and superstition, nationalist political doctrine and *machismo*, the need to prove manhood. In the United States, Japan and parts of Europe, where such causes are on their way to being overcome, birth rates have already started to decline. Besides, not every savant detects an overwhelming emergency in this regard. "Fortunately," R. Buckminster Fuller observed a few years ago, "population explosion is only the momentary social hysteria's cocktail conversation game. Real population crisis is fundamentally remote. There is room enough indoors in New York City for the whole 1963 world's population to enter, with room enough inside for all hands to dance the twist in average night-club proximity. There is ample room in the New York streets for one half of the world's population to amble about in, leaving room enough inside buildings for the other half to lie down and sleep. . . .")

Children in the immortalist state will be treated as immigrants, requiring visas to be admitted to the new society. This should cause no great hardship for anyone. After all, we have children mainly to perpetuate genetic repetitions of ourselves in eternity, to "keep the family going." Now, when we can move into an indefinitely extended future ourselves, in person, the longing to have children may, for many couples, be moderated. And if the aging process has been stabilized, why hurry? With indefinite time ahead, the parents-to-be can well afford to wait until the attrition of the accidental dead leaves an opening.

In these circumstances, children will become a welcome and beloved minority treated with great tenderness by everyone. Born free of time and death, the newcomers will probably form a slightly different class, having no memory of the old days, when people fell sick and died. The veterans who knew time and death and barely escaped it will regale these beautiful and fortunate young people with tales of that bygone purgatory.

In the immortalist state, the nature of love as we know it will almost necessarily change. Already in transition today, love will have nothing much to do with social contracts nor have a form supposed to last forever. All erotic events can take place free of time and can last indefinitely. In fact, some people might choose to spend an entire incarnation in one stupendous erotic event. Andrew Marvell's vision summoned up for his coy mistress—"Had we but world enough and time, this coyness, lady, were no crime"—will suddenly come true, and it will be



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possible for our love to grow "vaster than empires, and more slow."

If love—especially romantic love—has been attempting to share consciousness in a simulated eternity, what will happen to it in *real* eternity? If love now serves to stop time, what will be its role when time and aging have, in fact, been stopped? If love has conveyed a longing for rebirth out of time, how will it fare when rebirth into many successive lives is routinely guaranteed? More often than not, the individual will probably pursue a new way of loving. Hence, if marriage in its present form should survive the conquest of death (which it very well may not), the best arrangement will probably be for the contract between husband and wife to terminate automatically after each existence. This offers no problem to the couple who have been happy together in their last incarnation: A simple renewal of marriage vows can unite them as young man and woman together again a lifetime later.

The young man coming down the road may be one's grandfather, and the old man nearing his time of sleep one's son. In eternity—assuming that members of the family still want to communicate with one another—the son and the grandson will sometimes be "older" than the reborn father. With reference to a given incarnation, they may be more experienced and wiser and, therefore, unhesitatingly counsel the fledgling parent. The old lament "If youth knew, if age could . . ." will be forgotten and, since no man or woman will really be older than another, traditional authority, in and out of the family, will give way to brotherhood. But sooner or later, the small unit that we know now will be likely to break apart. Expanded families of 20 or more, increasingly common among younger people, may become the rule. Yet, though we go on to live in different blocks of time, family records will be carefully maintained through the cen-

turies—to avoid an orphaned feeling and to prevent inbreeding.

Even when we no longer age and die, the need to worship some sort of mystery will undoubtedly remain. What symbols then will represent the essential mystery? This is impossible to forecast, but the children of eternity may worship variations of luck, or that which cannot be controlled. There will be no point in worshipping anything else, since they will have everything else. Or, if they do not possess it, they will have endless time to try for it. But luck—the only thing that can kill them—will be different; and for this reason, they may go down on their knees before it.

The philosopher will revere the principle of indeterminacy. Others may conduct ceremonies before the future equivalent of a giant slot machine or roulette wheel. This curious and enigmatic element, the mystery of luck containing through all eternity the chance of death—perhaps, beyond time, offering the mathematical certainty of a terminal accident—will probably, as suggested earlier, fascinate many members of the race and tempt them into strange deeds daring annihilation. This in no way contravenes immortalist principles, since it is the once-unavoidable passage through aging and illness into oblivion that will have been rendered obsolete, not the voluntary risking of death if the spirit so pleases.

Berdyaev has suggested that "the crowning point of world creation is the end of this world. The world must be turned into an image of beauty, it must be dissolved in creative ecstasy."

This hardly seems desirable or necessary. Why should the world be dissolved at all? Because the writer himself is going to die—for no other reason. *Götterdämmerung* need not be invoked, no matter how beautiful. True, in the immortalist state, death might occasionally be summoned. It is conceivable that an older traveler, tired of his divinity—after having lived out dozens of lives and explored every desire—could slip from personal to general consciousness and drift into his long-sought nirvana with eyes. The individual would give himself up and simply rest. He would not be a fixed person anymore and he would care only to sleep. A sweet weariness might pervade his being. Then his eyes would close, not in forced death but in voluntary leave-taking, because he had lived enough.

Such an ending gives mystical satisfaction. But the prospect is also that this sweet suicide might never appeal to him. He could perfectly well live on and on, without apology or contrived abandonment of himself—and, after each life cycle and period of sleep, look forward to beginning again, always to begin again.



"Whatever it is, they've stocked this pond with some fighters."



## THE CHIMERAS

(continued from page 146)

but the chimeras? It is an obsession, you know," he said gently.

"Of course it is," Anderson said. "How can you not be obsessed with chimeras when they are after your blood?"

"Well, that doesn't get us anywhere," Dr. Grob said, wondering whether he should continue with this patient. But most patients nowadays were obsessed with chimeras, and he had to make a living. His parlor was full of beautiful stuffed lions, and they cost a lot of money.

"No, it doesn't," said Anderson. "Not until I succeed in convincing you that in a world that is being taken over by the chimeras, to be obsessed with chimeras is a healthy, normal state of mind."

"An obsession can never be called normal," said Dr. Grob.

"Do you deny that the chimeras exist?" asked Anderson.

"Well—yes and no," Dr. Grob said patiently. "I do not question the facts. We are faced with a genetic mutation on a statistically significant scale, which has produced some of the phenomena to which you refer in such unscientific and wildly exaggerated terms. It is further admitted that some of the mutants seem to be carriers of an unusual type of virus that effects similar transformations in the infected person. That's all. The rest is fantasy—and that's where psychotherapy comes in."

"But you yourself have caught the infection," Anderson repeated stubbornly, thumping the side of the couch with his fist.

"All right, then, I am infected," said Dr. Grob quietly. "Tell me who, in your opinion, is not."

"Everybody is. Only the grades vary. There are seventeen grades. In the higher grades, the blind spot expands and the infectee can no longer see the changes in himself and in others. A chimera looks to another chimera like a normal person."

"All right, you have explained all this to me before. Who, in your opinion, is not infected?"

"I am not."

"Is it not rather strange that you are the only one?"

"It is a tragedy. I would be much happier if I developed a blind spot."

"But if you are the only sane person, why do you want treatment?"

Anderson looked at the doctor slyly.

"I told you I would be much happier if I, too, had a blind spot. Just a tiny one. Life would be much pleasanter."

"You mean you came to me, not to be cured, but to be made insane?"



*"You're rubbing me the wrong way again."*

"Not exactly insane. Just a tiny blind spot. Life is unbearable when you see clearly what's going on around you."

"Most extraordinary," said Dr. Grob.

"Look," said Anderson in growing agitation. "Supposing that time were speeding up in our part of the universe by some relativistic quirk. Then all the clocks would be ticking faster and faster and our pulses would quicken at the same rate, so no clockmaker or physician would be aware of what's happening. See?"

"No. I don't," said Dr. Grob gruffly.

"But how can you help me, if you don't understand?" Anderson shouted. "The infection is spreading faster and faster. What do you intend to do?"

"I intend to cure you," said Grob, "because that is my job. Integration of the personality. Adjustment to society. Accept your fellow beings and they will accept you. Cooperate. Learn to respond in a positive way."

"What is the positive way?"

"The opposite of the negative way," Dr. Grob said, and rose awkwardly from his chair. His head, with the tumbled mane, seemed top-heavy. "I am afraid the hour is up; but before you go, I want you to meet my assistant. He takes over when I am on vacation."

He pressed a bell and a blond young man with a pleasant smile came in. "This is Dr. Miller," introduced Grob. "One of the most promising therapists of the younger generation."

Dr. Miller advanced to shake hands with the patient. Anderson took a quick jump, cowered behind the couch for protection and looked at Dr. Miller with wild, staring eyes. The two doctors exchanged a glance and Dr. Miller quietly left the room.

"Well, well," said Dr. Grob. "I am sorry I upset you. Did you see anything unusual in Dr. Miller?"

"But of course," said Anderson, refusing to emerge from his shelter behind the couch. "How can you not see that he



is almost a full-blown chimera? You must have a grade-ten infection, after all."

Dr. Grob laughed reassuringly. "I must confess I never saw his serpent's tail. Does it come out through a hole in his flannels?"

"Of course not. They all wear it coiled round their stomachs, like a cummerbund."

"Well, maybe next time we'll get Dr. Miller to undress before us. Would that convince you?"

"You will never make him."

"We'll see. But, as I said, the hour is up, and so goodbye for today."

"Make him now."

"The hour is up," Dr. Grob repeated for the third time, giving out a noise that sounded like a growl. At that very moment, like a responding echo, they heard an inarticulate clamor coming from the street, getting louder and louder. Curiosity triumphing over fear, Anderson came from behind the couch, dusting his trousers, and took up his position next to the doctor at the window. Across the whole width of the street, a horde of chimeras was advancing, roaring some leonine war song, smashing windows and lampposts with their scaly tails, while their goatly parts erupted in farts that turned into a poisonous, swirling cloud, rising ever higher.

"I thought so," said Dr. Grob, nodding benignly. "A demonstration of the Peace Scouts' Love Brigade. Nice kids, full of vitality."

"But don't you see . . ." cried Anderson, glancing sideways at the doctor and hurriedly averting his eyes from what he saw.

"You seem frightened," Dr. Grob remarked solicitously. "What's the matter with you?"

Instead of a reply, Anderson made for the door. As a farewell greeting, Dr. Grob rose on his hind legs and gave Anderson an encouraging lick on the cheek. He was seen out by smiling Dr. Miller, who, having in the meantime unzipped his hip pocket, smartly opened the door with his tail. "He looks already much improved," Grob remarked to his colleague.

On his way down in the elevator, Anderson no longer knew whether he was boy or girl, man or chimera. It was already dark when he got out into the fogbound street, and he could see only vague shapes, neither real nor unreal, like a face in a tree, open to different interpretations.

He shuddered at the thought of going back to Dr. Grob next Friday at six P.M. and wondered whether it was worth the \$100. But what else could he do?



## COD'S RIGHT HAND

(continued from page 132)

not deny that they include Norman Mailer, the more public swinger who esteems Buckley as "wonderful company." Buckley once wrote to a reporter who was attempting to discover intimacies: "Do tell me if you find out anything interesting about my sex life. I'd love to know." A writer from *Harper's*, a bearded leftist, was diverted from significant discovery by being taken by Buckley on a wild Honda ride through the streets of New York.

His apartment in New York, purchased two years ago from the estate of Dag Hammarskjöld, is more revealing than his conversation. It is decorated with diverse and arresting art—modern and impressionistic—furnished with large and comfortable furniture and stocked with a more-than-adequate supply of potables. (On the morning after a dinner party for six, the living-room coffee table bore seven different liqueurs.) It is a haven for a life graceful and devoted to pleasure. Buckley says he has recently become quite a gourmet, particularly French. "Good food is the only sensual treat that can be enjoyed three times a day for a lifetime," he says, offering the names of restaurants that have pleased him in several countries and recommending, as a cook, his wife. *National Review*, moreover, must be the only political journal to contain a column called "Delectations."

His wife, too, fits the pattern of elegant fulfillment. Asked to describe her in a few words, he replied, "witty, beautiful, passionate, cantankerous—and all mine." Patricia's wit resembles and complements her husband's: her beauty is imperial and she is unapologetically six feet tall. Her passion is most strongly conveyed to the visitor through her great umbrageous eyes, which she superfluously enhances with mascara, and her expressively full lips—a weakness in her armor of reserve occasionally betraying a tremulous impatience or a withering scorn. She is not the wife of an ascetic missionary nor a wife that one can neglect. If, as Buckley says, she is all his, one supposes that he is necessarily all hers.

She is a warm and attentive mother to their son, Christopher, a 16-year-old, guitar-playing student at the Catholic prep school Portsmouth Priory. Christopher shares the patrimonial charm without, the superficial observer suspects, the mordancy and iconoclasm. It is altogether a family that does not suffer any evident messianic distortions or privations. William Buckley is a brilliant and evangelistic conservative, but not to the point of foregoing domestic enjoyments. Or perhaps it would be more correct to say that he is a conservative precisely to the



"Head down and keep slithering. This is an opportunity that may never come again."



point of living a life of aristocratic grace and gaiety.

Buckley has refused to implicate himself in the pandemonium of modern society, which, as defined by liberal sociologists, is increasingly interdependent, unitary. He will have none of it. He is not a part of Harlem, not responsible for the horrors of the modern world; most of them, he feels, are caused by a collectivist trend—abetted by contemporary liberalism—that he has devoted his life to combating.

Perhaps the most eloquent voice of pandemonium is Norman Mailer, his friend and debating opponent. Mailer's book *Cannibals and Christians* ends with a piece of "prophetic fiction" in which the earth suffers its terminal agony. Man, following roughly the military and nuclear policies advocated by William F. Buckley, Jr., has polluted his environment to lethal uninhabitability. The President of the United States reaches an apocalyptic greatness by declaring that no one is innocent—we are all guilty—and then destroys the world, in order to propel a rocket containing 100 humans beyond the infected solar system, where they can start anew.

This, Buckley would recognize as a "liberal" eschatology. Mailer's fantasy suggests an urge to abolish history and to see greatness in a proclamation of universal guilt. As a conservative, Buckley tends to believe in individual but not collective or sociological guilt. One of his favorite books is *Pictures from an Institution*, a satire by the late Randall Jarrell of a liberal girls' college: Its appropriate motto might be, said Jarrell, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you feel guilty." Mailer's truths are all freighted with macrocosmic guilt. Buckley thinks he knows the truth and he does not feel guilty. Nor will he be made to feel guilty by collectivist moralizers, not about injustice in the South, poverty in Harlem or napalm in Vietnam; and he finds hope in man's past and hell in the liberal impulse to abolish it and start anew.

Buckley's message to those whom Mailer would inculcate is exculpation. To those fed up to the craw with liberal guilt—who balk at last, for example, at the idea that crime itself, violent crime, is a sociogenic illness—William F. Buckley, Jr., offers amnesty. Forget the guilt. Remember the Alamo—as the Buckley blood, transfused in Texas, remembers the Alamo, remembers the frontier, remembers an America of manifest destiny. Remember what made this country great (and the Buckley family rich): the patriotic individual, guiltlessly killing Indians, clearing land, building factories, finding oil—just as William F. Buckley, Sr., found oil and pumped it

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where others failed—and made a fortune. William F. Buckley, Jr., does not feel guilty because of his father's good fortune; he does not feel guilty because others failed, because others fail yet, in the local depressions of the American economy and in the massive depression of the underdeveloped world (the "primitive regions," he would say). Buckley is as sure of the rectitude of his father as he is of his country.

At the age of 35, Buckley senior married a Southern girl, also devoutly Catholic—Miss Aloise Steiner of New Orleans. Because the family was clearly dominated by the father, she is often overlooked by those who write about Buckley, Jr. However, the resonant Southern strains in the family's outlook are predominantly hers; she made her mark deeply in her children.

It is ironic that today it is in the North that the Old South can best be regained—at least for the Buckleys. Great Elm, the Buckley estate in Sharon, Connecticut, is a Southern mansion, a spiritual stone's throw from the Mississippi. Fronted by great white columns (added by the Buckley family), attended by deferential Negro servants and sceptered by William F. Buckley, Sr.'s widow

(her husband died in 1958), there is about it the grace of the manorial South. And there is about Mrs. Buckley the graciousness of a Southern hospitality totally alien to the "Y'all come in and eat" that until recently prevailed in that benighted White House farther South and in a thousand white homes in the New South.

Mrs. Buckley, though enormously proud of her famous son, is not at all submissive to his specific political insights. One of Buckley's principal crusades over the past several years and a leading concern of his magazine has been to save the right from the lunacies of the John Birch Society. His mother, however, remains unapologetically a sympathizer. She taught "Billy" much of his patriotism and she feels she knows its imperatives as well as he does. The country is beleaguered ("Things are getting worse, of course; they always do") and, in such a crisis, Robert Welch's extremities can be indulged.

In his family's Southern *ambiance*, William, Jr., is a racial moderate, with pronounced Northern proclivities. After listening to his novelist brother Reid, who has preserved his Southern intonations by spending much of his adult life

in Spain, one can detect Southern resonances in William's accent—particularly in its public registers of irony and scorn, seldom reached in casual conversation. But he remains in spirit a Northerner.

He has not suffered the great wound of loss that gives edge to his mother's passions: the loss of the South, registered in her face and only partly redeemed in the Southern spirit of Great Elm. The important Southern animus in his thinking is as much inherited as is the combative advocacy of free-enterprise capitalism.

Thus originated Buckley's conservatism—this parental mixture of oil and holy water, washed down with Southern Comfort. The fact that some of his views are inherited, however, has not inhibited his propagation of them. Buckley brings to political journalism the same style of boundless confidence that his father brought, so profitably, to the oil business. A Buckley associate on *National Review* tells of picking up the telephone in the office and overhearing Buckley in the midst of what was for him—as the proud expositor of one of America's leading vocabularies—a moment of almost unique verbal discomfiture: "What," asked Buckley, "is the common English noun—I'm sure there is one—meaning self-doubt?" The editor of *National Review* must be one of the few in his profession who had never heard of diffidence.

On the other end of the phone was Buckley's older sister Priscilla, the managing editor of *National Review*. Back in 1956, as the magazine staggered through its first year, Buckley summoned Priscilla from Paris, where she was serving as U. P. correspondent, and put her in charge of getting the thing out. In itself, this was a daring act for editor Buckley. Paris! Who could guess, his associates wondered, what racy ideological infections she might have contracted in that sinful city. But Buckley knew what he was doing. The Buckley parents had ten children without breaking the ideological mold; even the in-laws are rock-bound conservatives (perhaps out of pure fear, Mrs. Buckley, Sr., suggested); and there have been some 50 grandchildren without an evident deviation. Paris was nothing for a girl who had dined at the very right hand of Poppa Buckley. Dinner at Great Elm was a didactic ceremony, and Priscilla, sitting prettily, demurely there, did not miss a lesson. Moreover, the Buckleys had all endured Europe previously. Disgusted with American education, the father had sent several of the children to European schools and the entire family had stayed overseas after the 1929 stock-market crash, Mrs. Buckley explains, because it was cheaper there.

Priscilla has been managing *National Review*—superbly, by all accounts—ever since her return in 1956. On the occasion



"Surely, Miss Carling, you're not going to ignore an opportunity to create a little happiness on this tortured planet."



of the inquiry on "self-doubt," she probably disposed of the problem as expeditiously as she does the thousands of others posed by her problematical brother. The magazine has been growing steadily since the beginning, to the point that it now boasts about 100,000 circulation.

*National Review* reflects both the strengths and the weaknesses of its editors: primarily their overwhelming literary and ideological assurance and an occasional failure to see the need for research and documentation. It is exceedingly well written and entertaining; but, like other of Buckley's political capers, it is half in fun. Early in the career of the magazine, there was a dispute on the staff between the Buckleys and some of the editors inherited from the defunct *Freeman*—notably, Suzanne La Follette and John Chamberlain—over the question of printing long, substantive essays. The Buckleys were against; and though they were quite possibly right about the articles at issue, their victory over the older generation was rather too complete.

The result is a magazine that shares many of the weaknesses of its left-wing competitor, the *New Republic*. There is little of original substance in *National Review*. Liberals don't risk ignorance by neglecting to read it. Moreover, even a conservative seeking material of value for an attack on liberalism will find little of value in *National Review*. He will find polemics masterfully deploying the immediately available information. He will find brilliantly devised posturings; but unless he wishes to plagiarize specific phrases or the lineaments of specific arguments, he won't find much useful material: little original research, reportage, statistics or documentation for anti-liberal positions. Buckley excels in debate—particularly if the topic is broad—by relying chiefly on his own extemporizations. The magazine does less well with its own. The content of the opening editorial, for instance, is decided in a staff conference the day before the issue goes to press. If the facts are not at hand, ideology and rhetoric—projected by boundless self-assurance—always are.

Thus, *National Review*, though often the best written and most entertaining of American journals of opinion, is also one of the least influential. This is so even on issues that arouse the editors. For instance, William F. Buckley, Jr., is one of the nation's leading advocates of the view that local police are being "handcuffed" by Supreme Court decisions on confessions and by the mobilization of black pressure groups against alleged police brutality. Buckley, in fact, was so sure of himself on this point that he led the referendum campaign that repealed New York City's



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Civilian Review Board. It was Buckley who personally delivered the requisite signatures to the city clerk to put the issue on the ballot.

Yet his magazine shows no awareness of the statistical case against the police: the fact, for instance, that the decisions on confessions have had virtually no effect on the number of guilty pleas, which run around 90 percent in most areas. Instead, the magazine has provided a series of ringing editorials and an article sensationally titled (*Can the Police Protect Themselves?*) and devoid of factual corroboration.

Buckley's mayoralty campaign position paper on crime showed all the legal sophistication of an off-duty cop in a saloon. "Crime," Buckley wrote, "has been encouraged . . . by the policies and practices of the courts." He further traced "much of the trouble . . . to decisions of the U. S. Supreme Court—for instance, the *Mallory*, *Mapp* and *Escobedo* cases." To support this false charge (these decisions, regardless of their merits, have nothing to do with the alleged crime wave), Mr. Buckley offered former New York police commissioner Michael J. Murphy in one of his weaker moments: "We," Murphy said, "are forced to fight by Marquis of Queensberry rules" (he means the Constitution: In the U. S., to the discomfiture of Messrs. Murphy and Buckley, the police operate under law); "while the *criminals*" (he meant the suspects) "are allowed to gouge and bite" (gouge and bite being Murphy's code name for the presumption of innocence and derivative constitutional protections). Otherwise, Buckley offered no evidence at all for the fundamental contentions of his position paper on crime, the issue on which he claimed perhaps the greatest superiority over the other candidates.

*National Review*—and Buckley as mayoralty candidate—shared a similar vacuity on the issue of education. Fully two thirds of his position paper on the subject was devoted to what one gathers is the prime threat to New York education, responsible for its present dol-drum and for incalculable horrors to come: the school bus. Except for ritual appeals for a little more spending and a demand (also made by Nelson Rockefeller) for ending free tuition at City College, Buckley could only call for quarantine of those insidious yellow bearers of miscegenation.

The race issue has occasioned almost all of the serious lapses of taste and proportion exhibited by Buckley and his magazine. The attitude of the Buckley family toward Congressman Powell, for example, is obsessive. A reporter tells of William dancing about at a party, smiling with feline glee, exclaiming: "They got

him!" "Who?" someone asked. "The mad strangler?" "Adam Clayton Powell, of course," replied Buckley. Of course, the courts had not "got" him then; nor had they got him last year, when Reid Buckley expressed similar exultation. But with *N. R.*'s fervent encouragement and Powell's relentless cooperation, they may finally succeed. As Buckley put it, *National Review* first exposed Powell in 1955, "and he has never let us down. In the course of time, even Congress noticed him." (In fairness to Buckley and as testimony to his charming unpredictability, when Congress finally excluded Powell, Buckley reproached it, in his column, as an impetuous disregard of constitutional procedures.)

It is symptomatic, too, that, groping for an example of the full depravity of Ralph Ginzburg's *Eros*, Buckley had to pick a sequence of rather arresting—but scarcely obscene—photographs of the naked bodies of a Negro man and a white woman. Antimiscegenation is a prevalent phobia on the right, despite the fact that objectively, it poses little threat to the prevailing social order. And what is it that leads Buckley and *N. R.* to believe that cannibalism is an inexhaustible source of humor? One issue of *N. R.* contained three separate jocular references to the subject, and Lumumba's death in the Congo provided for a general, if vicarious, editorial licking of chops.

Buckley's exploitation of the somewhat morbid humor of the race issue is, to be sure, an expression not of racism but of his total inability to revere the conventional liberal posture on the subject. He should recognize, however, that there is no aspect of his public approach that so compromises his influence.

In addition to editing his magazine and running for political office, one of Buckley's principal activities over the past few years has been debating. Here, he dominates his competition in as crowd-pleasing a manner, with as many feints and cuts and with as much flaunting of the chin—and even, almost, with as much physical movement—as former boxing champion Muhammad Ali. Buckley paces back and forth, rises to his toes, shadowboxes, darts out his tongue; and then, in an eyebrow movement as deft and as demoralizing as Ali's left—for Bill's eyebrows are the debater's equivalent of a defensive jab—he superciliously. Buckley has far and away the most communicative eyebrows in political journalism. Even before he opens his mouth, he is far ahead of most of his liberal opposition.

Then his voice: Buckley would be amusing to listen to even reciting the names of the first 2000 people in the Manhattan telephone directory (by whom, he says, he would sooner be governed

than by the Harvard University faculty). In the range and subtlety of its rhythms and inflections, his voice is an unexcelled polemical instrument: an Everett McKinley Dirksen without the gargling vibrato in the lower registers and with a hint of private school in England and a strong resonance from William F. Buckley, Sr.'s compulsory elocution classes. By the simple intonation of the name Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., Buckley can communicate all his obsessive scorn and depreciation of the Harlem Congressman.

Then, too, there is Buckley's language. There is no one in the country who on his feet can frame such elegant sentences and interject such stiletto quips. He "floats like a butterfly and stings like a bee," as Ali might put it. If Buckley is not always the most effective in persuading an audience, he is certainly the best at exciting, regaling, provoking and entertaining it.

On one occasion, he even managed to lose a debate to James Baldwin before the Cambridge (England) University Union on the obviously absurd proposition, defended by Baldwin, that Western civilization could not survive without racism. Buckley diverted himself in word-play, while Baldwin eloquently fathomed his sufferings as a Negro. Western civilization awaited its defense, while Buckley figure-skated. Finally, he argued that the civil rights movement will prevail in its legitimate aims precisely because Western civilization, particularly in its Christian provenance, has *not* been abandoned. Here is the point, belatedly made and inadequately inculcated, but nonetheless enough to give Buckley the objective victory.

At that moment, however, Buckley was interrupted by a student. The compulsion to outrage seized him and he dissipated all his gains. Agreeing that Negroes should be given the vote, he added, "Except, lest I appear too ingratiating, I think actually what is wrong in Mississippi is not that not enough Negroes have the vote but that too many white people are voting." After making this gauntlet statement (which casually jettisons an essential safeguard of democratic politics) and hurling it at a hostile audience without explanation or substantiation, he lost the vote—544 to 164—and, perhaps deservedly, the debate.

On his weekly television program, *Firing Line*, begun after his mayoralty campaign and now carried by approximately 70 stations across the country, Buckley shows a similar disposition to outrage rather than engage. Dressed in a monogrammed buttondown shirt and rep tie, Buckley slouches in a director's chair and exhibits his charming impertinence. There have been a few balmy evenings with congenial conservatives such as



# THE PLAYBOY ART GALLERY



GIRL BEFORE A MIRROR *By Jim Beaman*



Barry Goldwater, Clare Boothe Luce and Senator Thomas Dodd, and a few pleasantly nonpolitical evenings with men such as Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner. But, in general, Buckley takes on the enemy: povertarian Michael Harrington, liberal churchman James Pike, Negro militants Eldridge Cleaver and Floyd McKissick, New Frontiersman Richard Goodwin, liberal entertainer Steve Allen and pacifist history professor Staughton Lynd.

"You don't seriously believe, Mr. Lynd . . ." broached Buckley, with convergent superciliousness, left and right, and a flash of the incisors; and we were off. Professor Lynd, who had recently gone to Hanoi to console Ho Chi Minh about American bombings, rides a moral high horse, left-side saddle, and was an easy target for Buckley's joustings. Lynd suffered stoically through charges of "throwing around desultory quotations," indulging in "Aesopian prose" and "wallowing in . . . a syndrome of unreality." It was not until Buckley blandly called him an idiot that the professor took offense. Buckley, however, always the gracious host, amiably took it back: "I meant a moral idiot," he said, "in the Greek sense."

Here he exhibited one of his two key debating techniques: *ad hominem* attack; the other is *reductio ad absurdum*. Both have the effect of removing the debate from the issues at hand—on which Buckley, with his weekly regimen, may be at a disadvantage—to the realm of verbal pugilism, in which he is the

world's champion. Although he does not win popularity contests, neither does Muhammad Ali. The pursuit of *arete*—excellence, in the Greek sense—does not allow pandering to the mob.

Still, Buckley has by now broken out of the coterie into the crowd. Though he is determined not to pander, it is fair to say that his mayoralty campaign did not entirely escape politics and its attendant abasements. There was a synthetic quality to both his throbbing empathy for the police and his antipathy for the school bus. With the increasing success of his national television program, his renown is rapidly growing. He is a public figure and he is likely to influence the public and to continue to be influenced by his public contacts.

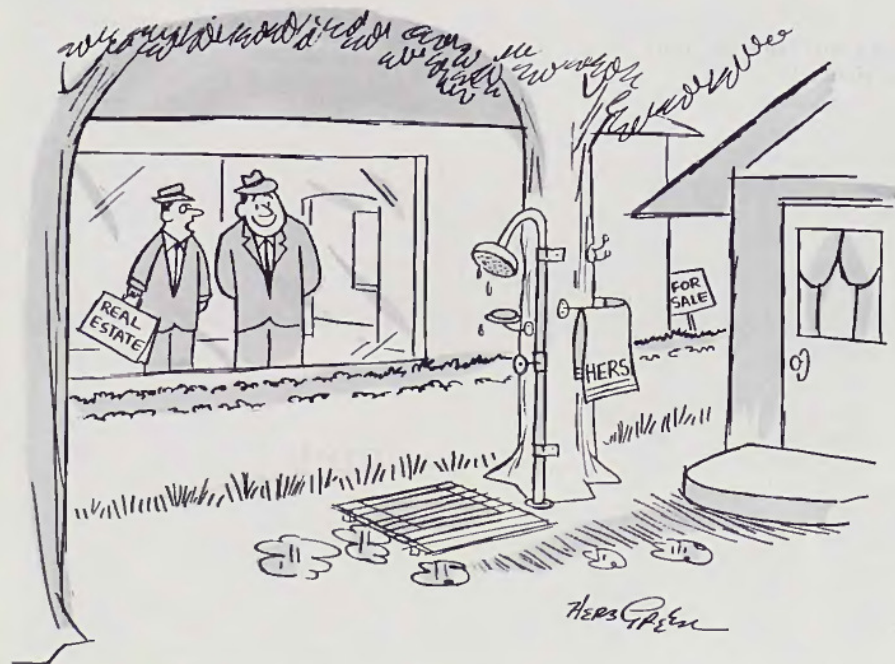
From what we can judge of his earlier following, this new influence may be a heavily mixed blessing. Buckley's disciples, to a degree matched only by the more devout Beatle fans, imitate the gestures, facial expressions and, especially, the hair style of their hero. To those millions, going well beyond the right wing, who regard the long hair of American youth as a portent of Spenglerian decay (or nostalgic R. F. K.), Buckley's tonsorial influence is welcome. His hair is brushed neatly to the side, with a downward cant over the right eye. This did lend an unfortunate Hitlerian suggestiveness to mustachioed versions of his campaign poster. Nonetheless, the style seems natural and attractive on Buckley. It is on his imitators that it becomes trying. That downward cant,

especially, is a little oppressive when oiled to the brows of three young Americans for Freedom denouncing the Supreme Court with the ensemble precision of Huey, Dewey and Louie. These types, encountered with disturbing frequency in conservative political circles, use what they regard as Buckleysque syllogisms, misuse the Buckley vocabulary, stress their arguments with Buckleysque superciliousness and, as an almost intolerable affront, punctuate them with an occasional Buckleysque protrusion of the tongue. Buckley has the misfortune of leaving parodies of himself wherever he proselytizes.

Buckley's vocabulary is an especially significant index of his political influence. Whenever you meet a young man in Brooklyn denouncing "the eschatological conceits of them Nigras," you can be sure who it is that immanentizes his eschaton (a phrase included by Buckley in a campaign speech that subsequently appeared on subway walls throughout New York City; it means, roughly, to realize in nature man's transcendental purposes—create heaven on earth). And on the race issue, Buckley's followers are completely incapable of the tightrope-walking distinctions, the brinkmanship provocations, the high-grade ironies that are the usual medium of the Buckley wit, even on this delicate subject. If Buckley's supporters get facetious about blacks in Brooklyn, you could conceivably have a riot on your hands.

The gap between Buckley and his lowbrow followers yawns like a city policeman at a Buckley speech. The cop yawns widely but not in hostility; he is pleased to have an apologist who can send John Lindsay's speechwriters flying for their dictionaries to see what oxymoron means. But chances are his own dictionary does not even include some of the words that Buckley most cherishes. Until recently, his *Webster's Collegiate* was entirely mute on the meaning of Stakhanovite (a hyperkinetic worker); and if the policeman ever met an energumen (another Buckley favorite, meaning extreme fanatic), he might even invite him to address the Communion breakfast of the department's Holy Name Society.

The source of the gap between Buckley and the policeman can be found in another word, and another world, frequented by Buckley—almost in counterpoint to the Stakhanovites and energumens that harass the liberal metropolis. The word is "eudaemonia." Happiness informed by reason, eudaemonia is that blessed state that Buckley does not find in New York City, Cuba, Poland, Moscow or at a convention of SDS. Eudaemonia is Sharon, Connecticut. It is a town, one gathers, sorely beleaguered by restive Negroes in Los Angeles, by Soviet soldiers in Czechoslovakia, by the Viet Cong in Paris and, as the embodiment of all the rest, by Dutch elm



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disease. Against such threats, the Buckleys feel they need all the support they can get. So their eudaemonia becomes a mighty fortress, defended—at a discreet distance from Sharon—by the House Committee on Un-American Activities, by J. Edgar Hoover and by all the associated constabulary of the military-industrial complex. Local security is maintained by a score of resident Buckleys and scores of weekend reserves.

Indeed, anyone who lived in a town as lovely as Sharon would want to keep out the rest of the world. A drive through its bowered streets, a walk through its quiet pastures, unfurling from the southern Berkshire Hills, will explain and forgive all of the Buckleys' political obsessions. The cleanliness of the air; the hills resigned gracefully to the sky; the houses, triumphs of American Colonial architecture, humble to defer to the trees; and Sharon's trees, lush, elegant, undaunted—all this is enough to make Madalyn Murray O'Hair give thanks to Our Lord. And yet the foreign threat is real—Dutch elm disease. It creeps, like socialism, through the green pastures of Sharon and by its still waters, and strikes at the very columns of the Buckley firmament. Dutch elm disease is communism in eudaemonia, and Buckley's mother regards them both with the same soul dread.

Wherever they go, Sharon is the family home for the Buckleys—a family of nine, talking mostly to Buckleys and to God. They see one another continually there. And perhaps it is there that William Buckley, Jr., should have stayed, writing eclogues, painting landscapes and playing Bach—as he does quite well—on the clavichord he was given at his request upon graduation from college.

But the need for more-distant barricades drew him away, and—in 1954—he bought a sea-front house in Stamford, Connecticut, within commuting distance of New York. The Dutch elm disease bespoke a deeper problem; it could not be resisted in Sharon alone. The aggression would have to be attacked at its source—the city—and so Buckley made his descent into pandemonium. But there was still something Arcadian in Buckley's philosophy that he did not leave behind, even running for mayor of New York. Those born and raised in the city become resigned to a pandemonium; the energumens and the ulcerating Stakhanovism are taken for granted, or they lead to lunacy. The city dweller's rage all too often curdles and sours into bigotry. Buckley's has not. It is still a pure and eudaemonic rage, which is why he is so charming and innocent a spirit and why he is so woefully misunderstood.

His brilliant book on the New York campaign would have us believe that the city failed to understand him or to take him seriously, and that is partly true. But it is no less true that he failed to understand the city or to take it

seriously. And it is especially ironic that those New Yorkers he least understood and who least understood him were those who took him most seriously, who, indeed, voted for him. Settle any random 2000 of his New York supporters in Sharon and within a decade, the old Colonial houses would be replaced by go-go bars, pizza parlors and stucco ranch homes; the elms would be razed to widen the streets; and Democrats would be elected to town offices—perhaps by exploiting class resentment against the patrician Buckleys and their quaint aestheticism.

The smog of bitter controversy vanishes—over drinks at the New York Yacht Club in mid-Manhattan—and Buckley converses wittily, attentively, laughing openly, affectionately. One sees why he is so dauntlessly liked, even by some of his most intransigent opponents. They relish him even if he threatens the ideals they most cherish. They like him even when he derides the guilts that make them righteous—living on upper Park Avenue under the dark glower of Harlem, for instance. Yes, one thinks, perhaps Buckley offers a corrective. Then one walks with him among the exquisite models of yachts, listening to his appreciative commentary, longing with him for the amnesty of the sea.

But outside there is no amnesty. Outside is not the sea, nor Sharon, but New York during the summer swelter. "Sure is a hot one," one sighs afterward to the cabdriver. The cabby responds, as if there were nothing else to say: "The niggers like it." One remembers then the open war in the city and the guerrilla spirit of its streets. If liberalism is hypocrisy, and if it is only Buckley and, in a cruder idiom, the cabby, who understand the city—then hypocrisy is the city's only hope for peace. Buckley might be right about welfare, about neighborhood schools, about crime. He might be more brilliant, articulate and honest—but that cabby, and thousands like him, bigoted and hateful and all of them for Buckley for mayor, should not be encouraged. They must be beaten; and, because of them, Buckley had to lose.

Of course, he *did* lose. But, in losing, he charmed the city. And now a celebrity on the national scene, he emerges as a spokesman for yet another style of conservatism, almost entirely unrelated to the New York City variety—commercial frontier Americanism. This strain is a mutation of the authentic frontier capitalism of his father, which was animated by a deep religious faith and an *Amerika über alles* patriotism. The new commercialism, by contrast, is dominantly materialist and is symbolized by its *Neon über alles* architecture. Once again, the aesthetic, traditionalist and spiritualist, the Buckley whose early childhood memories

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include the repeated whitewashing of the first billboard erected in Sharon, is discomfited by new allies.

These new allies greeted him during a visit some months ago to Phoenix, Arizona. As the plane descended toward the airport, Buckley was discussing *The Revolt of the Masses*, the prophetic masterpiece of the great Spanish philosopher Ortega y Gasset. Another of Buckley's favorite books and the subject of a forthcoming book of his own, Ortega's work is a profound and passionate tract against the derogation of spiritual and traditional values in mass society. Phoenix stretched below. If there were churches, they were not distinguishable from the factories, schools, bungalows and service stations glistening amorously in the morning sun.

The plane landed. Buckley and his wife were told to wait while the other passengers disembarked. In the plane, old men accosted him, referring to common acquaintances and thanking him with desperate fervor for his good work for the cause; he flashed a smile you could read by and moved toward the front of the plane and to the ramp. There to meet him was the 1964 Republican Presidential nominee and current Senator, Barry Goldwater, along with ten photographers and a crowd of gawking admirers. Newspaper and television representatives pressed forward to arrange interviews with Buckley and his wife. It was a greeting ordinarily reserved for triumphal politicians or movie stars, not magazine editors.

That evening, Buckley held a press conference at the Phoenix Press Club, drawing a crowd that would have flattered Jimi Hendrix. His introduction by Goldwater biographer Edwin McDowell would have commended Abraham Lincoln. And the first question, inevitably, revealed the gap between himself and his new disciples. A stocky, ruddy-faced man stood up and asked, breathlessly surmounting the word, why Buckley used so many "polysyllabics." "Wouldn't conservatism be helped more if you . . . you utilized . . . simpler language?"

Buckley asked, "What are you going to do with complicated thoughts?" and then began a long defense of "our rich intellectual patrimony" of linguistic distinctions that nearly anesthetized his audience on the spot. He revived it, however, with a quote from the rich intellectual patrimony of Senator Joseph McCarthy and the mistaken assertion, in response to the question of whether President Johnson would run again, that "It is my opinion that Lyndon Johnson will run for the Presidency of any country that will nominate him."

There followed pugnacious questions about that right-wing siren known as the Liberty Amendment, which would, among other manumissions, abolish the Federal income tax and the Supreme

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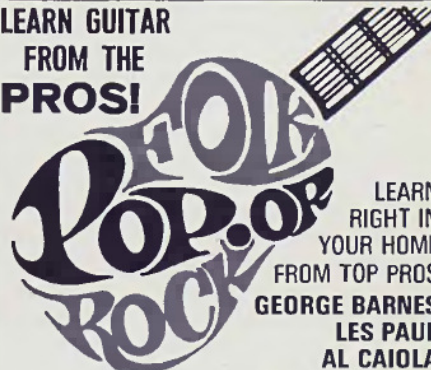
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Court; and about the John Birch Society, which would abolish anything else that got in the way of the anti-Communist jihad. Buckley responded that the Liberty Amendment is a romantic distraction for conservatives and that Birch Society chairman Robert Welch, in imputing conspiratorial and seditious motives to the liberals' objective softness on communism, was "missing the main point . . . the conspiracy view is not historically tenable."

Several of his auditors seemed sullenly unconvinced by Buckley's cogent rejection of the preposterous. But this should not have been surprising. The disproof repeated a case that Buckley had felt constrained to make earlier in the pages of his magazine. There it caused a widespread rebellion among those far-rightist subscribers and financial supporters who had not resigned previously in protest against other *National Review* affronts. The subscription list had already been decimated, for instance, by *N. R.*'s revelation that the Federal Government was *not* preparing concentration camps in Alaska for the incarceration of anti-Communists. This *N. R.* misunderstanding of what the far right *knew* to be Washington's intentions was the top protest-mail getter in the magazine's history and had precipitated several thousand cancellations.

That night, Buckley delivered a dinner address that, at \$50 a plate, drew the largest audience in the history of the Phoenix Republican Trunk and Tusk Club. Buckley's speech was not one of his best performances; at times, he seemed ill at ease, and so did much of his audience. They laughed nervously whenever he stressed a word they did not understand—on the assumption that it concealed some sophisticated Eastern witticism. Since Buckley's subject was the "epistemological relativism" and "philosophical egalitarianism that leads to the loss of the capacity to discriminate between freedom and slavery," the moments of mystification were frequent.

The speech was really directed toward those Eastern liberals with whom he spends so much of his time. He attacked the liberal reticence toward the mass exterminations in Communist China, which he estimates have killed some 25,000,000 people, and he derided the liberal notion that the lesson of the Nazi period is best observed by endless indignation toward the Pope's failure to condemn Hitler 25 years ago. The problem was that anyone in Arizona still indignant about Pope Pius was probably not a member of the Trunk and Tusk; and the only advocates of appeasement were Birchers who regard the Vietnam war as a liberal plot to divert attention from the *real* threat posed by domestic Communists. So, as in the mayoralty campaign, Buckley and his audience established only the most intermittent communica-



"A bird in the hand, Julius. . ."

tion. But, as usual, it did not matter, at least to them.

In the crowd of bashfully effusive and grateful autograph seekers who pressed forward afterward, ignoring Senator Goldwater, to approach Buckley, it was nearly impossible for a reporter to find anyone who could roughly define epistemological relativism or who, when asked why he liked the speech, remembered anything Buckley had said in it. His television program was repeatedly praised and his brilliance continually celebrated. "He's so brilliant he frightens me—but I love it," said a middle-aged woman who had finally managed to persuade her daughter to enter the fray for an autograph. The important thing was that Buckley was a star, he was brilliant and he said he was one of them. Wasn't that enough?

Buckley's face glistened with sweat as he made his way toward the door, signing the endless stream of tremulously proffered programs. "We watch you every Sunday." "Never miss your program." "I

want you to meet my son; he watches, too. He is starting a Young Conservative Club at his high school." Buckley listened politely, responded graciously and smiled fluorescently. He had arrived, there was no doubt about that, in Phoenix as well as New York. He would be leaving soon for a visit to Saigon as a reporter. Perhaps some of his dazzled admirers would read his dispatches; perhaps a few, eventually, would learn the difference between eudaemonia and pandemonium.

It was the next night and William F. Buckley, Jr., was being discreetly silent. For he was sitting next to perhaps the only conservative in the world with whom he pales by conversational juxtaposition—Clare Boothe Luce—and she was arguing with his host, Barry Goldwater. Mrs. Luce and her husband, Henry, the founder of the Time-Life empire who was to die a month later, were giving a dinner party for Buckley at their winter home in Phoenix. A close



friend of Buckley's—perhaps as close philosophically as anyone—and an occasional contributor to *National Review*, Mrs. Luce brings to her conservatism a religious passion, a Spenglerian pessimism and a powerful theatrical sense. That night, she spoke with a wounded eloquence and a tragic resonance about what she felt was the increasing spiritual barrenness of modern American life. This display of the conservative sensibility—aching at the loss of the past—enthralled the mind and seized the heart, and was putting the leading conservative citizens of Phoenix to sleep. Senator Goldwater was strongly resisting Mrs. Luce's notion that the world is overpopulated; the comments of the others who responded—except for Buckley, who in general agreed with Mrs. Luce—showed no comprehension at all of her view of the world. The divergence seemed total and unnegotiable. In fact, it is negotiated only through a militantly shared anti-communism. If the Cold War should end, Buckley and Mrs. Luce would have little to discuss with these conservatives of the commercial frontier.

• • •

Despite the excesses of his supporters and his own occasional sallies into extremism, Buckley is perceptibly mellowing. The sour grapes of a wrathful youth have been trampled in endless controversy; he offers himself now as a fine wine from the Fifties, and it is reassuring for liberals to taste, in the daily drafts of his

column, the flavor of a cool wit and a mature reflective intelligence. Although he retains the sharp bite of a systematic conservative, he rarely mentions his previous defenses of segregation in the South and of Senator Joseph McCarthy's despoliation of the Bill of Rights. Buckley has even seemed to make his support for the Conservative Party of New York contingent on the continued existence of the Liberal Party; and the Liberals, whose strength Buckley has always preposterously overstated, are now suffering a terminal schism. Nor has he recently discovered any political figure as unsavory as the late Senator McCarthy with whom he could bear to identify himself. Buckley's increasing exposure to political realities has clearly edified him.

One must be grateful for Buckley's descent to pandemonium. The alternative, one supposes, was belletristic essaying from Sharon. One hopes, however, that someday he will return, somewhat chastened, somewhat deepened, and write, free from political exigencies, the book of political philosophy of which he is uniquely capable—a conservative affirmation in the tradition of Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution* and of Ortega's *Revolt of the Masses*.

Such a eudaemonic service would not please most of his present fans, and the American liberal establishment would probably attack the book. But with the cultural, aesthetic and political values of conservatism increasingly imperiled by collectivist modern trends, it is ironic

to find the most eloquent conservative spokesman in a dalliance with a revolt of the masses. Just because they share with him an aversion for the Eastern liberal establishment, Buckley should not assume that the masses are truly on his side.

For he is clearly not on their side. From his devastating attacks on the leaders the masses have, in fact, elected; and from his advocacy of a contracted suffrage, one might conclude that Buckley shares the view of H. L. Mencken that the American electorate consists primarily of "boobs," who seek "boobissimus" for a leader. This theory may be reassuring to a candidate who won only 13 percent of the vote in a New York mayoralty election, but it does not well prepare him for the ordeal of mass politics. Buckley is clearly not boobissimus, and his chosen compromise—addressing large political gatherings on epistemological relativism, after regaling them with jokes—leaves him impotently suspended between the world of the mind and the struggle for power. Unable or unwilling to communicate successfully with the mass of Americans, he finds himself increasingly inclined to entertain them and increasingly acclaimed as an entertainer. But he wins neither power for himself nor acceptance for his views.

The way out of Buckley's dilemma is for him to recognize that his talents best qualify him not for mass communication—which, in his case, is usually miscommunication—but for communication with the very establishment that he used to spend so much of his time attacking. Buckley has much to say that the liberals badly need to hear. Their uncritical acceptance of the concept of progress at a time when advancing technology holds as much threat as promise; their faith in the Federal Government as an instrument of social improvement at a time when it is increasingly engaged in servicing its own wars and bureaucracies; their derogation of individual responsibility at a time of mass irresponsibility; and their indulgence of Marxist myths about the innate oppressiveness of capitalism, all invite the kind of sustained conservative critique that Buckley has shown he can provide. Buckley's hope for greatness—a greatness that he may well attain—lies not in affirming and refining the prejudices of the right. It lies in reanimating the conservative conscience of an American leadership that is losing faith in liberalism but sees nowhere else to go for its ideological visions. To do this, Buckley may have to forget about converting his mother, but he might have more success with the country at large.



"My husband thinks I'm frigid just because I don't like sex."



## CAPTIVATINGLY CLEAR

(continued from page 133)

converted into brandies, become more vividly fragrant and seemingly more real than in their solid state. A single sip of one of the dry white brandies leaves an incredibly luscious memory in the mouth. The fruit may be tiny black mountain cherries or heavy ripe plums, or woodland raspberries or the rich Williams pears that the Alsations insist can only be compared to the thigh of a beautiful woman.

Anyone who's ever dipped his chunk of bread into a fondue pot knows that melted Swiss cheese doesn't become fondue unless it's blessed with its all-important splash of kirsch. Kirsch is only one tributary of a whole river of spirits known in Europe as *alcools blancs* or white *eaux de vie*. Actually, *eau*, rather than *blanc*, more accurately describes the fiery water of life. Vodka, too, is *eauish*-looking, but here the two rivers part company. The neutral-flavored vodka, dedicated to the proposition that liquor shall taste as little like liquor as possible, blends like a chameleon with anything from mild apple juice to the delicate herb known as Zubrovka grass. The flavors of the white brandies are so juiced up, their potential so richly bumptious, that they must be taken either straight or compounded with other ingredients—such as lime juice, bitters and heavy black rum—that set the taste buds singing.

Since fruits flourish all over the world, *eau de vie* men are often asked why the rare white fruit brandies seem to come only from a relatively small stamping ground in Europe—that chunk of land that includes the Alsace, the Black Forest of Germany and Switzerland. Their answer is that brandies made from the fruit grown in that part of the world are the end products of a fortunate combination of soil and climate, in the same way that cognac can be produced only in Charente and Spain's magnificent sherries only in Jerez. The white fruit brandy makers give the fruit the pampering visited upon a lovely but spoiled child. Mirabelle, for example, is an exquisite French white brandy made from the yellow plum of the same name. Although the golden plums must be ripe before they go into anything from tarts to preserves, just ripe isn't enough for the brandyman. In the Dopff orchards in the Alsace, not a single mirabelle plum is ever picked for brandy making. The only mirabelle plums used by Dopff are those so richly ripe and heavy that they fall to the ground. Naturally, the riper the fruit, the more sugar it contains and the more alcohol in the still. But the real reason the fruit is left to drop of its own weight is that the brandy in the bottle will carry a suave fragrance so penetrating, it makes the fresh fruit pale by com-

parison. In the same way, the small black cherries for kirsch must be wrinkly ripe from the sun. Between 40 and 60 pounds of deeply mellow red raspberries are needed for a single bottle of framboise.

An *alcool blanc* is colorless because it never touches wood. Any alcohol trickling out of a still becomes yellow or brown only when it's aged in a cask. The more deeply it's colored, the less it tastes like the fresh fruit on the tree. Thus, slivovitz, an aged-in-the-wood plum brandy from central Europe, bears only the faintest resemblance to fresh plums. Age fetishists who often prejudge liquor by the layers of cobwebs on the bottle should know that the precocious white fruit brandies need only one to two years' aging. During that brief period, the white *eaux de vie* are held in straw-covered 30- or 50-liter glass flasks. It's a brief youth; but in that interval, they lose the initial harshness they had when they came from the still and turn satiny smooth. Some Swiss brandymen keep their kirsch in flasks from 10 to 20 years, on the theory that the alternate buffeting of cold and heat in the warehouse will make the brandy even smoother. A myopic U. S. Federal regulation, however, prevents such brandies from being marked aged.

In this country, we accept the fact that any brandy, white or brown, unites perfectly with demitasse or espresso as a post-prandial offering. But in the French-German-Swiss kirsch belt, the white *eaux de vie* are just as likely to be poured before the breakfast *croissant* and coffee as after lunch or dinner. On a Continental rail trip or motor hop, a ski party or swimming party, a walk through the mountains or picnic beside a trout stream, the fifth or flask of *eau de vie* is its own portable bar in a bottle. At the dinner table, flavoring a hot turtle soup, trickling down the sides of a rich *coupe* or setting a pan of crepes ablaze, the *alcools blancs* light up both table and guests. Ruddy townsmen in Zug, Switzerland, where kirsch can do no wrong, have been known to dip small cotton wads into kirsch and inhale it like snuff, to ward off the agues of winter.

A bottle of Williams pear brandy is a conversation piece in its own right. There's the plump yellow pear, contentedly submerged inside the bottle whose neck seems impassably narrow. How the pear made that journey is a tale of skill and patience akin to that of building a tall schooner in a bottle. Right after the blossoms have disappeared from the pear tree and the first tiny fruit appears, it's inserted, along with its stem, deep into a bottle, which is then anchored to a limb. Thereafter, the pear grows, on the brink of disaster every day. If the bottle isn't placed at just the right angle, rain water will slosh in and the game will have to be called before the pear's fully grown. A howling storm may send the bottle

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crashing to the ground. If the pear receives too much sunlight, the convergence of light through the glass results in a burnt offering without benefit of brandy. Generally, if one out of four or five pears in bottles attains adulthood, the brandyman feels happier than a partridge in a pear tree. When the ripe pear is eventually removed from the tree, safe in its glass house, the bottle is immediately filled with alcohol, to preserve the pear. Later, the alcohol is withdrawn and replaced with fragrant Williams pear brandy.

It's important to note that American bottles with the labels reading FRUIT-FLAVORED BRANDY bear practically no resemblance to the European white *eaux de vie*. A fruit-flavored brandy made in this country is a liqueur with a brandy base but not quite as sweet as one that bears the simple word LIQUEUR. You may run across kirsch liqueur, a white, syrupy concoction that shouldn't be confused with the dry kirsch imported from Europe. Europeans have white *eaux de vie* made from the second pressing of the grapes, called *marc* in France and *grappa* in Italy. Both are usually rough enough to make the fur fly. Finally, in many European countries, the word *schnapps* or *schnaps* or *snap*s, however you spell it, is used to include all strong liquors, from the smoothest *eau de vie* to the most skull-splitting of gins. The bilingual Alsatians, whose words tumble from French to German, often turn to a bit of German verse to celebrate their white brandies: "*Schnapps das war sein letztes Wort / Dann trugen ihn die Engelein fort.*" Any student majoring in German will tell you the lines mean that *schnapps* was his last word before the angels carried him away, presumably to heaven.

All of the following recipes make one drink and have been tested for their out-of-this-world effects.

## PLUM AND TONIC

- 3/4 oz. mirabelle or quetsch
- 1 oz. gin
- 1/2 oz. lemon juice
- Iced quinine water
- 1 slice lemon

(Mirabelle, that white brandy made from yellow plums; quetsch, from a fragrant red plum. Both are equally smooth.) Pour mirabelle, gin and lemon juice over 3 ice cubes in a tall 10-oz. glass. Add enough quinine water to fill glass and stir lightly. Add lemon slice. Even though there's less *eau de vie* than gin, the plum flavor dominates this cool terrace drink.

## MANHATTAN MILANO

- 1 oz. kirsch
- 2 ozs. sweet Italian vermouth
- 1 brandied cherry

Pour kirsch and vermouth into cocktail mixing glass with ice. Stir well. Strain

into prechilled oversize cocktail glass. Lower cherry into glass. Offer a dish of warm salted almonds.

## KIRSCH NIGHTCAP

- 1 oz. kirsch
- 3 ozs. ginger wine
- 4 ozs. water
- 1 piece cinnamon stick
- 2 whole cloves
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- Lemon peel

Slowly heat ginger wine and water to boiling point but do not boil. Pour into mug. Add kirsch, cinnamon stick, cloves and sugar. Stir well. Twist lemon peel over drink and add to mug. A pleasant late-night relaxer any season of the year.

## EAUX DE VIE CAMPARI

- 1/2 oz. framboise
- 1/2 oz. kirsch
- 1 oz. Campari
- 1/2 oz. lemon juice
- 1/2 teaspoon grenadine
- Iced club soda
- Orange peel

Pour framboise, kirsch, Campari, lemon juice and grenadine into cocktail mixing glass with ice. Stir well. Strain into tall 8-oz. glass with 1 or 2 ice cubes. Add a splash of soda. Twist orange peel over drink and drop into glass. An aperitif to be savored when the slowly setting sun and the rising appetite balance each other.

## DUTCH PEAR FRAPPÉ

- 1 1/4 ozs. Williams pear brandy
- 3/4 oz. Vandermint liqueur
- 1/2 oz. heavy cream
- 1/2 cup finely crushed ice
- Sweetened whipped cream

Pour pear brandy, Vandermint, heavy cream and ice into electric blender. Blend at low speed about 30 seconds. Pour into prechilled old fashioned glass. Add ice cubes, if necessary, to fill glass to rim. Top with dollop of whipped cream. A dessert cocktail designed to take the place of the usual sweet at the end of the dinner. The chocolate flavor of the Vandermint should satisfy even the most fanatic chocomania in your party.

## EGGNOG FRAMBOISE

- 6 ozs. milk
- 1 egg
- 1 oz. framboise
- 1 oz. cognac
- 1/2 oz. Jamaica rum
- 2 level teaspoons sugar
- Freshly grated nutmeg

Pour milk, egg, framboise, cognac, rum and sugar into cocktail shaker with double the usual amount of ice. Shake derisively. Strain into tall 16-oz. glass, or into two 8-oz. glasses if there are two of you. Sprinkle with nutmeg. The best possible inducement for bringing one willingly to the hangover brunch table.

## FRAMBOISE SOUR

- 3/4 oz. framboise
- 3/4 oz. fresh lime juice
- 2 level teaspoons sugar
- Few dashes bar foam
- 1 wedge cocktail orange
- 1 frozen or fresh raspberry

Pour framboise, lime juice, sugar and bar foam into cocktail shaker with ice. Shake about double the usual time for proper dilution. Pour into prechilled whiskey-sour glass. Garnish with cocktail orange and raspberry. Gives the word "limy" new and invigorating connotations.

## CHERRY PLANTER'S PUNCH

- 1 oz. kirsch
- 1/2 oz. dark Jamaica rum
- 1/2 oz. fresh lime juice
- 1 generous dash Angostura bitters
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- Freshly grated nutmeg
- 1 slice lime
- 1/2 slice orange

Pour kirsch, rum, lime juice, bitters and sugar into 8-oz. old fashioned glass. Stir until sugar dissolves. Fill glass with coarsely cracked ice. Stir well. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Garnish with lime slice and orange slice. A Caribbean *eau de vie*.

## SOUTHERN RASPBERRY

- 3/4 oz. framboise
- 3/4 oz. Southern Comfort
- 1/2 oz. lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- Iced club soda
- 1 slice lemon

Pour framboise, Southern Comfort, lemon juice and sugar into cocktail shaker with ice. Shake well. Strain into tall or squat 8-oz. glass. Add a splash of soda and enough ice cubes or cracked ice to fill glass. Float slice of lemon on top. A drink to celebrate the springtime.

## SWEET WILLIAM

- 3/4 oz. Williams pear brandy
- 3/4 oz. apricot liqueur or apricot-flavored brandy
- 3/4 oz. heavy cream
- Ground cinnamon

Pour pear brandy, apricot liqueur and cream into cocktail shaker with ice. Shake very well. Pour into prechilled cocktail glass. Sprinkle lightly with cinnamon. For men, an after-dinner dessert cocktail. For women, a drink before or after anything.

Dr. Johnson, an unequivocal chap, once noted that "he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy." White fruit brandies, both in their pristine state and as the prime components in mixed drinks, may not serve as the true measure of a man, but they certainly provide an accurate barometer of his knowledgeability as a host.







*"Frankly, I'm beginning to think I liked him better  
when he was a frog."*



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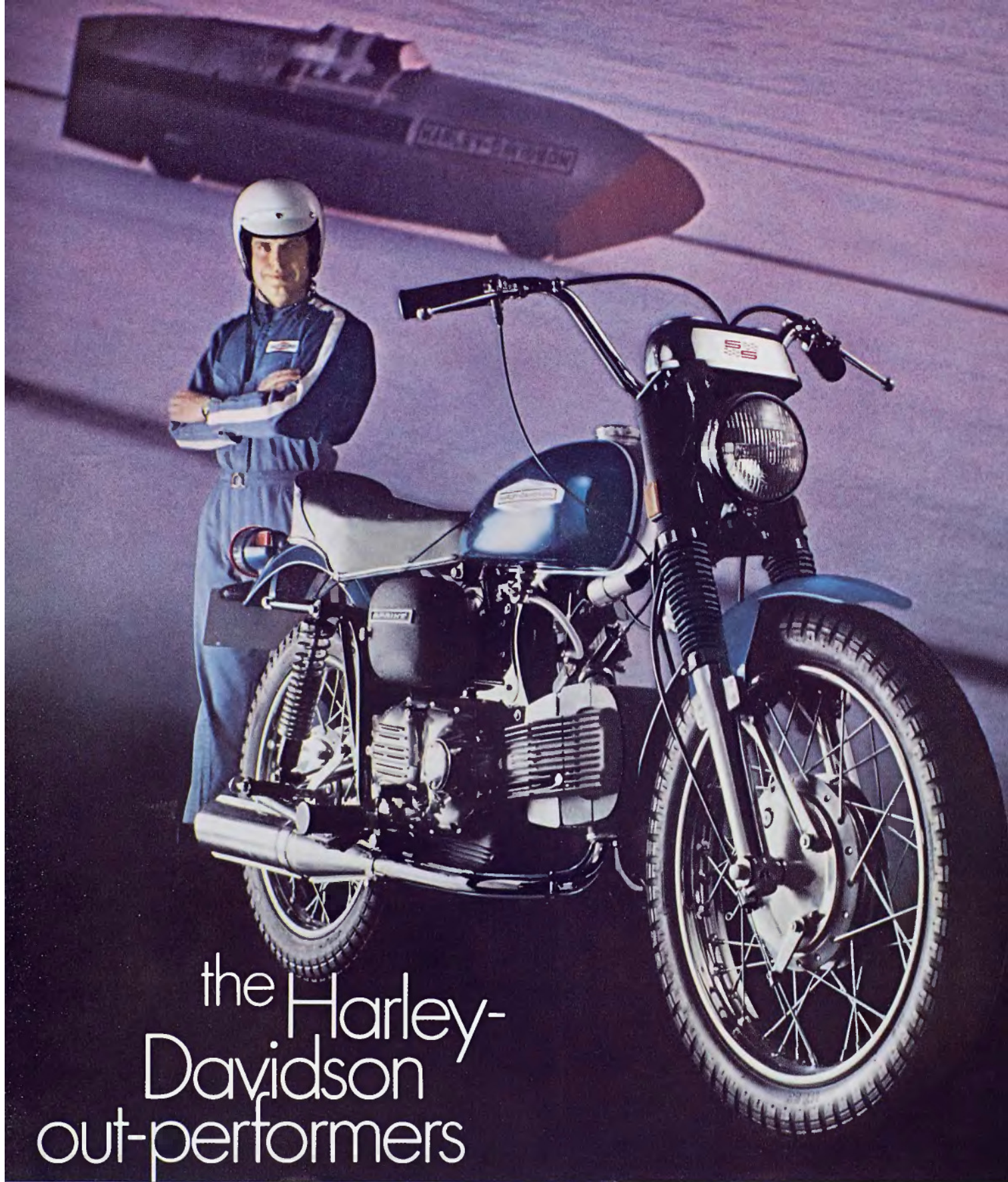
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...out-perform  
everything  
on two wheels.



**“You Americans may have invented  
the dry martini.**

**Fortunately, we English gave you  
the Gordon's Gin for it.”**

**Miss Tessa Kennedy, London Designer.**

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Especially in this 200th Anniversary year  
of Mr. Alexander Gordon's triumphantly dry discovery.  
It takes Mr. Gordon's gin to show you what the “dry”  
in “dry martini” should really mean.

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